THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 176 NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER, 1945

88th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

EINSTEIN ON THE ATOMIC BOMB

ALBERT EINSTEIN *as told to* RAYMOND SWING

ALBERT EINSTEIN was born in Ulm, Germany, in 1879. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1921. Driven into exile by Hitler's advent to power, Professor Einstein came to this country in 1933, was appointed for life a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, and became an American citizen in 1940.

On August 2, 1939, just a month before the outbreak of World War II, Dr. Einstein wrote a letter which made history. The letter was addressed to President Roosevelt, and it starts with the sentence: "Some recent work by E. Fermi and L. Szilard, which has been communicated to me in manuscript, leads me to expect that the element uranium may be turned into a new and important source of energy in the immediate future." Dr. Einstein went on: "This new phenomenon would also lead to the construction of bombs, . . . extremely powerful bombs. A single bomb of this type, carried by boat and exploded in a port, might very well destroy the whole port, together with some of the surrounding territory."

It was Einstein's daring formula, E equals mc^2, which led to the concept that atomic energy would some day be unlocked. Here, in these words recorded by Raymond Swing, he explains how mankind must control atomic power. — THE EDITOR

THE release of atomic energy has not created a new problem. It has merely made more urgent the necessity of solving an existing one. One could say that it has affected us quantitatively, not qualitatively. As long as there are sovereign nations possessing great power, war is inevitable. That statement is not an attempt to say when war will come, but only that it is sure to come. That fact was true before the atomic bomb was made. What has been changed is the destructiveness of war.

I do not believe that civilization will be wiped out in a war fought with the atomic bomb. Perhaps two thirds of the people of the earth might be killed, but enough men capable of thinking, and enough books, would be left to start again, and civilization could be restored.

I do not believe that the secret of the bomb should be given to the United Nations organization. I do not believe that it should be given to the Soviet Union. Either course would be like the action of a man with capital, who, wishing another man to work with him on some enterprise, should start out by simply giving his prospective partner half of his money. The second man might choose to start a rival enterprise, when what was wanted was his coöperation.

The secret of the bomb should be committed to a World Government, and the United States should immediately announce its readiness to give it to a World Government. This government should be founded by the United States, the Soviet Union, and Great Britain — the only three powers with great military strength. All three of them should commit to this World Government all of their military strength. The fact that there are only three nations with great military power should make it easier rather than harder to establish such a government.

Since the United States and Great Britain have the secret of the atomic bomb and the Soviet Union does not, they should invite the Soviet Union to prepare and present the first draft of a Constitution for the proposed World Government. That action should help to dispel the distrust which the Russians already feel because the bomb is being kept a secret, chiefly to prevent their having it. Obviously the first draft would not be the final one, but the Russians should

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be made to feel that the World Government would assure them their security.

It would be wise if this Constitution were to be negotiated by a single American, a single Britisher, and a single Russian. They would have to have advisers, but these advisers should only advise when asked. I believe three men can succeed in writing a workable Constitution acceptable to all three nations. Six or seven men, or more, probably would fail.

After the three great powers have drafted a Constitution and adopted it, the smaller nations should be invited to join the World Government. They should be free to stay out; and though they would be perfectly secure in staying out, I am sure they would wish to join. Naturally they should be entitled to propose changes in the Constitution as drafted by the Big Three. But the Big Three should go ahead and organize the World Government whether the smaller nations join or not.

The World Government would have power over all military matters and need have only one further power: the power to intervene in countries where a minority is oppressing a majority and creating the kind of instability that leads to war. Conditions such as exist in Argentina and Spain should be dealt with. There must be an end to the concept of non-intervention, for to end it is part of keeping the peace.

The establishment of the World Government must not have to wait until the same conditions of freedom are to be found in all three of the great powers. While it is true that in the Soviet Union the minority rules, I do not consider that internal conditions there are of themselves a threat to world peace. One must bear in mind that the people in Russia did not have a long political education, and changes to improve Russian conditions had to be carried through by a minority for the reason that there was no majority capable of doing it. If I had been born a Russian, I believe I could have adjusted myself to this condition.

It is not necessary, in establishing a world organization with a monopoly of military authority, to change the structure of the three great powers. It would be for the three individuals who draft the Constitution to devise ways for the different structures to be fitted together for collaboration.

2

Do I fear the tyranny of a World Government? Of course I do. But I fear still more the coming of another war or wars. Any government is certain to be evil to some extent. But a World Government is preferable to the far greater evil of wars, particularly with their intensified destructiveness. If a World Government is not established by agreement, I believe it will come in another way and in a much more dangerous form. For war or wars will end in one power's being supreme and dominating the rest of the world by its overwhelming military strength.

Now that we have the atomic secret, we must not lose it, and that is what we should risk doing if we should give it to the United Nations organization or to the Soviet Union. But we must make it clear, as quickly as possible, that we are not keeping the bomb a secret for the sake of our power, but in the hope of establishing peace in a World Government, and that we will do our utmost to bring this World Government into being.

I appreciate that there are persons who favor a gradual approach to World Government even though they approve of it as the ultimate objective. The trouble about taking little steps, one at a time, in the hope of reaching that ultimate goal is that while they are being taken, we continue to keep the bomb secret without making our reason convincing to those who do not have the secret. That of itself creates fear and suspicion, with the consequence that the relations of rival sovereignties deteriorate dangerously. So, while persons who take only a step at a time may think they are approaching world peace, they actually are contributing, by their slow pace, to the coming of war. We have no time to spend in this way. If war is to be averted, it must be done quickly.

We shall not have the secret very long. I know it is argued that no other country has money enough to spend on the development of the atomic bomb, and this fact assures us the secret for a long time. It is a mistake often made in this country to measure things by the amount of money they cost. But other countries which have the materials and the men can apply them to the work of developing atomic power if they care to do so. For men and materials and the decision to use them, and not money, are all that is needed.

I do not consider myself the father of the release of atomic energy. My part in it was quite indirect. I did not, in fact, foresee that it would be released in my time. I believed only that release was theoretically possible. It became practical through the accidental discovery of chain reactions, and this was not something I could have predicted. It was discovered by Hahn in Berlin, and he himself misinterpreted what he discovered. It was Lise Meitner who provided the correct interpretation and escaped from Germany to place the information in the hands of Niels Bohr.

I do not believe that a great era of atomic science is to be assured by organizing sciences in the way large corporations are organized. One can organize to apply a discovery already made, but not to make one. Only a free individual can make a discovery. There can be a kind of organizing by which scientists are assured their freedom and proper conditions of work. Professors of science in American universities, for instance, should be relieved of some of their teaching so as to have time for more research. Can you imagine an organization of scientists making the discoveries of Charles Darwin?

Nor do I believe that the vast private corporations of the United States are suitable to the needs of these times. If a visitor should come to this country from another planet, would he not find it strange that in

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this country so much power is given to private corporations without their having commensurate responsibility? I say this to stress that the American government must keep the control of atomic energy, not because socialism is necessarily desirable, but because atomic energy was developed by the government and it would be unthinkable to turn over this property of the people to any individual or group of individuals. As to socialism, unless it is international to the extent of producing a World Government which controls all military power, it might more easily lead to wars than does capitalism, because it represents a still greater concentration of power.

To give any estimate of when atomic energy can be applied to constructive purposes is impossible. What now is known is only how to use a fairly large quantity of uranium. The use of quantities sufficiently small to operate, say, a car or an airplane is as yet impossible. No doubt it will be achieved, but nobody can say when.

Nor can one predict when materials more common than uranium can be used to supply atomic energy. Presumably all materials used for this purpose will be among the heavier elements of high atomic weight. Those elements are relatively scarce, because of their lesser stability. Most of these materials may already have disappeared by radioactive disintegration. So, though the release of atomic energy can be, and no doubt will be, a great boon to mankind, that may not be for some time.

I myself do not have the gift of explanation by which to persuade large numbers of people of the urgencies of the problems the human race now faces. Hence I should like to commend someone who has this gift of explanation — Emery Reves, whose book, *The Anatomy of Peace*, is intelligent, brief, clear, and, if I may use the abused term, dynamic on the topic of war and the need for World Government.

Since I do not foresee that atomic energy is to be a great boon for a long time, I have to say that for the present it is a menace. Perhaps it is well that it should be. It may intimidate the human race into bringing order into its international affairs, which, without the pressure of fear, it would not do.

CAN THE NAZIS LEARN?

by NORA WALN

1

A SOUND woke me and I sat up in my bed at the Hotel Grünerwald in Wiesbaden. A cloud of dust was coming through my open window. I felt the grit of powdered mortar, closed my eyes against it, tasted lime. The sound a building makes in collapsing continued for a while. Then it was over. I heard a woman scream, a man call for help, children crying. By my clock it was four in the morning.

Within our hotel, doors opened, men spoke to one another and hurried down the stairs. When I got down, the hall was empty. In the street I found American men and German men working together at the risk of their lives as they strove to get German people from under the debris of a fallen apartment house.

The dead were being laid in a neat row on the pavement. The injured were near-by. A few people, as always in such happenings, had escaped unhurt and were walking about. The gravest concern of the rescuers was for those who were trapped alive, caught in places where efforts to free them might cause the beam, tilted wall, or heavy wardrobe which protected them to fall and crush them. A little boy was held this way far back in the rubble. He would be patient and quiet, his eyes very bright; then a spell of fright would overcome him and he would cry, but after some time would master himself again and be still.

"Twelve families lived in this apartment house," a German woman who had lived there said. "Months after the bombings, when peace has been declared, our buildings fall down."

"It has been the same in London, Coventry, Birmingham, and other places," I answered.

"You are English?"

"I am an American."

"I don't comprehend why you are on the side with the English and the Russians," she said, and went on quickly before I could speak. "There are so few places now for us to make homes in. We crowd in where we can, seeking shelter before winter comes.

A Philadelphia Quaker who graduated from Swarthmore and who, after a protracted visit in the Orient, became the foster-daughter of an ancient Chinese family, NORA WALN is known on both sides of the Atlantic for her two books, *The House of Exile* and *Reaching for the Stars*. With her English husband, who was studying the violin, she was living in Germany and in Czechoslovakia in those two crucial years, 1937 and 1938. It was then that she put the finishing touches to her book, *Reaching for the Stars*, and it was then that she made many German friends to whom she is loyal to this day. This is the second of several articles which she will send to us as the *Atlantic* correspondent in the American zone.

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The engineers whom your government allows to work should be quicker in testing buildings, and you should put up signs prohibiting the use of those which are unsafe." She added, "You Americans take the best of what there is for your occupational government." From then on we stood there in silence, two women of about the same age, each busy with her own thoughts. I went on with my day as planned: went to Frankfurt to call on Major George H. Geyer, head of the educational section of our Military Government in Germany, and then on to Oberursel to talk with Helene Ullmann, who used to teach in a missionary school in China.

When I came back in the evening, I met one of the men from the Press Wireless department as he was coming down to supper and he told me, "They managed to get the boy out." He paused. "I've hated the Krauts. All of them. But the way those German policemen worked with us, I forgot they are Krauts."

"I've found that children cry the same in every country," remarked another man when I was eating supper with him. "That little boy caught there today might have been my own — the effect he had on me. He is about the same age as my boy." He had two pictures of his son to show me, kept together in a leather case — one taken before he came overseas, and one his wife had sent showing a boy starting off on his first day at school.

"Unfortunately, we haven't any children," said another man at the table. "Both my wife and I want them. If she would agree — I haven't asked her — I'd rather like to start a family by adopting one of the orphans over here if it can be done. That's how I feel when I have them hanging round me as they do with all of us. These children would grow up all right if they had an American chance."

"You are easily sold. I wouldn't take the pick of them as a free gift, boys or girls. They are hooligans, the lot of them. They smile for chocolate, for rides, for attention; they cheer whatever you say, but just turn away a minute and they snitch anything you leave loose. Let a car stand unattended anywhere two seconds and they let the air out of the tires. They are tainted. They are twisted. No good will come of them." So, a third man felt.

"I'd be willing to gamble on it," said the one who thought of adopting. "If I could afford it, I'd be willing to take more than one and bring them up on Boy Scout principles; bring them up among my own — if they come later."

"The ideas round a child's daily life have a lot to do with making or marring his character," said the father of a son. "I don't think these children start out any less good than others. They need education, re-education."

2

In Major Geyer's office at the I. G. Farben building two sergeants were on duty. The major was attending a conference which would occupy him for several days. Its purpose was to help promote a harmonious functioning of the various parts of the Military Government. The sergeants pointed out their chief's position on the program and mentioned that he was to speak that very afternoon. They had great pride in him.

"He will state education's case effectively," declared the taller sergeant. His companion agreed.

As I was turning to go, the shorter one said, "Perhaps we could answer whatever you meant to ask Major Geyer."

I asked about Major E. L. Crum, Education and Religious Affairs Officer. Perhaps he could see me? He was at Treysa, attending the largest Protestant Church Conference in Germany's history.

The sergeants were an intelligent pair. After they cleared books and papers from a chair for me, I sat down and we had a companionable visit. They told me that, as far as the census is complete, there are just over three million children from six to ten years old in our zone and that it is to the children of this age group that first consideration is being given. Elementary schools are being opened just as rapidly as schoolrooms can be got ready, anti-Nazi teachers found, and books printed.

The concentration on this age group does not mean that there is neglect of the need to get all German youth under good teaching as quickly as possible. Repairing and rebuilding schools in the bombed cities, screening the teachers, and preparing the textbooks is a tremendous task. Every kind of school, including kindergartens, is being opened; many are already functioning.

Teachers of instrumental and vocal music, of painting and drawing, of languages, domestic science, and handcrafts, who have had small private classes or given individual lessons, are permitted to teach as soon as they pass the anti-Nazi screening. German teachers are on trial under the surrender terms. The certificate of anyone can be taken away at any time. Each teacher must prove to be reliable. All teaching has to be done under the guidance of United States officers until German instruction satisfies American principles as to what should be taught.

No school, college, or university can function without permission. Some have dared to begin without it and have been promptly closed. There will be schools enough to take care of town and country children in every region of our zone. School attendance has long been compulsory in Germany and will continue to be so under our government.

The Military Government officers whose job it is to supervise teaching in our zone are all grade and high school teachers, college professors, and school superintendents from the United States. Major Geyer comes from California, where he was director of Glendale Junior College. Major Edward F. D'Arms, who is at Munich, was professor of classics at the University of Colorado. Major James F. Bursch, in Neustadt, is from Sacramento, California.

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Some of the others are Captain Richie, now at Munich, whose wife is also in Germany on an occupational government job; Captain Holmstedt, now at Kassel, who was professor of education at the University of Indiana; and Captain E. Arthur Elliot, now organizing the students of bombed Frankfurt, who was superintendent of schools at Joplin, Missouri. Captain John P. Steiner, now at Stuttgart, was superintendent of schools at Portales, New Mexico. Captain Walter Bergman, in Karlsruhe, is from Wayne University. Captain E. T. Gannon, working in Bavaria, was a high school superintendent in New York City; Captain Donald Sheldon was superintendent of schools at Prescott, Arizona; and Lieutenant Earl Chisamore was a district superintendent in New York City.

The textbooks are a problem. The Nazis were thorough about the instruction of the young. No child could escape their teaching. On examination our officers discovered that Nazi theories were in every book from the kindergarten through the university. There was a clever, subtle infiltration of Nazi ideas even into arithmetics.

A search was made for German schoolbooks used before 1933. These books went up by the thousand in the great burning of the books. To possess them became a crime punishable by arrest and detention without trial in a concentration camp. If a set was hidden and kept in any German home, the owner did not come forward to present them for our use. But a set was kept at Columbia University, in the library of Teachers College. The knowledge in them stops at 1933; yet they must serve for the present, until books can be written.

The making of copies in the numbers needed is no small task. Captain Dumont F. Denney of New York City and Lieutenant C. C. Axvall of Fargo, North Dakota, promised to deliver books as fast as schoolrooms and teachers were ready, and to deliver five million by October 1. To date they have not failed a school, and they have also supplied the Russians with copies which they wanted to put to use in their zone.

"Our zone is like a state in a union," the tall sergeant informed me. "We have to keep an ideal in mind — the ideal which has made our union of states at home a success. We must not run our zone in unhealthy rivalry with the Russians, the British, and the French zones. Each of us has something to help the other with in knowledge of what it is that makes a good citizen."

"That's right," said the second sergeant. "Some people are afraid of foreigners, especially of the Russians. I am not. The Russians have some good ideas and we have some good ideas. The thing to do is to share our best."

Later that day, when I talked with Helene Ullmann, who is the mother of two girls of school age, she stressed the importance of the home behind the school. She thinks that re-education is needed for the parents, most of all for the mothers. When I groaned at the amount there is to do, she pointed out that we must be as ardent as Nazis, and stick at the job through a generation.

3

On Tuesday I went to Heidelberg. We landed at an airfield near Mannheim, and from there I was taken to the Seventh Army Press Camp by jeep. The driver had a friend with him, a soldier from Brooklyn who means to make writing his career when he gets out of the Army. Seeing the Germans has stirred in him a desire to understand them, and he spends his spare time studying them. Their industry in clearing their wrecked cities, where from dust and desolation new cities are beginning to rise, has his keen attention. Mannheim, at the junction of the Neckar and the Rhine, had a population of 280,000 and was the target of 144 Allied air raids. The wreckage is a mass which towers high on both sides of the cleared streets.

It was a hot morning. We were held up several times by traffic — trucks, stone-crushers, bulldozers, and other machines. We had to wait our turn to cross an improvised bridge. Dust and the stench of rotted bodies came from the rubble which was being cleared. Mannheim was a place of orderly activity where the survivors toiled. They were earnest-faced men and women, mostly old, some crippled. They worked industriously and methodically, picking out bricks and placing them in neat stacks; doing the same with girders, doorknobs, nails, even pieces of glass; collecting everything which could be used again.

"Plants are already reprocessing every kind of rubble," said the Brooklyn boy. "The new Mannheim is to be a model city. The work is under the direction of our Military Government officials, headed by Lieutenant Colonel R. E. Hoover. The new Mayor and the First City Councillor are Josef Braun and Gustav Zimmermann, selected because they are anti-Nazi. They give us coöperation, and the Germans work under us all right; even those who get back from prisoner-of-war camps fall in. These people can work. They seem to like it. Tugging and pulling, sorting and remaking, they don't look unhappy. There is no need to urge them to effort."

"They are like bees," commented the driver.

"The new Mannheim is going to be a better place for people to live in than the old Mannheim. City planners, architects, and engineers have drawn a dream of something fine to rise from these ruins. The streets will be wider, the homes better, the shops, factories, and school buildings placed just where they should be. Patching up what can be patched for winter shelter is a primary task and they are doing it, but they are not letting anything cut across the overall plan. Repairs have to fit into it. There will be parks and playgrounds, theaters, clinics, and hospitals. No slums."

"Won't do them any good unless they change their ways," the driver told him.

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"Herbert doesn't admire the Germans," explained his friend.

"They are too docile," said Herbert. "Follow where they are led."

"Saves us trouble."

"Not in the long run."

We had come into clean country. It was lovely to smell the sun-warmed firs that were growing in tidy plantations on both sides of the road. Beyond the woods we had a wide and pleasant view of rolling farm lands with small, attractive houses and well-built barns. We saw fine horses, sleek cattle, and good crops. Women and children, old men, and a few young men were in the fields gathering what was ready and retilling harvested land. The only sign of distress was in two groups we passed. They appeared to be townspeople. They had on city clothes and had pushcarts loaded with baggage. They were wan and tired, and looked as if they had been on a hopeless trek.

"Probably looking for a country living place," commented Herbert. "I'm sorry for them but I am sorry for us, too. Twice we have had to fight them, and now we have to stay and police them. We will get them all under shelter by winter, force them to take each other in."

"He doesn't like it that we have found no Nazis in this country. Everyone we question only supported Nazism because he or she couldn't help it. It's pricked like a bubble now, and they are following the present popular slogan, 'anti-Nazism.' The German people do not feel guilty about the concentration camps or anything that was done. It was their leaders' fault, they reason. Under the excuse that they had to obey, they forgive themselves."

"Unless we find a means to teach these people that all are responsible, our coming will have been in vain," insisted Herbert.

4

HEIDELBERG is in the Seventh Army's administrative territory, an hour's drive from the Press Camp. The way leads down a winding road and through three charming villages where there is not much sign of war other than the presence of our men in khaki — surrounded here as elsewhere by German children, little boys and girls who sit a dozen together sometimes on the curb when an American is on traffic duty. I visited these villages a few years ago, and I found it a relief now not to see the banner of the hooked cross in them, and not to hear the tramp of Hitler boots.

Beyond the villages stands Heidelberg. Architecturally, Heidelberg is unhurt. Blast has not shaken the buildings here. They are as they were built by men, telling in their shape a story of centuries of European thought and dream. The trees were not uprooted. They still give leafy shade to the streets of Heidelberg.

I walked awhile in the peace and told myself, "This is a liberated town, a place saved for future use, a sanctuary of learning unshackled, freed from the Nazi thrall."

As I walked a woman spoke to me. She greeted me and I responded. We went a short way together and she drew my attention to buildings, statues, and landmarks that we passed.

"The war did not come to Heidelberg?" I asked her.

"It took the sons of our town," she answered, and quickly added, "I had no son to give. We heard the guns — perhaps twenty miles away. It was terrible to hear the fighting, to know that men killed one another, and we could do nothing. When the sound of battle was nearest, so close that it seemed it would sweep over our town, we had a festival of Bach's music in the castle courtyard."

I went on to make my calls. I first looked for Dr. Rosenkranz, the Chinese scholar, but failed to locate him, and realized that the address I had must be wrong. Then I went to the office of our American educational officer and learned that Dr. Rosenkranz was in the hospital. So I went into the main hall of the University to talk with anybody I might happen to find there.

At first I made little headway. The first person I spoke to was a nice-looking girl, tall and slender, healthily built, with fair hair and blue eyes, attractively dressed. Her response was not an answer to my question as to where I should go to get information about the University. It was a cool-toned statement: "You are out of bounds here."

I was taken by surprise. If someone had thrown a bucket of ice water on me, I could not have felt more dejected.

I turned from her to a young man on the other side of me. He may have been a wounded soldier — one foot was gone. His face in repose looked strained, confused. I asked him whether he would be so kind as to tell me where I should go to find the Rector or someone of the University who could help me locate professors who had been my friends. He said, "I have not heard that we are required to assist correspondents." Such bitterness was in him that pity swept through me.

Almost before he had ended, a girl came up quickly. "Pardon — but I overheard your question. Perhaps I can help you although I am a stranger here myself. I lived in Königsberg. I want to study if they will let me into the Medical School. Come with me. There is a man who helped me. He is kindly."

She took me upstairs, along a corridor to an open door on the left, where I joined a queue. Soon I realized that the others were there to register or to inquire about registering. More wanted to study at Heidelberg than could have places. They pleaded; often they mentioned the destruction of other universities. Many asked where they were to go for education if refused at Heidelberg.

The gray-haired man at the desk was courteous and efficient; he listened to each applicant and did

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not promise the impossible. As yet only two schools had permission to reopen — Medicine and Theology. Professors were here from universities all over Germany, and from Vienna; but no one, no matter how eminent, could teach until he passed the anti-Nazi screening. It was not easy to make up a faculty. The man was patient under questions. He dealt with me with equal courtesy and appointed a young man to take me to the Rector's secretary.

From then on I was made welcome, treated with friendliness. Dr. Bauer, the Rector, who has been selected to reopen Heidelberg under supervision, was out — trying to arrange several matters still pending with the American authorities. If I could sit down for a few minutes, Dr. Fuhrmann, who was in, would certainly like to talk with me.

Dr. Fuhrmann greeted me as a friend and told me that his wife, an American, had been a teacher at Mount Holyoke. He corrected my addresses, told me of some who are gone, and gave me letters of introduction to several in Heidelberg whom he thought I should like to meet. Then he took me on a tour of the University.

As we went through the great empty rooms, he talked of the future that might be inspired here, of the difficult and ill-prepared youth pressing for entry, of the way to truth which had been forsaken; and as we came to things of beauty, he called my attention to them. He gave me as gifts a copy of the University seal, done in bronze, and a lovely book. He asked me not to think exclusively of the horrors of Dachau and the calculated cruelties done to those I loved in Norway, but to try to remember the good things about Germany.

One afternoon I spent with Professor Fritz Ernst and his wife and baby daughter at their home in Handschuchsheim, high on the hill above Heidelberg. He is in his forties. As a youth Professor Ernst studied in England; and while there he lived with English Quakers, Elizabeth and Francis Tucker of Wandsworth Meeting. He has been appointed Vice-Rector of the University — provisionally, as all teachers are appointed.

"The problem for teachers will be how to catch the minds of the young people, how to stir them to think rightly," he said. "Many of them cannot locate their families; their homes are gone. These things give them ground for revolutionary and antagonistic thoughts. None of them are properly prepared for study; year after year, from 1933 on, the standard of knowledge in our country was lowered and perverted. They must not be let roam. They must be got into the classroom and set to work. This generation cannot regain what it lost, but a beginning can be made in them. Teaching them will not be an easy task."

5

The saddest and the sweetest of my visits in Heidelberg was with Dr. and Mrs. Jaspers. He could not teach during the Nazi regime because she is Jewish and he would not divorce her. She is alive today because he hid her in his house for five years. Her friends have not known she was alive; those who love her, including her brothers at Oxford in England, in New York City, and in Palestine, have not known that she would be met again this side of heaven. I could scarcely believe it when I saw her, touched her, sat holding her hands. For five years she did not see the sky except through a window, or go out of doors. She lived with books. She did not see the river, walk on the hills, or pick a wild flower.

She was hidden in the center of Heidelberg. Search after search was made. This German Protestant husband outwitted the searchers every time they came, and no member of his household staff told. He could not risk trying to get her away. They had seemed safe until it was too late to make such a move.

He stood between her and the Nazis of their nation. He was taken ill. She had poison to take if he died. Sitting in their book-lined home, she showed me the letter which was kept in a drawer, put there to be found and given to his sister if need be. Love for one another such as is seldom seen shines in their faces.

She is brown-eyed and beautiful, as some women are at seventy, and tiny. He is tall, handsome, and wise. Both are frail. Yet they take in and shelter the needy. Their home is full of the homeless. Joy is in their house, but the strain of these long years has taken a sad toll, wasted and misused the powers of this couple — two of Germany's most scholarly citizens.

Speaking at ceremonies held to celebrate the completion of arrangements for reopening Heidelberg's medical school, Dr. Jaspers did not gloss over the magnitude of the task ahead. He said that there are few alive in Germany today who did not actively support or at least make serious compromise with Nazism, and he warned that Nazi doctrines have seeped into the minds of a population most of whom do not recognize that they have this disease.

The world over, stirred by knowledge of happenings within this land, people have puzzled about the education and re-education of Germans. This matter has occupied my mind unhappily ever since I became acquainted with people in Germany during the time I was first here, from June, 1934, into April, 1938. In England I attended several conferences on the subject, some of them convened by Quakers, and I listened to German refugees and others who had fled to the British Isles when Nazi rule came over their countries.

I have come to feel that Nazism was only a harvest from seed which has not been destroyed by losing the war. This feeling has increased during the weeks since my return to Germany. As I go about I see an outward change, but when I visit among Germans I do not find an inward change. And as yet I am not sure of any answer.

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WRITERS IN HOLLYWOOD

by RAYMOND CHANDLER

To the writing of his detective stories RAYMOND CHANDLER brings the experience and the skepticism of a newspaper reporter, the narrative gifts of a born storyteller, and a mastery of pungent American dialogue. His leading character, Philip Marlowe, is a professional detective who has held the spotlight thus far in four novels, all of which have been purchased by the movies. One of them, *The Big Sleep*, in which Lauren Bacall plays the lead, is soon to be released. In his screenplays as in his books, Mr. Chandler has scored a personal success, but he has done so without losing sight of the difficulties encountered by the creative writer in the studios. For this is the anomaly: the producers pay their authors large fees apparently for the purpose of disregarding their advice and their text. — THE EDITOR

1

HOLLYWOOD is easy to hate, easy to sneer at, easy to lampoon. Some of the best lampooning has been done by people who have never been through a studio gate, some of the best sneering by egocentric geniuses who departed huffily — not forgetting to collect their last pay check — leaving behind them nothing but the exquisite aroma of their personalities and a botched job for the tired hacks to clean up.

Even as far away as New York, where Hollywood assumes all really intelligent people live (since they obviously do not live in Hollywood), the disease of exaggeration can be caught. The motion picture critic of one of the less dazzled intellectual weeklies, commenting recently on a certain screenplay, remarked that it showed "how dull a couple of run-of-the-mill $3000-a-week writers can be." I hope this critic will not be startled to learn that 50 per cent of the screenwriters of Hollywood made less than $10,000 last year, and that he could count on his fingers the number that made a steady income anywhere near the figure he so contemptuously mentioned. I don't know whether they could be called run-of-the-mill writers or not. To me the phrase suggests something a little easier to get hold of.

I hold no brief for Hollywood. I have worked there a little over two years, which is far from enough to make me an authority, but more than enough to make me feel pretty thoroughly bored. That should not be so. An industry with such vast resources and such magic techniques should not become dull so soon. An art which is capable of making all but the very best plays look trivial and contrived, all but the very best novels verbose and imitative, should not so quickly become wearisome to those who attempt to practice it with something else in mind than the cash drawer. The making of a picture ought surely to be a rather fascinating adventure. It is not; it is an endless contention of tawdry egos, some of them powerful, almost all of them vociferous, and almost none of them capable of anything much more creative than credit-stealing and self-promotion.

Hollywood is a showman's paradise. But showmen make nothing; they exploit what someone else has made. The publisher and the play producer are showmen too; but they exploit what is already made. The showmen of Hollywood control the making — and thereby degrade it. For the basic art of motion pictures is the screenplay; it is fundamental, without it there is nothing. Everything derives from the screenplay, and most of that which derives is an applied skill which, however adept, is artistically not in the same class with the creation of a screenplay. But in Hollywood the screenplay is written by a salaried writer under the supervision of a producer — that is to say, by an employee without power or decision over the uses of his own craft, without ownership of it, and, however extravagantly paid, almost without honor for it.

I am aware that there are colorable economic reasons for the Hollywood system of "getting out the script." But I am not much interested in them. Pictures cost a great deal of money — true. The studio spends the money; all the writer spends is his time (and incidentally his life, his hopes, and all the varied experiences, most of them painful, which finally made him into a writer) — this also is true. The producer is charged with the salability and soundness of the project — true. The director can survive few failures; the writer can stink for ten years and still make his thousand a week — true also. But entirely beside the point.

I am not interested in why the Hollywood system exists or persists, nor in learning out of what bitter struggles for prestige it arose, nor in how much money it succeeds in making out of bad pictures. I

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am interested only in the fact that as a result of it there is no such thing as an art of the screenplay, and there never will be as long as the system lasts, for it is the essence of this system that it seeks to exploit a talent without permitting it the right to be a talent. It cannot be done; you can only destroy the talent, which is exactly what happens — when there is any to destroy.

Granted that there isn't much. Some chatty publisher (probably Bennett Cerf) remarked once that there are writers in Hollywood making two thousand dollars a week who haven't had an idea in ten years. He exaggerated — backwards: there are writers in Hollywood making two thousand a week who never had an idea in their lives, who have never written a photographable scene, who could not make two cents a word in the pulp market if their lives depended on it. Hollywood is full of such writers, although there are few at such high salaries. They are, to put it bluntly, a pretty dreary lot of hacks, and most of them know it, and they take their kicks and their salaries and try to be reasonably grateful to an industry which permits them to live much more opulently than they could live anywhere else.

And I have no doubt that most of them, also, would like to be much better writers than they are, would like to have force and integrity and imagination — enough of these to earn a decent living at some art of literature that has the dignity of a free profession. It will not happen to them, and there is not much reason why it should. If it ever could have happened, it will not happen now. For even the best of them (with a few rare exceptions) devote their entire time to work which has no more possibility of distinction than a Pekinese has of becoming a Great Dane: to asinine musicals about technicolor legs and the yowling of night-club singers; to "psychological" dramas with wooden plots, stock characters, and that persistent note of fuzzy earnestness which suggests the conversation of schoolgirls in puberty; to sprightly and sophisticated comedies (we hope) in which the gags are as stale as the attitudes, in which there is always a drink in every hand, a butler in every doorway, and a telephone on the edge of every bathtub; to historical epics in which the male actors look like female impersonators, and the lovely feminine star looks just a little too starry-eyed for a babe who has spent half her life swapping husbands; and last but not least, to those pictures of deep social import in which everybody is thoughtful and grown-up and sincere and the more difficult problems of life are wordily resolved into a unanimous vote of confidence in the inviolability of the Constitution, the sanctity of the home, and the paramount importance of the streamlined kitchen.

And these, dear readers, are the million-dollar babies — the cream of the crop. Most of the boys and girls who write for the screen never get anywhere near this far. They devote their sparkling lines and their structural finesse to horse operas, cheap gun-in-the-kidney melodramas, horror items about mad scientists and cliffhangers concerned with screaming blondes and circular saws. The writers of this tripe are licked before they start. Even in a purely technical sense their work is doomed for lack of the time to do it properly. The challenge of screenwriting is to say much in little and then take half of that little out and still preserve an effect of leisure and natural movement. Such a technique requires experiment and elimination. The cheap pictures simply cannot afford it.

2

Let me not imply that there are no writers of authentic ability in Hollywood. There are not many, but there are not many anywhere. The creative gift is a scarce commodity, and patience and imitation have always done most of its work. There is no reason to expect from the anonymous toilers of the screen a quality which we are very obviously not getting from the publicized litterateurs of the best-seller list, from the compilers of fourth-rate historical novels which sell half a million copies, from the Broadway candy butchers known as playwrights, or from the sulky maestri of the little magazines.

To me the interesting point about Hollywood's writers of talent is not how few or how many they are, but how little of worth their talent is allowed to achieve. Interesting — but hardly unexpected, once you accept the premise that writers are employed to write screenplays on the theory that, being writers, they have a particular gift and training for the job, and are then prevented from doing it with any independence or finality whatsoever, on the theory that, being merely writers, they know nothing about making pictures; and of course if they don't know how to make pictures, they couldn't possibly know how to write them. It takes a producer to tell them that.

I do not wish to become unduly vitriolic on the subject of producers. My own experience does not justify it, and after all, producers too are slaves of the system. Also, the term "producer" is of very vague definition. Some producers are powerful in their own right, and some are little more than legmen for the front office; some — few, I trust — receive less money than some of the writers who work for them. It is even said that in one large Hollywood studio there are producers who are lower than writers; not merely in earning power, but in prestige, importance, and aesthetic ability. It is, of course, a *very* large studio where all sorts of unexplained things could happen and hardly be noticed.

For my thesis the personal qualities of a producer are rather beside the point. Some are able and humane men and some are low-grade individuals with the morals of a goat, the artistic integrity of a slot machine, and the manners of a floorwalker with delusions of grandeur. In so far as the writing of the screenplay is concerned, however, the producer is the boss; the writer either gets along with him and his ideas (if he has any) or gets out. This means both

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personal and artistic subordination, and no writer of quality will long accept either without surrendering that which made him a writer of quality, without dulling the fine edge of his mind, without becoming little by little a conniver rather than a creator, a supple and facile journeyman rather than a craftsman of original thought.

It makes very little difference how a writer feels towards his producer as a man; the fact that the producer can change and destroy and disregard his work can only operate to diminish that work in its conception and to make it mechanical and indifferent in execution. The impulse to perfection cannot exist where the definition of perfection is the arbitrary decision of authority. That which is born in loneliness and from the heart cannot be defended against the judgment of a committee of sycophants. The volatile essences which make literature cannot survive the clichés of a long series of story conferences. There is little magic of word or emotion or situation which can remain alive after the incessant bone-scraping revisions imposed on the Hollywood writer by the process of rule by decree. That these magics do somehow, here and there, by another and even rarer magic, survive and reach the screen more or less intact is the infrequent miracle which keeps Hollywood's handful of fine writers from cutting their throats.

Hollywood has no right to expect such miracles, and it does not deserve the men who bring them to pass. Its conception of what makes a good picture is still as juvenile as its treatment of writing talent is insulting and degrading. Its idea of "production value" is spending a million dollars dressing up a story that any good writer would throw away. Its vision of the rewarding movie is a vehicle for some glamorpuss with two expressions and eighteen changes of costume, or for some male idol of the muddled millions with a permanent hangover, six worn-out acting tricks, the build of a lifeguard, and the mentality of a chicken-strangler. Pictures for such purposes as these, Hollywood lovingly and carefully makes. The good ones smack it in the rear when it isn't looking.

3

For all this too there are colorable economic reasons. The motion picture is a great industry as well as a defeated art. Its technicians are now in their third generation, its investments are world-wide, its demand for material is insatiable. Five hundred pictures a year must be made or the theaters will be dark, countless people will be thrown out of work, financial organizations will totter, and bankers will start jumping out of their office windows again. Hollywood does not possess enough real talent to make one tenth of five hundred pictures, even if it could find stories to base them on. But the rest must be made somehow, and they are made — with great effort and bitter struggle, with the hardening of many arteries and the graying of many hairs, and with the slow deadening of such real ability as could have been saved by happier tasks.

And the men who turn out this essentially dreary product are well paid by the standards of other industries. This reward is not, of course, due to any big-heartedness on the part of the financial big shots who control the working capital. The men with the money and the ultimate power can do anything they like with Hollywood — as long as they don't mind losing their investment. They can destroy any studio executive overnight, contract or no contract; any star, any producer, any director — as an individual. What they cannot destroy is the Hollywood system. It may be wasteful, absurd, even dishonest, but it is all there is, and no cold-blooded board of directors can replace it. It has been tried, but the showmen always win. They always win against mere money. What in the long run — the very long run — they can never defeat is talent, even writing talent.

It is, I am afraid, a *very* long run indeed. There is no present indication whatever that the Hollywood writer is on the point of acquiring any real control over his work, any right to choose what that work shall be (other than refusing jobs, which he can only do within narrow limits), or even any right to decide how the values in the producer-chosen work shall be brought out. There is no present guarantee that his best lines, best ideas, best scenes will not be changed or omitted on the set by the director or dropped on the floor during the later process of cutting — for the simple but essential reason that the best things in any picture, artistically speaking, are invariably the easiest to leave out, mechanically speaking.

There is no attempt in Hollywood to exploit the writer as an artist of meaning to the picture-buying public; there is every attempt to keep the public uninformed about his vital contribution to whatever art the movie contains. On the billboards, in the newspaper advertisements, his name will be smaller than that of the most insignificant bit-player who achieves what is known as billing; it will be the first to disappear as the size of the ad is cut down toward the middle of the week; it will be the last and least to be mentioned in any word-of-mouth or radio promotion.

The first picture I worked on was nominated for an Academy award (if that means anything), but I was not even invited to the press review held right in the studio. An extremely successful picture made by another studio from a story I wrote used verbatim lines out of the story in its promotional campaign, but my name was never mentioned once in any radio, magazine, billboard, or newspaper advertising that I saw or heard — and I saw and heard a great deal. This neglect is of no consequence to me personally; to any writer of books a Hollywood by-line is trivial. To those whose whole work is in Hollywood it is not trivial, because it is part of a deliberate and successful plan to reduce the professional screenwriter to the status of an assistant picture-maker, superficially de-

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ferred to (while he is in the room), essentially ignored, and even in his most brilliant achievements carefully pushed out of the way of any possible accolade which might otherwise fall to the star, the producer, the director.

4

If all this is true, why then should any writer of genuine ability continue to work in Hollywood at all? The obvious reason is not enough: few screenwriters possess homes in Bel-Air, illuminated swimming pools, wives in full-length mink coats, three servants, and that air of tired genius gone a little sour. Money buys pathetically little in Hollywood beyond the pleasure of living in an unreal world, associating with a narrow group of people who think, talk, and drink nothing but pictures, most of them bad, and the doubtful pleasure of watching famous actors and actresses guzzle in some of the rudest restaurants in the world.

I do not mean that Hollywood society is any duller or more dissipated than moneyed society anywhere: God knows it couldn't be. But it is a pretty thin reward for a lifetime devoted to the essential craft of what might be a great art. I suppose the truth is that the veterans of the Hollywood scene do not realize how little they are getting, how many dull egotists they have to smile at, how many shoddy people they have to treat as friends, how little real accomplishment is possible, how much gaudy trash their life contains. The superficial friendliness of Hollywood is pleasant — until you find out that nearly every sleeve conceals a knife. The companionship during working hours with men and women who take the business of fiction seriously gives a pale heat to the writer's lonely soul. It is so easy to forget that there is a world in which men buy their own groceries and, if they choose, think their own thoughts. In Hollywood you don't even write your own checks — and what you think is what you hope some producer or studio executive will like.

Beyond this I suppose there is hope; there are several hopes. The cold dynasty will not last forever, the dictatorial producer is already a little unsure, the top-heavy director has long since become a joke in his own studio; after a while even technicolor will not save him. There is hope that a decayed and makeshift system will pass, that somehow the flatulent moguls will learn that only writers can write screenplays and only proud and independent writers can write good screenplays, and that present methods of dealing with such men are destructive of the very force by which pictures must live.

And there is the intense and beautiful hope that the Hollywood writers themselves — such of them as are capable of it — will recognize that writing for the screen is no job for amateurs and half-writers whose problems are always solved by somebody else. It is the writers' own weakness as craftsmen that permits the superior egos to bleed them white of initiative, imagination, and integrity. If even a quarter of the *highly paid* screenwriters in Hollywood could produce a completely integrated and photographable screenplay under their own power, with only the amount of interference and discussion necessary to protect the studio's investment in actors and ensure a reasonable freedom from libel and censorship troubles, then the producer would assume his proper function of coördinating and conciliating the various crafts which combine to make a picture; and the director — heaven help his strutting soul — would be reduced to the ignominious task of making pictures as they are conceived and written — and not as the director would try to write them, if only he knew how to write.

Certainly there are producers and directors — although how pitifully few — who are sincere enough to want such a change, and talented enough to have no fear of its effect on their own position. Yet it is only a little over three years since the major (and only this very year the minor) studios were forced, after prolonged and bitter struggle, to agree to treat the writers according to some reasonable standard of business ethics. In this struggle the writers were not really fighting the motion picture industry at all; they were only fighting certain powerful elements in it — employees like themselves — who had hitherto glommed off all the glory and prestige and most of the money, and could only continue to do so by selling themselves to the world as the true makers of pictures.

This struggle is still going on; in a sense it will always go on, in a sense it always *should* go on. But so far the cards are stacked against the writer. If there is no art of the screenplay, the reason is at least partly that there exists no available body of technical theory and practice by which it can be learned. There is no available library of screenplay literature, because the screenplays belong to the studios, and they will only show them within their guarded walls. There is no body of critical opinion, because there are no critics of the screenplay; there are only critics of motion pictures as entertainment, and most of these critics know nothing whatever of the means whereby the motion picture is created and put on celluloid. There is no teaching, because there is no one to teach. If you do not know how pictures are made, you cannot speak with any authority on how they should be constructed; if you do, you are busy enough trying to do it.

There is no correlation of crafts within the studio itself; the average — and far better than average — screenwriter knows hardly anything of the technical problems of the director, and nothing at all of the superlative skill of the trained cutter. He spends his effort in writing shots that cannot be made, or which if made would be thrown away; in writing dialogue that cannot be spoken, sound effects that cannot be heard, and nuances of mood and emotion which the camera cannot reproduce. His idea of an effective scene is something that has to be shot down a stair

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well or out of a gopher hole; or a conversation so static that the director, in order to impart a sense of motion to it, is compelled to photograph it from nine different angles.

In fact, no part of the vast body of technical knowledge which Hollywood contains is systematically and as a matter of course made available to the new writer in a studio. They tell him to look at pictures — which is to learn architecture by staring at a house. And then they send him back to his rabbit hutch to write little scenes which his producer, in between telephone calls to his blondes and his booze-companions, will tell him ought to have been written quite differently. The producer is probably correct; the scene ought to have been written differently. It ought to have been written right. But first it had to be written. The producer didn't do that. He wouldn't know how. Anyway he's too busy. And he's making too much money. And the atmosphere of intellectual squalor in which the salaried writer operates would offend his dignity.

I have kept the best hope of all for the last. In spite of all I have said, the writers of Hollywood *are* winning their battle for prestige. More and more of them are becoming showmen in their own right, producers and directors of their own screenplays. Let us be glad for their additional importance and power, and not examine the artistic result too critically. The boys make good (and some of them might even make good pictures). Let us rejoice together, for the tendency to become showmen is well in the acceptable tradition of the literary art as practiced among the cameras.

For the very nicest thing Hollywood can possibly think of to say to a writer is that he is too good to be only a writer.

LIVING WITH THE BOCHE

by ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

1

Two days after the Paris bombardment of June 3, 1940, a French officer rang the bell of my apartment near Notre-Dame. "Do you know that your name is on a blacklist of the Germans?"

"How do you know that?"

"The list was found at the German Consulate, rue Huysmans. You're on it."

I was not surprised. Two years before, that same Consulate had refused me a visa to go to Trèves. I was a writer and I was no friend of Germany. Whatever might be the reason, it would have been foolish to await stolidly the arrival of hostile troops which might be in possession of that blacklist. On June 8 I left for Avignon. The roads of France were crowded with the lamentable hordes driven out by the invasion.

The German tanks were swift. I had not been two days in Avignon before the enemy was reported in the vicinity of Lyons and the military situation became hopeless. On June 13, Havas published a semi-official statement which only thoughtlessness could fail to interpret. The next day Reynaud, trying to shift the responsibility for the defeat, made his not too honest appeal to America. Almost at once he resigned and Pétain took over, obviously to become the Hindenburg of France. What Frenchman can ever forget the quavering voice announcing the end? The end of the debacle, of course, but was it not the end of France also? The next day there was a Requiem for the dead of the war. France seemed to be lying in the catafalque draped in the tricolor. Many people wept.

The ruin of what every good Frenchman had lived for could not but cause a physical shock. In a few weeks I lost twelve pounds, to be followed in time by thirty-five more. Yet the defeat was no surprise. Anybody who had read, even superficially, the statistics contrasting the feverish German rearmament with the supineness of our own military preparation at the hands of irresponsible politicians or self-satisfied generals could entertain no foolish hopes. Arriving in America in October, 1939, for my annual lecture-tour, I had been astounded by the optimism of Francophile Americans. I expressed that feeling in a Ford Hall Forum lecture in Boston. Neither in Paris nor in London had there been a realization of the military inadequacy of our democracies. The future was dark. I saw the astonishment of my audience, already accustomed to the sleepiness of the phony war or obscurely sure that right must make might. A

Canon of Cambrai Cathedral, ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET is a French philosopher and teacher who won a host of friends on this side of the Atlantic with his books, *The Art of Thinking* and *What We Live By*, and with his spiritual talks, which have been long remembered. He is now in his eightieth year.

When the Germans broke through in 1940, he was tempted to seek refuge in America, but on second thought returned to his old quarters in Paris. His account of how the German and the Frenchman lived together is more telling and judgmatic than any other we have seen.

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few months later the whole world was undeceived. Hitler was in control of half of Europe.

Of course, there was de Gaulle. To me, as to most Frenchmen, he was a mere name till I heard his unforgettable appeal to freedom and hope on June 18. Surely here was a man of whom it could be said that even ruin bore him fearless? But only retrospective certainty can now brag of having been lifted out of despair by that one voice. As soon as it was silent we were confronted again with the real situation — namely, the future of the world hanging on the precarious hope that Britain could be spared invasion. It was not till September that, seeing America calmly adding fifty units to the British Navy, I felt sure of the final issue and my morale was restored forever. As for the future of France, it depended on a man of eighty-four to whom six hundred despairing politicians had delegated the authority of the Senate and Chamber. It also depended on what the undivulged terms of the Armistice might leave us of our national life, and it depended on the good will of Germany.

The Wehrmacht was reported to be polite and the French press — instantly transformed by force into a German press written in French — was profuse in its belief in a Europe led, it is true, by Berlin, but which liberation from England and America was going to metamorphose into an Eden. Many people seeking comfort, as we all do in a catastrophe, persuaded themselves that this vision of a happier future was not entirely imaginary. Even pessimists, who would not admit it, did not reject the possibility that Germany, surfeited with conquest, might gradually soften, as Turkey and Austria had done in the past, as Britain had softened towards Ireland.

Meanwhile the old Marshal was issuing conservative decrees which nobody could blame in a period clamoring for order and restoration. The French may have forgotten it by now, because our memory is like the seashore, cleared today of what was washed on it yesterday, but they were far from regarding him as anything else than a soldier making the most of a bad case, and, soldier-like, inclined to deceive the enemy. It was only later that I, for one, began to think he was getting too accustomed to the attitude forced upon him by the situation, and slowly becoming a pro-German by pretending to be one. In the summer of 1940 there could be no such suspicion, and nobody was very much surprised to see the Marshal attacked, as early as July, by the German-inspired *Paris-Soir*, or to hear that "Pétain-filou" (Pétain-crook) was a current phrase in Germany.

In this comparatively still atmosphere I decided not to try to reach Spain to embark for America, and wrote to my lecture agent to cancel my autumn engagements. I did not feel like running away from home in a crisis like this. America would be too comfortable from the material standpoint, too uncomfortable at a time when France must be regarded as a quitter. No, Paris should be my choice. Surely (marvelous illusion!) Paris would never be starving. And what a chance there would be there to see history in the making! On the other hand, if I went to America, how unpleasant it would be later to have to listen to eyewitnesses! To Paris, then. I have never regretted my decision, even when, weakened and skeletonic, I did my work in a fireless room after a very inadequate breakfast. As soon as repatriation began, in August of 1940, I applied for priority.

2

My first contact with the Germans at the demarcation line was at Chalon. As we entered the station yard I saw the first *feldgrau* sentry and felt a protest of my whole being. But the station was teeming with green-gray uniforms. A German noncommissioned officer examined my papers. He was the only German soldier, out of many thousands, whom I can describe as charming. He was tall, elegant, polite, and smiling — perhaps an Austrian. He handed me back my papers with an almost apologetic wave of his hand, and winked at a bundle of newspapers — a strictly forbidden contraband — which lay behind my suitcase. Austrian! Surely an Austrian! A minute later another noncommissioned officer, fat and furious, rushed into the car with a hoarse "Platz! Platz! Macht platz!" as he pushed in a few more refugees.

The train did not go beyond Dijon. I slept there at a queer inn where I was welcomed with an ironical smile, for I was carrying a dearly beloved cat in his basket and a parakeet in a small cage. Next morning I saw Germanized Dijon, with its first queues, its German policemen, and its details of German infantry singing their four-syllable songs and every now and then changing to their robot goose-step. I also bought my first German-French weekly — *La Gerbe* — of the ignoble Alphonse de Chateaubriant, an odious acquisition.

The Paris train was packed. Next me sat a cross-eyed German private who moved my compassion by squinting at my lunch basket while he only produced a bar of chocolate. He sullenly ate more than half my food, pointing every now and then to some big shell-hole with the proud remark, "Stuka!" To my surprise he knew the names of our musicians, but he was a boor. When we reached the Gare de l'Est, he left without an adieu. The station was dark and full of bustling soldiers. Full also of German notices and of Achtungs followed by unintelligible German directions through the loud-speaker. I found a porter who only charged forty francs — instead of the hundred and fifty now current — and accompanied me home in the solid black night. But home seemed like a Paradise as I took down protective papers from favorite books or furniture.

Next morning was not so bright. Here I was in a German Paris, a kind of prisoner, in fact, and quite likely to be a prisoner in good earnest, for there was that blacklist. I sat down to think. The only thing was to foresee. I packed up a valise and wrote four

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letters which were to be sent to the likeliest people in case I was arrested. I had better say at once that I was lucky and nothing ever happened. Sometime in 1943 I unpacked the valise and was overjoyed to lay my hand on four bars of soap which no money could, by then, have procured. Through the four years I was only one of the millions who were hungry and cold, irritated and ironical, hopeful and disappointed, ever expectant optimists.

3

I LOOKED at Paris as if I had never seen it before. The French police were there as usual, but there were also German soldiers everywhere — many sailors with two black ribbons hanging from their caps, German posters, German sentry-boxes, German flags, big and arrogant, and, round the German-occupied buildings, white barriers, sometimes stone walls. The boulevards, the Avenue Foch, the Concorde, the Champs-Élysées, the neighborhood of the Arc de Triomphe, were entirely Germanized. The stores full of German customers, many of them civilian businessmen. Germanized also was the Métro, the only mode of transportation left. I noticed at once that people were curiously silent in the cars. It did not take me long to learn that silence in public places meant safety. Say *boche* or *doryphore* (the potato pest) above a whisper and you went to jail; eavesdropping, during the first two years, was constant.

The soldiers in the streets were well-behaved, with none of the arrogance one could see in Metz before 1918. They looked at nobody and nobody looked at them, or at the many German girls in pearl-gray uniforms whom Gavroche called the gray mice — a decent but plain lot. A poster recommending to the soldiers to *Abstand halten* from the civil population was indeed superfluous. In time, the Germans spoke of Paris as the eyeless city. During 1943 a good many German families were housed in the Cité-Universitaire, and one often saw German farmers sent in to take over farms in northern France or in Lorraine. They looked respectable, but Parisians regarded them as symbols of the future civilian invasion and loathed them more than they did soldiers.

A very short time after my arrival I saw in the Ile Saint-Louis a German supervising the looting of the sugar in the back yard of a big shop, and later I saw a wine cellar being plundered. Every now and then people standing in queues had to leave empty-handed because two Germans would commandeer every box of this or that in the shop, but that was seldom. Our knowledge of the fact that 80 per cent of all goods could be, and was, requisitioned was as purely notional as the knowledge that France paid a daily four hundred million for being occupied. You were hungry, that was all. Almost every evening I saw seven or eight wagons of meat disappearing in the Olida factory to be canned and sent to Germany, but habit made me indifferent to the sight.

In the same way when you had not had a drop of milk for fifteen months, or seen a single orange in three years, you forgot that there was either milk or oranges. On a few occasions I saw officers obviously playing at owning the town, and I can never forget a group I saw near the Opera House towards the end of 1943. It consisted of four boys of twelve or thirteen commanded by another boy a year or two older. The five carried the short dagger of the Army, but the little chief played ostentatiously with his weapon and surveyed the passers-by with studied arrogance. Reconversion of those Hitlerian youths will not be easy.

I personally was never annoyed. I drowned an old pistol I had when the threat of searching for arms was emphasized, and I had to use various devices to make my voluminous diary unintelligible to anybody but myself. Nothing worse than that.

I had had visions at times of some intelligent human German whom I should be sure to meet as he went out of Notre-Dame and with whom I could talk about European politics, but in all the four years I only saw four or five who might have filled the bill, and nothing happened. Three or four times I visited German bureaus on behalf of an American friend shy of such contacts. I always met with iciness and hauteur. Once I made up my mind to extract a little humanity from one of those civilians and asked with a smile did a German soldier who met in a wood another German soldier unknown to him address him as *du*. "I will not answer that" was the reply.

Only on one occasion, in March, 1941, did chance put me in touch with two important Germans in the house of a friend who, I knew, sometimes received such visits. One, a fatherly-looking sexagenarian, was nothing less than the Führer of the Banque de France; the other, a lean bilious man, was the Führer of some important Dutch bank. The latter spoke good English and absolutely perfect French. No sooner was I introduced than I made up my mind not to waste this chance by talking about the weather.

I asked with a pleasant smile, "What compromise do intelligent Germans envisage to put an end to this war?"

"Compromise! Why, we are victorious everywhere and occupy half of Europe!"

"Yes, but you have not invaded England and you must see that America is slowly but surely coming into the war."

"I know America. Americans may raise an army of 500,000 men, but they will never be able to bring it over."

"What of it? Europe cannot live without American credits and raw materials. I admit that you cannot be driven out by force, but necessity will drive you to the compromise."

Instead of answering, the trilingual financier launched into a long lecture on Anglo-Saxon economic tyranny and on how it was the French, not the English, who were the real cousins of the Germans. Did I not know that our many quarrels had only been a

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family feud going on since Louis-le-Débonnaire? Did I not realize what Europe could be, led by a Franco-German combine, with Britain at long last excluded? He went on eloquently till I had to leave, politely refusing the polite offer of a lift in a magnificent car I had seen at the door.

Apart from a few collaborators, nobody I knew saw any more of the Germans than I did. An American lady, friend of a friend of mine, had entered on negotiations with a coal dealer for a ton or two of black-market coal. One morning the maid terrified this lady with the announcement that a German soldier was in the drawing room. But the German was only coming to say that the coal could not be delivered on the date agreed upon with the dealer. Another friend of mine was told that two tons of metal he expected for his factory could only leave Saint-Denis Station on an extra payment of five thousand francs. On inquiry he found himself in the presence of a German whom he threatened without waiting to be blackmailed by him. On the whole, it can be said that the French, in four years, learned next to nothing from the Germans, or the Germans from the French. No administrative or practical improvement was ever seen. The German bureaus were full of conflicts and confusion. Sometimes of bribery.

4

Yet Germany — that is to say, some one of the innumerable bureaus which German organization prepares against any emergency — did its best to influence French opinion. The effort was so persistent that it became laughable. As I said earlier, the press of the whole country was Germanized overnight through the cravenness of newspapermen who now justly pay for their treason with their lives. Every morning, editors received from one Major Schmidtke a sheet telling them what they must omit or say, emphasize or gloss over. You might read four or five newspapers — they were all alike. I read every day in *L'Oeuvre* the editorial of Marcel Déat, once a brave soldier, now a miserable agent of the enemy; and, every week, I made clippings from *La Gerbe* and the much better written, *Je Suis Partout.* I was only saved from being enraged, as I read, by the deep contempt I felt for the renegades' enjoyment of their own abasement.

The themes were simple and invariably the same. The force of Germany was irresistible and her victory was a certainty; nothing could militate against that fact, for it was a fact. Britain was, as usual, hoping that everybody else would fight her battles, and the French would show themselves gullible if they did not feel sure that Churchill would make peace "on their backs" — a constant slogan — and, of course, keep what he already held of the French Empire. America was in the hands of a mental defective. She had no military genius. She would talk endlessly about a D Day which would never come, for the Atlantic Wall must discourage even better soldiers than those she was improvising. The United States was torn by divisions, and war necessities were quickly forcing Socialism upon it. John L. Lewis and Charles A. Lindbergh were its protagonists. France was despised as a quitter by both London and Washington. The Allied aviation showed clearly how hated she was. Her economy was being scientifically ruined.

The usual conclusion was that only "Europe" — the United States of Europe organized by Germany — was the way to salvation and to a miraculous prosperity. Under it all ran the everlasting desire to see a French mobilization help the German armies. This, Déat and Doriot advocated openly.

Needless to say, the news was carefully censored. I should never have heard of Roosevelt's last re-election had it not been for the London BBC.

There must have been a Poster Propaganda Bureau under some other Major Schmidtke, for every week, punctually, appeared an anti-British or anti-American poster ten or twelve feet high. The Germans showed little talent in this kind of propaganda. Too heavy. The Parisians, night after night, would cover the walls with V's symbolizing their faith in Victory. The Germans hated this letter worse than anything else. Of those hundreds of posters, I can only recall one which had some salt in it. It pictured a snail crawling up the coast of Italy with an American flag on one horn and a British Union Jack on the other. The legend said, "It's a long, long way to Rome." Unfortunately, or fortunately, Rome was taken the very next week, and the poster got scribbled over with ironical comments before it was hastily torn off.

There was also an intensive propaganda by weekly lectures which I sometimes attended. I saw twice the ineffable Chateaubriant losing his way through his typed copy and unable to finish his sentence. People hissed. The only one of those lectures I can remember without disgust was given by the German writer Sieburg. Its conclusion, in a melancholy tone, was that "Europeanized" France would never again be a land of happiness. The man was sincere.

It is difficult for the bulk of a nation to be long submitted to intensive propaganda without being impressed by it. As the years went by, many people disbelieved the possibility of an Allied landing and inferred that the end must indeed be peace on the backs of us quitters. But this was probably one of the superficial beliefs which privations and disappointments will breed. For the double bombardment of the Renault Works at Billancourt — by the RAF in 1943, by an American air force in 1944 — was hailed with enthusiasm. I shall never forget a Billancourt barber beaming on the doorsill of his shattered shop as he described the destruction in the near-by factory. I saw the RAF in action that Sunday night. In spite of the danger, hundreds of people were watching the bombardment, as I did, from open windows, and all but clapped their delight.

Moreover, no amount of propaganda could neutralize the reaction which the Germans produced by the excesses of their Gestapo and by the wholesale

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execution of many thousand innocent hostages. Horror prevailed. Several of my friends — among them that rare Christian, Comte de Pange — were imprisoned; many more died in camps, none more respected than Irene Nemirovski, a young Jewish writer of brilliant talent and charming modesty.

The Gestapo, along with the mobilization of French workmen to release German soldiers, produced the great, the redeeming thing called the Maquis. I got wind of the rising of this movement by veiled allusions heard in daily conversations with French policemen, invariably fearless patriots. Gradually this movement was felt to be gaining in momentum. Secrecy was so complete that I never suspected that a young friend of mine, a former aviator, was one of its active agents. But the time came when I could hear John Palmer, for years my colleague on the London *Saturday Review*, night after night, passing on to the Maquis cryptic messages over the BBC, and when a rumor — which proved to be no exaggeration — said that one unknown captain had mustered a force of 32,000 in the mountains of Savoy. Even the German press had to report ubiquitous sabotaging of railroads or electric power by Maquisards. During the last months this went on almost openly. I once noticed, near one of the Paris gates, two low cupolas evidently intended for defense. A German officer was checking up the work with a blueprint in his hand. When he was gone I came near and said to the French foreman, "All this cement work seems terribly strong." "Well, isn't it?" the man answered with a chuckle.

Towards the end the daring of the Paris populace became unbelievable. I saw the rise in one morning of three or four of the six hundred barricades which Paris built out of the most improbable material, to trap the Germans in the very city they were still ruling. No amount of patrolling by heavily armed tanks disturbed them more than a few moments when the enemy came in sight.

I saw several encounters, my quarter being one of the hottest centers. The Germans did not show much fight. (They were also unexpectedly timid during bombardments.) General de Chambrun, shut up with a thousand of them in his American hospital, had no difficulty in persuading them to surrender to one French major after Maquis men had caused them thirty or forty casualties.

Finally *the* Day came, on the anniversary of which I am writing this. Early in the heavenly morning of that August 25, I opened a window and asked a man down in the street if there was any news. "Oh, yes!" the man said. "They are coming in. I have just seen two — two Frenchmen."

Unforgettable minute! As I remember it, the four hideous years seem to have been nothing. Four years is a long time in an old life. But time should only be counted by its great moments.

TRAMMELED SWIMMER

by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

SLEEK from silk water the angled arm. The sun
Shook crinkling sequins. Slipping ripples burned.
With thew and heart and blood and thought as one
His body turned.

He twisted on his back, and at the noon
Thrashed sun-browned feet; then lay, and let the bound
Of blue absorb him, like the faint day-moon
A perfect round.

Floating infinity, for now the blue
Was cloudless, he was lifted to a height
No rock, no shore, no sea-horizon knew.
He lived in light.

A Knowing, profound; from all life's friction free;
Higher than flyer; aloft, alone, elate;
One with all infinite possibility;
Disjoined from fate,

And reaching almost . . . seeming about to reach . . .
He twisted prone; arm flashed and body sped.
"What were you swimming?" his friend asked, at the beach.
"The crawl," he said.

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HOW THE STORY STARTED

by BEN HUR LAMPMAN

ARY man as tells you that him and her was tetched in the head is a-bearing false witness. They was odd as Dick's hatband, maybe, the old man and the old woman, and that come of living so long a time alone on the upper river after the children was gone, without no near neighbors — but neither one nor t'other was really tetched.

Happen the story is known, to them as best knowed them, of how it got gossiped around that them two was a mite tetched — and of how in p'int of fact it was surely the lightning rod feller's fault. You wouldn't remember him? A scrawny little whiffet with a big Adam's apple and a wispy red whisker that used for to take a man's note against harvest time? You heerd tell of him maybe?

This here was the way of it. It was a nice morning afore thunderstorm season, and him and her, more to pass away the time than for to quarrel, — they was uncommon fond underneath, — was a-jowering and a-jawing like they meant every word of it. He taken a notion for to plague the old woman by asking her for to bake him a birthday cake for a pet speckled hen that he had. The old man he claimed it was that there speckled hen's birthday; claimed he had the record of that hatching, three years afore, writ down on the feedbin.

The old woman she been away at the time — it was when Minnie was having a baby — so the old man he taken care of that hatching. Well, what with this and with that, and a weasel and a skunk, they wasn't but one of them chicks left when the old woman got back, and the old man he told her, by Godfrey, that there one was his'n. At first he done it for to fret her, because the hens was all hers, but after a bit he taken a great fancy to that particular chicken. A man might admit that the old man partly meant it when he asked her for to bake a small birthday cake for Becky — but it makes no manner of difference; the old woman just p'intedly wouldn't.

"You tarnation old fool!" the old woman tells him. "Ain't corn and skim milk and table scraps, like my chickens get, good enough for your'n? She's so sinful fat now she won't lay!" Her glasses fallen down on her nose, and she shoved 'em back whilst she clicked her store teeth. "Get out of my kitchen with your fool notions!" she says. "Be you crazy? There's times that a body suspects it!"

The old man, he knowed when he'd gone fur enough, and he got out like she told him, but first he rummaged around in her workbag and found him a piece of pink ribbon. He knowed that she was a-watching. And she knowed that he knowed. He wanted her for to ask him what he was a-doing. The old woman knowed that he wanted her for to ask him, so, naturally, she wouldn't. He was pretty mad when he stomped out of the kitchen, for a fact, because the old woman had sort of outsmarted him.

She was a-trimming a gooseberry pie for the oven — that there was his favorite pie — and she was a-smiling. For a woman of her years she looked real pretty again when she smiled. She shaken her head, slow-like, and she smiled. "The old fool!" the old woman said out loud in her kitchen, gentle-like. Do you know what she done then? She put down that pie and she went and looked in the glass over the washstand. Don't ask a man why.

It was just about then that the lightning rod feller druv into their yard, with his blacks all a-shining and stepping high, and he got down and he hitched, and he squinted at the house, and then he squinted at the

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BEN HUR LAMPMAN as a small boy in North Dakota was inoculated with the love of writing in his father's print shop. He has made his home in the Northwest, and in his stories and sketches, many of which he has contributed to the *Portland Oregonian*, he has caught the flavor and idiom of a great section in a style that is very much his own.

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barn, and he jedged the old man would still be a-doing the chores, so he went along to the barn.

2

Now the fact was the old man had been giving a sight of thought to lightning rods lately, on account of a couple of barns along the river had been struck and burned down the summer afore, and he was a mighty good prospect for a contract — but when the lightning rod feller stuck his red whisker through the barn door, with his Adam's apple a-jiggling, by Godfrey, what did he see! The old man was a-sitting there on the clean straw, with that speckled hen, Becky, squatted in his lap, with her eyes closed and a-making soft hen-talk whilst the old man he finished tying a bow of pink ribbon around her neck.

The old man patted the bow, and kind of drawed back for to admire it, and then he says, "Hell's fire, Becky, you got a birthday!" And he laughed, "Heh, heh, heh!" a-thinking how the old woman would carry on when she seen that dad-blamed hen. He was a-laughing when he looked up — and there was the lightning rod feller in the barn doorway, with them dishwater blue eyes of his'n bugged out fit to pop. He caught the old man in what seemed like a fix, for a fact.

There's them that gets mad when they gets flustered, and the old man he was one of them kind. He thrun Becky away so hard that she squawked, and he come to his feet like a boy. "No lightning rods!" he began yelling, whilst he hopped up and down. "Dagnab me, mister, I wouldn't have ary one of them silly contraptions on no barn of mine! Get along up the river!" he says. He wouldn't listen to ary word, neither, and he looked so troublesome, for a fact, that the lightning rod feller was a-backing up all the while until he turned tail and 'most run towards the house. The old man he was glad for to get back into the barn.

When the lightning rod feller went for to untie his blacks, out come the old woman, who had been a-getting curiouser and curiouser all the while. She couldn't abide not knowing what was a-going on — never could, but, by Godfrey, there's others. So the lightning rod feller, with his red whisker bobbing and his Adam's apple a-hopping, he was so downright flustered he said it seemed like the old man wouldn't have ary lightning rod on the place, and he was a-going along up river. He said a man could take abuse about just so fur, and then a man had his self-respect for to think of. The old woman, she stood there considering, and then she made up her mind — because seemed to her like if they had them lightning rods they would always have something for to jower and to jaw about. It fair filled her with peace.

"Write out that there contract," she says, "and I'll put my name to it. Your crew can start soon as they like. The old fool! I guess I still got the egg 'n' butter money — even though he treats his own wife like a hired hand. Fill it out, I'm a-telling you!"

Well, sir, he grinned like a fox, and he flourished his pen, and he says to her, "Way I find it, somebody's got to have good sense around the farm. M'am," he says, "I'm right proud for to meet you. It's a pity and a shame about him, though, ain't it?" And he jerks his head towards the barn.

"What's such a pity and a shame?" the old woman says quick-like. He'd of taken warning if he'd of knowed her, but he says to her, a-shaking his head mighty gloomy, "I found him a-tying a pink ribbon around a speckled hen's neck," he says. And he tapped the side of his head and he winked.

You seen a tabby cat fight for her kittens? It is surely surprising. It fair startles a man, way a tabby cat starts a-clawing and a-spitting. "Who's a better right, you dad-blamed old billygoat?" she says, a-bristling. "Ain't it the Becky hen's birthday?"

The old woman she knocked that there contract out of his hand, her eyes a-flashing, and she snatched up a stick of stovewood — fact was, the woodbox was nigh empty, but how was he for to know? He scrambled in and he druv them blacks down the lane at a gallop, a-looking back over his shoulder. And that, as a man recollects, was how the story started.

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SEE YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR

by VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

1

A Clean Tooth Never Decays.
Brush Your Teeth After Every Meal.
Visit Your Dentist Twice a Year.

These slogans carry the faith of our people. It is said and believed that we Americans have the best dentists in the world, and that we have more toothbrushes, and use them more, than any other people. Many agencies, from kindergarten to university, from town council to and through the governments of city, state, and nation, strive for the spread of dental knowledge and the enforcement of its discipline. For instance, some time ago the New York subways coöperated with the Commissioner of Health by displaying the notice: —

FOR SOUND TEETH
BALANCED DIET WITH
VEGETABLES: FRUIT: MILK
BRUSH TEETH
VISIT YOUR DENTIST REGULARLY
— Shirley W. Wynne, M.D.
Commissioner of Health

Radio and magazine advertising tell us that mouth chemistry is altered by a paste, a powder, or a gargle so as to prevent decay; that a special kind of toothbrush reaches all the crevices; that a particular brand of fruit, milk, or bread is rich in elements for tooth health. Mothers throughout the land coax, scold, and bribe children to use the preparations, eat the foods, and follow the rules that are said to guarantee perfect oral hygiene. There is endless repetition of the slogan, "A clean tooth never decays."

Dr. Adelbert Fernald, Curator of the Museum of the Dental School, Harvard University, collected mouth casts of living North Americans of all racial derivations from blond to black, from the most northerly Eskimos through Canada and the States south to Yucatán. He found the best teeth and the healthiest mouths among people who never drank milk since they had ceased to be suckling babes, and who never in their lives tasted any of the other things which we usually recommend for sound teeth.

These people, Eskimos not as yet influenced by white men, never used tooth paste, tooth powder, toothbrushes, mouthwash, or gargle. They never took any pains to cleanse their teeth or mouths. They did not visit their dentists twice a year or even once in a lifetime. Their food was exclusively meat.

Meat, be it noted, was not mentioned as good for the teeth in the advertisement sponsored by the Commissioner of Health of the City of New York. The subway slogans have disappeared, along with the meat, but the dental myths have persisted.

Teeth superior on the average to those of the presidents of our largest tooth-paste companies are found in the world today, and have existed during past ages, among people who violate every precept of dentifrice advertising. Not all of them have lived exclusively on meat; but, so far as my extensive correspondence with authorities has yet been able to show, a complete absence of tooth decay from entire communities has never existed in the past, and does not exist now, except where meat is either exclusive or heavily predominant in the diet.

The key to the situation lies more in the broad science of anthropology. I now give, by sample and by summary, things personally known to me from anthropological field work.

I received my first anthropological commission from the Peabody Museum of Harvard University when it sent John W. Hastings and me to Iceland, in 1905. We found there in one place a medieval graveyard that was being cut away by the sea. Skulls were rolling about in the water at high tide; at low tide we gathered them and picked up scattered teeth here and there. As wind and water shifted the sands, we found more and more teeth, until we had a handful. We got permission to excavate the cemetery, and eventually brought with us to Harvard a miscellaneous lot of bones which included eighty skulls and a great many loose teeth.

The collection has been studied by dentists and physical anthropologists without the discovery of a single cavity in even one tooth. So the Icelanders of

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Geographer, anthropologist, and chronicler of the Great North, Vilhjalmur Stefansson was born in Manitoba in 1879. After trips to Iceland in 1904 and 1905, he made three expeditions, chiefly anthropological, to the Arctic from 1906 to 1918.

He is the author of several books and many articles, and his new manuscript, of which this is a chapter, will be published shortly by Macmillan under the title *Not By Bread Alone.*

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the Middle Ages had no toothache, and none of that sloughing away of the teeth which we call dental caries.

The skulls in the Hastings-Stefansson collection at Harvard University represent persons of ordinary Icelandic blood. There were no aborigines in that island when the Irish discovered it some time before the year 800. When the Norsemen got there, after 850, they found no people except the Irish. The Icelanders are therefore a blend of Norwegian and Irish, with some admixture of other northern nationalities. It is now variously estimated that the derivation of Icelandic blood is from 10 to 30 per cent Irish, from 60 to 80 per cent Norwegian, and the rest chiefly Scotch, English, Swedish, and Danish.

None of the peoples whose blood went into the Icelandic stock are racially immune to tooth decay, nor are the modern Icelanders. Then why were the Icelanders of the Middle Ages immune?

An analysis of the various factors makes it pretty clear that it was their diet which protected the teeth of the medieval Icelanders. The chief elements of their food were fish, mutton, milk, and milk products. There was a certain amount of beef and there may have been a little horse flesh, particularly in the earliest period represented in the graveyard. Cereals were little imported and were probably used for beer rather than porridge. Bread was a negligible quantity and so were all other elements from the vegetable kingdom, native or imported.

When Hastings and I were in Iceland, many people still remembered, from the middle of the nineteenth century, a period when bread was more rare than caviar is in New York today. As children they had tasted bread only a few times a year, usually when they went with their parents visiting. Thus the diet was still substantially that of the Middle Ages, although the use of porridge was increasing. The older people with whom we talked did not remember hearing of toothache in their early youth, but did remember accounts of it as a painful rarity about the time when the large emigration to North America started, following 1872.

Soon after arrival in the United States (Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota) and in Canada (Nova Scotia, Manitoba), the Icelandic colonists became thoroughly familiar with the ravages of caries. In the United States and Canada they had, before 1900 at the latest, teeth as bad as those of the average native-born American.

There is then at least one case of a North European people whose immunity from caries (to judge from the Peabody Museum collection and from common report) approached 100 per cent for a thousand years, down to about one hundred years ago. The diet was mainly from the animal kingdom. Now that it has become approximately the same as average for the United States or Europe, Icelandic teeth show as high a percentage of decay.

I began to learn about another formerly toothacheless people when I joined the Mackenzie River Eskimos in 1906. Some of them had been eating European foods in considerable amount since 1889; toothache and tooth decay were appearing, but only in the mouths of those who ate the new foods secured from the Yankee whalers. The Mackenzie people agreed that toothache and tooth cavities had been unknown in the childhood of those then approaching middle age, while there were many of all ages still untouched — the ones who kept mainly or wholly to the Eskimo foods. Here, and in many other places, this diet is between 98 and 100 per cent from animal sources, if measured in calories — the vegetable food is chiefly berries in season.

There are Eskimo districts, like parts of Labrador and of western and southwestern Alaska, where even before the coming of Europeans considerable use was made of native vegetables. Probably, however, the vegetable element nowhere furnished as much as 5 per cent of the average yearly caloric intake of the primitive Eskimo, even in southwestern Alaska.

Dr. Aleš Hrdlička, the distinguished Curator of Anthropology in the National Museum, Washington, whose death in 1943 was a great loss to American science, wrote me shortly before he died that he had been able to verify no case of tooth decay among Eskimos of the present or past who were uninfluenced by European habits. Dr. S. G. Ritchie, of Dalhousie University, wrote after studying the skeleton collection gathered by Dr. Diamond Jenness on my third expedition: "In all the teeth examined there is not the slightest trace of caries."

I brought to the American Museum of Natural History, New York, about one hundred skulls of Eskimos who had died before Europeans came in. These have been examined by many students, but no sign of tooth decay has yet been discovered.

At one time it seemed that the record of the Museum's collection would have to be degraded from its 100 per cent rating; for Dr. M. A. Pleasure examined there 283 skulls said to be Eskimo of pre-European date and found a small cavity in one tooth. But when the records were checked, it turned out that the collector, the Reverend J. W. Chapman of the Episcopal Board of Missions, New York City, had sent that skull to the Museum as one of an Athapasca Indian, not of an Eskimo.

The Eskimos' record is, therefore, clean to date. Not a sign of tooth decay has yet been discovered among these people who most completely avoid the foods, the precepts, and the practices favored for dental health by the New York Commissioner of Health, the average dentist, and the dentifrice publicist.

2

When addressing conventions and societies of medical men, I usually state the oral hygiene case somewhat as I have stated it here, though in more detail. If there is rebuttal from the floor, it frequently takes the form of contending that the tooth

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health of primitive people is due to their chewing a lot, and to their eating coarse food. The advantage of that argument to the dentist, whose best efforts have failed to save your teeth, is obvious. It gives him an out — that not all your care, even when supported by his skill and science, can preserve teeth in an age of soft foods that give no exercise to the teeth and no friction to the gums.

It is hard to square anthropological findings with this comfortable excuse of the dentist. Among the best teeth of the mixed-diet world are those of a few South Sea Islanders who still keep largely to their native diets. Similar or better tooth condition was described, for instance, from the Hawaiian Islands by the earliest visitors. But can you think of a case less fortunate for the advocates of chewing and coarse diet? The animal food of these people was mainly fish, and fish is soft to the teeth, whether boiled or raw. Among the chief vegetable elements was poi, a kind of soup or paste. They also used sweet potatoes, and yams are not very hard to chew either.

It would be difficult to find a New Yorker or Parisian who does not chew more, and use coarser food, than the South Sea Islanders did on the native diets which are said to have given them, in at least some cases, better than 90 per cent freedom from caries, a record no block on Park Avenue can approach.

There are several obvious reasons why those who never lived with pre-white Eskimos have commonly imagined and frequently stated that Eskimos chew a great deal, and that what they chew is coarse food which gives more massage to their gums than our food does to ours.

People whose diet is in considerable part cereals and other things of vegetable nature almost necessarily chew much; herbivorous animals chew a lot. Also we are educated to chew. For at least five decades we have been taught that painstaking mastication is good for us. We learn from physiology texts in grade school that chewing should mix the saliva thoroughly with the food in the mouth, for digestion begins there. These texts repeat the saw that valiant chewing is good for teeth and gums.

Between the dentists and the Fletcherizers, we of today chew in part from a sense of duty. And dentifrice advertising shows us pictures of charming girls gnawing ham bones or legs of lamb; underneath we read: "Terrible, say the social leaders! Splendid, say the dentists!" The argument proceeds that in an (assumed) previous age people ate meat in the way illustrated by the charming girl, and that they developed and retained excellent teeth through much biting and chewing of tough and coarse food.

These advertisers ignore the fact that man has been a tool-using animal from the first, and that carnivorous primitives have knives. The method of handling meat is about the same whether you are at the beef feasts of the warriors of Ethiopia, as reported in the press and in books of travel, or at the caribou meals of the Stone Age Eskimos as I saw them at Coronation Gulf in 1910. You take a good-sized piece of meat in your left hand and a knife in your right. The knife may be anything from Sheffield steel through native copper to flaked stone. With your front teeth you nip lightly into the edge of the piece of meat, just enough to get a good hold, and then you cut in front of your lips. The piece is not likely to be larger than one we might cut with knife and fork at a restaurant when dining politely on a sirloin.

But, no matter how tender the steak, most of us chew the piece because we have the chewing habit through being partly herbivorous, and because we have been admonished to chew thoroughly. The uncivilized Eskimo has never had practice in herbivorous mastication and his mother has never told him to chew for the good of his health. He gives the piece a bite or two, rolls it around in his mouth once or twice, and swallows. He will, of course, chew efficiently should the piece feel as though it might be hard to gulp down.

3

This description, true of cooked meat, is also true for unfrozen raw flesh, which has in your mouth the feel of a raw oyster and slides down like an oyster — more readily, in fact, for the oyster is likely to be a good bit larger but no more slithery than the piece you cut off for yourself. Raw fish is, if anything, still more like a raw oyster. Boiled fish is soft, though not so soft as if it were raw; so the Eskimo chews it just enough to get it covered with saliva.

When you eat raw flesh in the Arctic during winter, whether it is mammal or fish, you nearly always eat it frozen. Animal tissue at anything like −50° is like glass, and if you drop a fish on a hard floor it splinters. Red meat at these temperatures resembles cast iron in that when you touch it you freeze fast to it. If you were to give even the daintiest lick to a caribou ham at −50°, you would lose a piece of tongue-covering the size of the area which came in contact with the ham.

Obviously that isn't the kind of frozen food on which we breakfast in the Arctic. We let it lie around indoors until it gets about as soft as hard ice cream. Then we cut it, first into thickish slices and then into smaller pieces, chewing each about as much as one would lumps of ice cream.

With cooked meat, two main causes determine toughness: the age of the animal and the manner of cooking. The chief food animal of the inland Eskimos is the caribou. With them, as with cattle, the older the beast the tougher the meat. A young caribou is as fleet of foot as a heifer; an old one is as slow as a cow. The wolves get the clumsy old ones that drop behind when the band flees, and the Eskimos seldom have a chance to secure an animal that is more than four or five years old. Such young caribou are not tough, no matter how they are cooked. It is the wolves and not the Eskimos who get the tooth and gum benefit (if any) of chewing tough caribou.

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I do not know a corresponding logical demonstration for seals, but I can testify from helping to eat thousands of them that their meat is never tough — at least not in comparison with the beefsteaks one used to get in New York chophouses.

There is one kind of Eskimo food which gets plenty of chewing — dried flesh. But some districts never have such dried foods at all. In certain districts you would have them one year and not another year. There is no district where desiccated food is likely to represent more than 10 to 15 per cent of the annual diet.

It happens that the districts most prone to dry their flesh foods are the ones which also have an appreciable quantity of vegetables. In Kotzebue Sound, Alaska, for instance, in the early days you were likely to get at the same meal dried fish and *masu* (knotweed) roots preserved in oil. The fish would take a good deal of chewing and the roots a great deal. This heavy use of the teeth on food which at times had sand in it wore them down to the gums when people grew middle-aged, but no alveolar abscesses were produced, for reasons I shall explain later. Nor was there tooth decay due to the introduction of carbohydrates from the roots; evidently not enough starch was contributed by them for that result. These dry-fish and *masu*-root eaters, worn of tooth and perhaps a bit unsightly for that, were just as free from caries as the 100 per cent flesh eaters.

Many Eskimos now eat much food that is similar to ours and therefore chew more than they used to. The communities nearest us in diet have the worst teeth, some as bad as ours.

It is a second line of defense for the heavy mastication advocates that, even if Eskimos perhaps don't chew their food very much, they do chew skins a great deal to soften them. The chewing of leather is, however, far less than you might believe from some authors and certain movies. In any case, skin chewing is done mainly by the women, and it is difficult to see how the wife's chewing would preserve her husband's teeth.

Once, at a talk to a medical group, I encountered a further argument: Is it not true that Eskimo men use their teeth in plying their crafts? Do they not bite wood, ivory, or metal to hold, pull out, twist, and so on? The best reply I could think of was to agree that Eskimos pull nails with their teeth, and to follow by suggesting that it is more likely they bite nails because they have good teeth than that they have good teeth because they bite nails.

There are several reasons why the teeth of many Eskimos wear down rapidly. By some anatomical cause their front teeth usually meet edge to edge, where ours frequently overlap, and direct opposition tends to cause wear. Some Eskimos wind-dry fish or red meat; sand gets in and acts like sandpaper. Both sexes, but especially men, use their teeth for biting on hard materials. Both sexes, but especially the women, use their teeth for softening skins. A wearing toward the pulp may, therefore, take place in early middle life. What happens is stated by Dr. Ritchie with relation to the Coronation Gulf Eskimos: —

"Coincident with this extreme wear of the teeth the dental pulps have taken on their original function with conspicuous success. Sufficient new dentine of fine quality has been formed to obliterate the pulp chambers and in some cases even the root canals of the teeth. This new growth of tissue is found in every case where access to the pulp chambers has been threatened. There has therefore been no destruction of the pulps through infection and consequently alveolar abscesses are apparently unknown."

So total absence of caries from those who live wholly on meat is definite. Cessation of decay when a person transfers from a mixed to a meat diet happens usually, perhaps always. The rest of the picture is not so clear.

Caries has been found in the teeth of mummies in Egypt, Peru, and in our own Southwest. These semi-ancient peoples were mixed-diet eaters, depending in considerable part on cereals. Their teeth were better than ours, though not so good as those of the Eskimos.

It appears that if you want a dental law, you can approximate it by saying that the most primitive people usually have the best teeth, but that no people of the past or present are known who had complete freedom from tooth decay unless they were a hunting, fishing, or pastoral people and got little or none of their food direct from the vegetable kingdom. You might add that in some cases a highly vegetarian people, while not attaining the 100 per cent perfection of meat eaters, do, nevertheless, have very good teeth as compared with ours.

Incidentally, the definite correlation of tooth decay with the eating of starches and sugars makes any cavities discovered in the teeth of skeletons exhumed by archaeologists a clue to their former way of life. Men, it is universally assumed, were in the earliest stages hunters and gatherers; later they became herdsmen and farmers. The change from hunter to herdsman did not bring with it decay of the teeth; the change to farming did. So when you find a skeleton with decayed teeth, there is the presumption that you have a farmer or at least the victim of an agricultural civilization. For in most parts of the world gatherers would have a time finding enough carbohydrates to ruin their teeth.

It is contended by the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association Health Research Project that the shift from good to execrable teeth among the mixed-diet Polynesians has been due to a change from the native taro and yam to cereals. I have seen no comment of theirs upon the doubtless great increase of sugar consumption which has been at least as synchronic with the deterioration of Hawaiian teeth as the shift from yams to cereals.

4

Those who seek explanations for the relative soundness of the teeth of hunting and pastoral man, as

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compared with those of the eaters of mixed diets, have suggested that the temperature at which the food is eaten may have something to do with it. Certainly there are few differences more striking than those between the usual temperatures at which the Eskimos and we eat and drink.

In the drinking of water the primitive Eskimo was about even with those of us who usually chill our drinks. In summer he would dip water off the surface of sea ice, or he would drink from rivers which, although by no means ice-cold, were on the average colder than ours. In winter, when he melted snow or ice, he would usually put snow or ice back in his water before drinking if it was appreciably warm.

The primitive Eskimo had nothing to correspond with the tea and coffee that many of us gulp almost scalding hot. He did have broths to correspond with our soups; we like them almost as hot as our tea, but he would set his aside to cool down to what we think of as lukewarm.

There was the same difference in cooked food. We like our meats almost as hot as our drinks, and so with baked and boiled potatoes and many other things. But the Eskimo housewife was not supposed to offer a piece of meat to a guest, or to a member of her family, until by repeated touching she had ascertained that it was nearly as cold as her hand. True, this rule was not always observed, particularly where appetites were keen or where children or others of small patience were concerned.

It was not true, as implied by the usual movie and by some writers, that Eskimos preferred to eat their food raw. A few things were preferred raw, among them seal liver; but most were preferred boiled or roasted, and if they were eaten raw it was usually for convenience. Still it is true that they ate wholly uncooked meats more frequently than we do.

On the north coast of Alaska, and of western Arctic Canada, on our first expedition, 1906–1907, and again on the second expedition, 1908–1912, we saw among the local Eskimos the transition from their methods of cooking and eating to ours. Even in 1906 there were a few who drank very hot tea, and these were proud of the accomplishment; the rest were something like people learning to eat green olives, proud of each slight advance in ability to tolerate the new experience. It was striking that, in the early years, the eating of very hot foods and the drinking of very hot drinks were strictly confined to those introduced by the whites. The same man who drank his tea nearly scalding, with seeming enjoyment, would be as careful as he ever had been that his broth should be lukewarm. Those who ate doughnuts piping hot from the grease would see to it that a chunk of boiled caribou was cooled nearly down to body temperature.

It happens that in the matter of hot foods and drinks there was in Iceland about the same kind of change as among the northern Canadian Eskimos at the time when caries began to appear. The drinks of the early Icelanders were milk, whey, and to a small extent beer. They resembled the average European, and differed from the Eskimo and modern American, in that they drank relatively little cold water. Their milk was sometimes heated, but there was nothing to correspond with the large volumes of hot liquid which began to be taken when the coffee habit developed, in the first half of the nineteenth century. There was probably also at least a slight increase during the same period in the eating of cooked things, and probably the very custom of drinking hot coffee tended to increase the taste for higher temperatures in food generally. Still it is clear that before the introduction of coffee the Icelanders consumed far more hot food than did the Eskimos prior to the introduction of tea.

5

We do not have, then, as to the change in food and drink temperatures, with either the Eskimos or the Icelanders, the clarity of a test under laboratory conditions. Among the Eskimos sugar and starch were being introduced, as well as new forms of protein, during the period when tea and hot foods were being introduced, so that the shift from an approximately 100 per cent meat diet to a mixed diet, and the shift from colder to warmer foods and drinks, both coincided about equally with the beginning and then the rapid increase of dental caries. The same double and overlapping correspondence held true to a less extent when the Icelanders were shifting from a diet which had been chiefly mutton, fish, and milk to one high in sugar, starch, and proteins of vegetable origin.

Everyone agrees that, although there is probably no racial difference, there certainly is a considerable individual difference with regard to tooth decay. While it seems that Eskimos, Scots, and Zulus have caries about in relation to the chemistry of the food they eat, if large numbers are averaged, it is equally true that members of a single household, though blood relatives, who appear to eat nearly the same food, may differ greatly in the soundness of their teeth. This seems equally true where the brushing of teeth is cultivated and where that practice is unknown.

To sum up, the only thing that matters greatly with regard to the health of the teeth is the chemical composition of the diet — the higher the percentage of carbohydrates and the lower the percentage of animal proteins and fats, the greater the tooth decay.

Pending further study, however, I had better be a little cautious here and say that, while we do know that diets the calories of which are 98 per cent or more from animal fats and animal proteins will guarantee you against caries, we do not know for sure that a 75 per cent meat diet, with 25 per cent of carbohydrates, is much better for the teeth than one that is 50 per cent meat and 50 per cent carbohydrates. It may be that you would have to confine yourself to

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meats, supplemented if desired by dairy foods and eggs, if you wanted to be sure of avoiding the dentist permanently.

There are scientists (for instance, Professor L. M. Waugh of the School of Dental and Oral Surgery of Columbia University) who are of opinion that while carbohydrates produce tooth decay, the starches among them are relatively innocent, the practically exclusive villains being the sugars. This view is a little hard to reconcile with the fact that, upon digestion, starch turns into sugar. Still, as I said, there is at least a ground for suspending a blanket judgment against all the carbohydrates, lest some be found in deeper sin than others.

It has been pointed out, for instance by Dr. Henry B. Collins, Senior Ethnologist of the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution, that the incidence of caries seems to be heavier among those primitive peoples who get their starches from cereals than among those who get them from yams and potatoes. There appears little reason to doubt that there were people in the South Sea Islands who had a considerable starch percentage in their diet, obtained from things like yams and poi, and who nevertheless had better teeth than the corn eaters of the North American plains or the small-grain eaters of Babylonia and ancient Egypt.

We have not yet had any excitement in the newspapers over the discovery, or the alleged discovery, that no one has caries who lives on meat, whether or not it is supplemented by milk and milk products; but now and then there is a furore in the press because a community has been found where no one has caries, allegedly because of a special chemical composition of the water. This seems to mean that people are not interested in protecting their teeth by changing their food, but that they are interested in protecting them by changing their drinking water.

This may be one more case of a fundamental, subconscious wisdom in mankind. If we face the issue of whether to protect our teeth by an all-meat diet, serious questions arise.

Teeth are only teeth. A good set is mighty handy, but there are not many who fear the dentist so much that they would care to make avoiding him the chief concern in life. False teeth, individually or by the set, are getting better and much cheaper.

Moreover, meat is costly. Ask the price of six pounds of lean sirloin steak and a pound of suet, for that is about what you will need if you work hard through a long day. You could do with cheaper cuts, but many of these are bony and you would require more pounds of them.

Finally, if we all started living exclusively on meat, to protect our teeth or for some other reason, we should soon come to the end of the world's food resources. The most fundamental of all the reasons why it is better to live on pork and corn pone than on pork by itself is that if we first feed the corn to a pig and then eat the pig, we waste something like six sevenths or seven eighths of the food value of the corn — not thinking, for the moment, of vitamins, minerals, and things of that sort, but merely of caloric value.

There are, of course, many other good reasons why the world is not about to become one federation of carnivores — among them religious prohibitions (as in India), mixed-diet beliefs, established food habits. The main thing is that it couldn't be done anyway; for we should not be able to produce enough meat in the world, at least not by old-fashioned methods, such as ranching cattle or hunting moose.

The practical objections, however, do not lessen the academic interest of considering how things are and what follows when you omit from your diet sugars, starches, and all that comes direct from the vegetable kingdom, and start living on meat, either exclusively or in combination with things like eggs and milk. A part of the result is that you will then have teeth which remain sound throughout the longest life and that you will visit your dentist, if at all, only for cosmetic purposes — and, of course, for things like impacted teeth and pyorrhea; for it is only caries that you avoid by avoiding carbohydrates.

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THE ORDEAL OF WENDELL WILLKIE

by RUSSELL W. DAVENPORT

OUT of long intimacy and the knowledge of certain factors that have never been made public, RUSSELL DAVENPORT has drawn this portrait of a man who helped change America. Some readers will disagree with his estimate of Wendell Willkie, and some will say that his deep, poetic feeling for his friend has carried him beyond the ordinary limits of the historian. Whatever the eventual verdict of history on these points, however, each of us should face two questions squarely: Where did I stand in those times of crisis? And how much did Wendell Willkie, by word or deed, help to clarify my thinking? — THE EDITOR

I

FIVE years ago the United States was an isolationist power. It is true that the American people never actually voted *for* isolationism, whether in 1920, 1940, or 1944. Yet the doctrine was always in the offing. It was a powerful factor in our national life; it influenced our policy-makers; and it entered into the calculations of other nations in our regard. With the possible exception of Russia — which had, however, favored collective security during the thirties — we were more withdrawn into ourselves than any other major power.

Today that situation has been completely reversed: there has been a bloodless revolution as dramatic as any in history. No longer is America isolationist in comparison with other nations: rather, other nations are isolationist in comparison with us. It is no exaggeration to say that the American people as a whole are now the most world-minded on earth. Even the average Britisher seems to be less keenly aware of his involvement in the affairs of the world — especially those of the Pacific — than the average resident of the Mississippi Valley.

There are, of course, a number of obvious reasons for this profound and dramatic change. The war itself taught us lessons for which no amount of oratory could be a substitute. And the explosion of the atomic bomb, which was not only heard but felt all around the world, reverberated most particularly in American hearts, to the advantage of the internationalist thesis. The revolution in attitude can be credited to no one thing, no one man. It has its roots in millions of humble homes, whose sons went forth, many at the cost of their lives, to repair the errors and misconceptions of the past. It is profoundly democratic in nature.

Yet if we look back with the historian's eye, we can see that in the process of their change the people were represented pre-eminently by two spokesmen, who saw things very differently, but who were in fundamental agreement concerning the international crisis of their time. These two leaders, who died within six months of each other, were Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie. In tracing the causes of our bloodless revolution, the historian of the future will have to understand both of those men.

He will, however, find that they represent very different historical problems. The record of Mr. Roosevelt is basically official, and will certainly be supplemented by copious memoirs and documents from the files of his advisers. Mr. Willkie also made an official record as the Republican candidate in 1940; yet this was in fact only supplementary to his basic contribution. Mr. Willkie played his historic role primarily as a private citizen. As Archibald MacLeish has so poignantly pointed out, he never succeeded in winning election to a major public office — never even held such an office — yet he achieved world-wide influence. He exercised power, not through victory, but through defeat.

And just because the Willkie record is primarily that of a private citizen, there is danger that its significance will be lost. This danger is not merely sentimental. Naturally Mr. Willkie's friends want him to get full credit for his historic task; yet the real question is not the credit, but an understanding of the time. Wendell Willkie was a product of his time in every sense of the word, and any historian who fails to understand him will fail to understand the crisis out of which he emerged. If the people of the future do not know *him*, they will not know *us;* and they will not know how the revolution came about.

A Pennsylvanian who graduated from Yale in 1923, RUSSELL DAVENPORT served for ten years on the editorial staff of *Fortune* and was its managing editor from 1937 to 1940. He resigned to direct the pre-convention campaign to nominate Wendell Willkie. In 1942 he returned to journalism as a Chief Editorial Writer of *Life* magazine, and in its columns first appeared his long poem, "My Country," which has since been widely read in book form.

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Wendell Willkie was a striving American who began life in a small Midwestern town. He believed — as Americans congenitally must — in growth, development, "progress." And he practiced what he believed. The great truths that he represented so forcefully at the end of his life had always lived within him in potential form, as many who knew him in his younger days will affirm; yet their expression as practical political doctrine required a kind of unfoldment of character, like a tree developing from a seed; and this unfoldment was born of long — but successful — struggle. In this sense he was traditionally American.

Yet Mr. Willkie's career was not merely a struggle: it was an ordeal. He was the protagonist of a gigantic drama. The dynamic of this drama was that he would not accept, would not stoop to represent, a *status quo* — whether this was a Hoover *status quo* or a Roosevelt *status quo*. Those have been two phases of American history, both of which have failed — and seriously failed — to answer the questions of human freedom pushing up through the bloody soil of the twentieth century. These questions of freedom — of freedom, specifically, in a technological age — were Wendell Willkie's questions. But they were fatal questions to ask and answer honestly, because so many of the answers lay beyond the political understanding of the American people in the critical years from 1938 to 1944.

And just because people were not then ready for those answers, Wendell Willkie is a tragic figure. His tragedy can be understood not in the secondary sense of sorrow (for he was the most buoyant of men) but in the classical, the primary sense of fate. Like Abraham Lincoln, he represented a struggle in the American soul, a conflict which Americans had not yet resolved in his lifetime. He represented unfulfilled aspirations involving certain decisions that the people had not yet dared to make. Because he faced these aspirations — because he embraced them as his own — his leadership could not materialize in political office in his time. It was his task to be faithful to realities which we, as a nation, were as yet unable to grasp. But his enormous influence lay in the fact that he lived up to that faith — that he was faithful to the unfulfilled.

2

Everywhere you turn you hear the comment that Wendell Willkie was not a "practical politician." Yet this impression of him is wholly false. To speak personally, I have worked with a good many politicians; I have taken instructions from them, and have in some cases even ventured to advise them; and I will say without any reservation that Mr. Willkie was one of the two or three really practical politicians I have ever known. Those who think him "impractical" forget the incredible political feat that he accomplished: to emerge from the public utility industry (the most hated of that day) and capture the nomination of a party which he had only recently joined; to roll up the biggest popular vote in the history of that party; and thereafter, in defeat, to use that party as an instrument for holding the nation on its course through its most perilous crisis. None but the most astute and realistic of politicians could have accomplished that. It is the record, not of a dreamer, but of a shrewd and practical man.

What do people mean, then, when they call Wendell Willkie "impractical" in politics? They mean, essentially, that he was not making the right moves *to win office in his time*. This was in large measure true. But it was not because he was "impractical"; it was because he did not want to hold office, except on certain terms. And the terms were that the American people must be willing to face those questions of human freedom which they had failed to face, and which their leaders had failed to face. They must be willing and able to vote for the unfulfilled answers to those questions. And Wendell Willkie did not want to be voted into office on any other basis.

And for that matter, by 1944, he did not even want a nomination, he did not even want a chance to run, unless this proposition was first made clear to the politicians who wielded power in the name of the people. He could not appease those politicians — not one of them — and still adequately represent the unfulfilled truths within the people which the people wanted him to represent. And since those politicians were seeking a *status quo*, Mr. Willkie, and with him the American future, was frustrated.

The same point is illustrated in the riddle of the Wisconsin primary. Almost everybody wonders why Willkie chose to run that race, in which he failed to win a single delegate. Undoubtedly Wisconsin was a political miscalculation; yet the answer to the riddle is not so simple as that. Plenty of politicians had warned Mr. Willkie of defeat; the risk was large and he knew it. The riddle can be understood only if we recognize that there was one indispensable move he had to make in 1944: he had to meet the isolationists head on. He had to show that the isolationists could be defeated, or else — which is what he actually did show — that they were capable of defeating, through the international issue, everything we cherish for the future of America.

It is doubtless true that if Mr. Willkie could have predicted his defeat with certainty, he would have shrewdly devised some other, less costly way to meet his issue. But he had to meet it somewhere, somehow; and he had to meet it, not just with words, but at the risk of total loss. Wisconsin is a riddle if we think of Wendell Willkie as a man seeking office. But it acquires meaning — tragic meaning — when we think of him as he really was: a man engaged in the development of political truths which the people, and more especially their politicians, were not yet ready to grasp.

The principle also emerges — to take a third and

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final illustration — from his attitude toward the New York gubernatorial election of 1942. There was a concerted move to draft Mr. Willkie for governor of New York in that year. Great pressure was brought to induce him to seize the Republican nomination. But he rejected the idea. There were, of course, certain political risks involved, and many people suppose that his rejection was based on these. But this was not the case. The proposition had almost no political appeal for him. Instead, he chose to take a trip around the world.

It is difficult, even to this day, for many of his friends to understand this; they think he was mistaken. But the idea that he was mistaken is begotten, again, of the fallacy that Wendell Willkie was seeking office. He was indeed seeking office, and seeking it with all the vigor and passion of an ambitious man; yet the office had to have meaning in terms of those inner and unfulfilled aims for which he was working. The governorship of New York, however useful as a means of reaching the White House, had no such meaning.

Mr. Willkie could in fact see two roads to the White House in 1942. One road led through Albany; the other, through Moscow and Chungking. And the Moscow-Chungking route was of necessity his; not because it was the shortest, or the easiest, or the surest — for it was none of these — but because it involved the future; because it dramatized, and so hastened, the arrival of that inevitable time when Americans would think in terms of all the peoples of the earth. Maybe you could not get to the White House that way in 1944. But if you were faithful to the hidden potentialities of America, you could go there no other way.

3

What were these hidden potentialities which thus dominated the career of one of the shrewdest of American politicians? It is a fair question, but an exceedingly difficult one to answer. Wendell Willkie was not a systematic philosopher. His vision of America is nowhere wrapped up in a package; it is embedded in speeches and papers dealing primarily with the practical issues of the time, and only secondarily or by inference with the future. I should like, however, to take the license of a friend who had the benefit of many long and intimate conversations with him. With a little interpolation for the sake of brevity, I think that the kind of world he looked forward to can be made clear.

There exist on earth today three dominant ideas affecting the political and economic outlook of mankind. These ideas are: the idea of organization, as developed especially by Germany; the idea of community, as developed especially by Russia; and the idea of individual liberty, as developed by Great Britain and the United States. Each of these ideas contains truth; yet each, carried to extremes, is productive of evil. The idea of organization is indispensable to an industrial age; yet the Nazis carried it to such an extreme that it reared itself against us as the anti-Christ. Russia has carried the idea of community to an extreme which excludes individual liberty. And we ourselves have sometimes carried individual liberty so irresponsibly far as to endanger the economic security of millions.

If we visualize these three ideas at issue in the world, we can understand much of what Wendell Willkie was striving to accomplish. He understood all three. But more than this, he understood the interrelation of all three. He knew that an industrial society cannot survive as a democracy if any one of these ideas is lacking. Hence the great task, the task of the future, is to find a kind of synthesis by which they can operate, not only simultaneously, but in combination.

It was because he could see the necessity for combination that Wendell Willkie was so misinterpreted by the politicians. One of the reasons he appealed to Republicans was that he understood industrial organization. But he also baffled Republicans — who accused him of being a New Dealer — because he saw just as clearly that an industrial society cannot survive unless the requirements of the community are met, and that these requirements — of security, of stability, of health and education — involve us inescapably in a strong and extensive Federal government.

But at the same time Wendell Willkie knew that both the idea of organization and the idea of community must be modified by the concept of individualism. He knew that if this modification is not made, our civilization will fall a prey to the state. It is scarcely necessary to stress the intensity of his belief in liberty. Privately, it took the form of an impassioned insistence on personal independence. Publicly, it molded his every policy. "Freedom," he was fond of saying, "is indivisible." He hated the word "tolerance." "If men are equal," he would ask, "why should one group talk about 'tolerating' another?" He took positive joy in the defense of minorities, and was never afraid to carry his ideas to their logical conclusion. In one field this logic led him to the equality of the Negro; in another, to the limitation of the powers of government, however large; in still another, to an insistence on real competition in industry, real enterprise. He never forgot that somewhere along the line, individual liberty involves individual risk; that, without risk, men are not free.

Now, clearly, this idea of individual liberty is in conflict at many points with the other two dominant ideas of our time. The conflict exists, not only beyond our shores, but right here in our midst. Mr. Willkie was deeply involved in it, and he sought constantly for a way to resolve it.

The conclusion that he finally reached, which very few of his contemporaries have understood, was that, as between the three ideas I have sought to

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outline, there is no necessary conflict at all. There is no necessary conflict, for example, between a broad social security program (the community idea) and the rights and opportunities of individual liberty. This supposed conflict, on which the Republican Old Guard has based most of its campaigning, is not inherent in the ideas themselves: it is created by men. And it is created, for the most part, by one particular evil: the effort of *some* men to exclude other men from the benefits of their resources and their labor. In domestic affairs, this exclusion takes the primary form of monopolistic practices — not merely economic, but also political and social. Among nations it takes the form of nationalism. Wendell Willkie knew deep in his bones that the evil of exclusion is the great curse of our time. He knew that only by breaking down artificial barriers, whether economic or political, whether national or racial, can we hope to satisfy the basic requirements of an industrial age — work, security, and freedom, for every individual.

4

Had the world been at peace, Mr. Willkie's main attack might have been directed at monopolies whether private or governmental. But with the world in chaos he swung the attack against nationalism itself, and against imperialism. We must make good note of the fact, however, that his attitude toward nationalism was no sudden realization, born of an emergency; he had battled nationalism all his life. The theory of One World, for example, was the fruit of a lifetime of effort to express, in concrete political form, the universal laws of freedom. There was, however, one special discovery that he made on the One World trip. He discovered, tangibly, the enormous influence of America. It became overwhelmingly evident that if national barriers are to be broken, America must take the lead. The United States, he found, possessed the resources, the good will, and the traditions of political and economic freedom requisite for leadership, and no other nation did. This discovery clarified his life's work. We in the United States were taking the idea of individual liberty for granted. But it cannot be taken for granted. We must seed it and cultivate it; we must encourage it; we must, where necessary, fight in behalf of those who profess and practice it. The aim of our foreign policy must be an unfoldment of our national will, to spread and strengthen the idea of liberty. For if we do not spread and strengthen it, no one else will; and if no one else does, it will be overcome and superseded elsewhere by other ideas; and if elsewhere, then also here.

A friend of Mr. Willkie's recently said: "The very phrase 'One World' has entered into the language and is no longer even used in quotes. It is used as a kind of shorthand for a whole set of ideas and a whole way of thinking." That is correct. One World is a complete philosophy. Like all the great concepts of the human mind, it has applications on many levels. It applies to the maintenance of peace, because war anywhere in the world means war for us. It applies economically, because depression anywhere in the world means eventual depression here. And it applies politically, because the maintenance of freedom here requires its maintenance elsewhere. The One World philosophy is thus exceedingly complex; yet its central idea is divinely simple — that one man anywhere in the world is related to, is tied in with, all men everywhere in the world. The political purpose of mankind, with America taking the lead, is to make this inescapable relationship productive of work, security, and freedom, equally and universally.

This doctrine, therefore, envisions a world in which the so-called sovereign powers of nations shall be limited, the absolute power to make war curtailed, the absolute power to levy unilateral tariffs modified, the absolute power to harm other nations denied. It envisions a world that is open to trade and expansion, education and the franchise. It envisions a world in which peoples of all colors and creeds will be guaranteed equal rights and opportunities, free franchise, free speech, and free education. One World is a free world.

To the "realists" among us, all this may seem hopelessly idealistic. But to the man who collected more votes than any other Republican candidate in history, it evidently did not seem hopeless at all. For in pursuit of it he gave his life.

We cannot, indeed, regard Wendell Willkie's death as a mere failure of the physical heart. His heart failed; yet the ancients, when they used the word "heart," had a more profound concept than ours. For them, the heart represented the soul: when it was broken, an inner element of a man's being was broken, and a physical collapse could well follow after. Wendell Willkie's heart was broken in this way. It was broken by his own friends; by the desertion, after Wisconsin, of associates who had been sharing the load; by the discovery that only a handful were willing to go the long, hard road with him all the way. This was no mere sentimental indulgence: it was a question of his own human resources. In the years between 1940 and 1944 — the years of Wendell Willkie's international unfoldment — he reached the limits of his strength.

Go back in your mind to 1940 — that grim and terrible year, with democracy in full retreat before Hitler's armies. This was a crucial time for the United States, with a Presidential election in the offing and Pearl Harbor just around the corner. The isolationists, growing stronger by the hour, were planning to seize the Republican Party as their political vehicle. In this they had made substantial progress. Many Republicans, of course, were fighting isolationism. But most of the party's official leadership was following the isolationist line on the life-and-death issues of foreign policy. Mr. Willkie's rivals for the Republican nomination at Philadelphia

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were isolationists. And the Roosevelt administration, which also had its "practical politicians," was moving with a caution that at times seemed like appeasement of that dangerous doctrine.

In casting up the account for that period, the future historian should ask himself what would have happened had Senator Taft or the then almost frankly isolationist Thomas E. Dewey been nominated at Philadelphia. What would have happened on such issues as Selective Service, the destroyer deal, or Lend-Lease had the titular Republican leader followed his "advisers" in manufacturing negative criticism of *all* Administration policies? The answer is not to be found in the size of the Republican vote. The realistic answer is that the Roosevelt administration itself would have been afraid to push those measures, or even (in some cases) to propose them.

Wendell Willkie's leadership was different. On November 11, 1940, less than a week after his defeat, he went on the air with what has already become a historic speech. "A vigorous, loyal and public-spirited opposition," he said, is vital to the "balanced operation" of democracy. But such opposition must be constructive and responsible; it must be a "loyal opposition," working primarily in the interests of the country, rather than in the supposed interests of party. It must be free to agree with the Administration as well as to disagree.

The great test of this theory came a few months later. Would the "loyal opposition" support the hard-pressed British Isles by means of the Lend-Lease bill? There were many crises in Mr. Willkie's brief political career, but I am satisfied that this one was the most critical of all. During the weeks immediately following the introduction of the bill, he emerged as one of the truly great American statesmen — a citizen of the world. He was never in doubt, of course, about his stand on Lend-Lease; but he did nourish a forlorn hope that the Republicans would not make an issue of it. If they did, he would have only one course; and as a shrewd and practical politician he knew that that course would split his party wide open. While he waited for the situation to develop, his switchboard was jammed with telephone calls; his after-dinner conversations, always brilliant, became tempestuous. Then Dewey and Hoover came out against the bill, and the issue was drawn. Wendell Wilkie brushed aside the politicians and came out for it.

The result was exactly what he had expected. The Republican organization, blind to the overriding issue, branded him as a traitor. Even the Willkie amateurs who had fought so frenetically for him six months previously were split apart. But his course was now clear. During the campaign he had devoted much of his energies to domestic issues; now the international issue absorbed almost all of them. He flew to London to see for himself whether Britain had any chance of surviving; hurried home to testify before the Senate and to stem the rising tide of Lend-Lease opposition within his own party, which the *New York Times* described as "more and more a strictly party stand." Today Wendell Willkie's testimony in the gloomy atmosphere of February, 1941, reads like inspired prophecy. Britain, he said, was not beaten. And democracy would survive.

5

In my perhaps prejudiced opinion, the "loyal opposition" theory saved this country. By breaking up partisan opposition to a series of absolutely critical measures, it gave the Administration its opportunity to mobilize the nation for war. Many observers — and I am one of them — believe that the mobilization was accomplished just in the nick of time. In any case, it is clear that from 1940 to 1943 the cause of democracy depended on the American war measures, which in turn depended very largely on opposition support. Had there been no Lend-Lease it is doubtful whether the Germans could have been stopped at Alamein or at Stalingrad. And it is well to remember that the Congress came within one vote of demobilizing our army four months before Pearl Harbor (renewal of the Selective Service Act).

Through the "loyal opposition" Wendell Willkie set himself up as a kind of immovable fulcrum on which the Administration could set its wartime levers. There was never any "alliance" between Franklin Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie — rumors of this were fabrications of a hostile press. Nevertheless, while attacked by the Willkie people on his foreign policy, Mr. Roosevelt astutely understood that Mr. Willkie would fight the isolationists at any political cost, and he learned to lean heavily on his shaggy opponent whenever the life-and-death issues of the nation were involved. The result was that from 1940 through 1944 the United States came closer to having a truly national government than in any of the other major crises in its history. Lincoln had McClellan to cope with; Wilson had Lodge. Franklin Roosevelt's opponent, however, undertook to combat the destructive forces which always do appear in a crisis, and against which Mr. Roosevelt could have battled only at the risk (which Wendell Willkie took upon himself) of losing all.

That this struggle cost Mr. Willkie his life, there can be no reasonable doubt. Almost nobody really knows the magnitude of the load that he had to carry. Some people know the load that he carried at the office — the intense interviews, one pushing against the other; the incessant telephone calls ringing in from all parts of a continent; letters at the rate of thousands a day; requests for speeches at the rate of five or six hundred a month. Still others know the story of his mind, the probing of the future, the weighing of issues — the load of responsibility that his leadership entailed. Still others are familiar with the political load — the shrewd decisions, the granting of his support here, the raising of his opposition there, the rallying of forces at some far-

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distant point to undermine an intrenched isolationist. Each of his associates knows that particular part of the load he or she helped to carry. Almost no one knows it all.

But of course the biggest single load was the load of the party. On issue after issue he was forced to oppose his own people first. The list is long and massive: the destroyer deal and aid to Britain; Selective Service; Lend-Lease; the occupation of Iceland; the extension of Selective Service; the revision of the Neutrality Act; increased aid to Russia and China, and a better understanding of those essential partners; the definition of war aims; the drive for an international organization with power to act. On all these, and more, he had to overcome the Republican "leaders" *before* he could challenge his official opponent, Franklin Roosevelt, on the real, the far-reaching issues of America's destiny.

And in the end the party was his undoing. The motto for his life might be "Et tu, Brute"; for it was the desertion of self-styled friends and associates that hastened, if it did not actually cause, his death. He was not "disillusioned" by these desertions; he was shrewd enough to know that few men are capable of sacrificing their own interests for the principles that they profess. But he was practical enough to see that each defection from the cause merely added to the impossible load that he was carrying. Immediately before and after the nomination of Thomas E. Dewey, when hundreds of professed One Worlders were yielding to the forces of political expediency, the tragic little scene was re-enacted almost every day: "Why, so-and-so was one of the best friends I had in the world. He went all-out for the limitation of sovereignty. How can he do this now?" The complaint was not merely personal. It was the complaint of a giant dedicated to a cause which he recognized as greater than himself: a cause that was too big to carry all alone.

6

Wendell Willkie has won more since his death than he won during his lifetime. The San Francisco Conference convened — as he advocated, and as the Administration promised in the campaign of 1944 — before the end of hostilities. A United Nations organization has been created and is now offered to the peoples of the world for their ratification. Above all, the spirit of America has changed. We are no longer hanging back. The power of public opinion in the United States has become — as Wendell Willkie always believed it would — the greatest single force working for international action.

Yet this is after all only the first battle of the peace. The real objectives of One World lie far ahead of us, and the constant danger is that we shall fall short of those objectives without realizing it. There is here involved a point that gave Mr. Willkie endless difficulty. Because both Roosevelt and Willkie had an international view, people carelessly assumed that they were in agreement on foreign policy. The assumption was encouraged by the isolationist press seeking to embarrass Mr. Willkie. Yet the foreign policy of One World is very different from the foreign policy promulgated by the White House in the critical years. The Roosevelt administration was internationally-minded: it was not One World-minded. And in this regard the Truman administration is still a question mark.

The difference lies in a definition of American interests. The Roosevelt administration always tended to fall off in the direction of power politics, or what Mr. Willkie called "expediency," with the idea that our interests could best be served by entering into the old game of balance and control. As a practical man, Wendell Willkie knew well enough that power politics cannot be entirely excluded from the affairs of mankind, whether at the personal, the occupational, the national, or the international level. He believed in strong men — and strong nations.

Yet he insisted that the United States must rise above the level of power politics, as the term is generally understood, in those critical situations in which the future destiny of men is at stake. The United States, he believed, must represent not merely a power but a doctrine. Specifically, it must represent the doctrine on which this nation was founded, in which we have always believed, and through which alone our long-range interests can be served — the doctrine of indivisible freedom, the very core of One World.

The weakness of our present position in world affairs is that the other great powers are far more certain of their aims than we. But why are they more certain? It is because we have failed to declare, because we have failed strongly to assert, this doctrine of freedom — the only doctrine in which we, as Americans, can believe. In a game of power politics the American people will never have clear aims, because they seek no goal that power politics can win. That game is merely a means of evading the fundamental issues of the world, which Americans must eventually meet if they are to survive on their own terms of freedom. In so far as we indulge in it, we fail to work for our own ultimate survival.

Therefore, while it is true that since Mr. Willkie's death we have made great progress, have indeed won the first battle in the struggle for One World, we must be careful not to make the same error that so many made during his lifetime. We must be careful not to confuse a well-meaning internationalism, based on "coöperation" between wholly sovereign powers, with the great vision embodied in the doctrine of One World. The former was achieved to the credit of all concerned at San Francisco; the latter still lies before us, demanding the lifelong labor and devotion of those who understand what it means. But what was merely a hope when Wendell Willkie was alive has now, with the atomic bomb, become a necessity.

The danger is that, having achieved so much, we

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shall lapse into self-satisfied contemplation of our own progress. This danger was well illustrated in the recent Syrian affair. In that unhappy incident we permitted ourselves to be dragged down to the level of sheer power politics by giving our unqualified backing to Great Britain in a struggle for empire in the Middle East. And simultaneously, by refusing to back de Gaulle in his demand for an international conference on Middle Eastern affairs (to include both Russia and the Arabs), we failed to represent the doctrine of freedom as Americans know it. We had, of course, good and "expedient" reasons for giving a blank check to Britain. Yet we had similar reasons for setting up the appeaser Darlan in 1942 — and against that move Mr. Willkie thundered with all his might. The fact is that, in Syria, we muffed an opportunity to take a first step in the formulation of an American world policy that would work to our interest. As a result, we still stand before the world without any real policy of our own.

One World is a proposed world policy, and it is genuinely American. During Mr. Willkie's lifetime we were not sufficiently developed as a people to give it our confidence, and the result was that Wendell Willkie died without witnessing the fruits of his labor. Yet in a profounder sense those fruits are not ripe even yet. If he were alive today, Mr. Willkie would be highly gratified by the enormous change in the American attitude — yet he would be the first to warn us against self-satisfaction.

Were he in the thick of political affairs, the overwhelming vote of the Senate in ratifying the United Nations Charter would constitute a personal victory for him in his struggle with his own party. Yet he would surely have pointed out the danger of leaving further progress to the Senate. For this we have his own words: "Unless . . . the people . . . of all the United Nations fundamentally agree on their purposes, fine and idealistic expressions of hope such as those of the Atlantic Charter will live merely to mock us, as have Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Points. The four freedoms will not be accomplished by the declaration of those momentarily in power. They will become real only if the people of the world forge them into actuality."

The era in which that actuality must be forged has now dawned. We must do it — or be destroyed. And to this end, those of us who have been indoctrinated into the principles and aims of One World will do well to remember Wendell Willkie's ordeal. For now it is our turn. In Wendell Willkie's death our cause has suffered a terrible loss. American leadership is still weak; our steps toward peace are still uncertain; the recognition of human liberty on a world-wide basis is a goal that lies far in the future, and between us and that goal rise many years of heartbreak. The responsibility for coping with all this now falls upon the shoulders of those who could once afford the luxury of waiting to see what Wendell Willkie would do. His ordeal is now ours.

Yet if we will also remember the nature of that struggle, we shall in the end, inevitably, succeed. For it is neither a struggle for power nor a struggle for office. It is a struggle that surpasses power and office, and therefore surpasses defeat. It is a struggle to realize the deepest aspirations of mankind. It is a struggle to raise above the earth a banner emblazoned with the battle cry: "Freedom is indivisible."

And — as Wendell Willkie demonstrated — even to make this struggle is to win it.

SURVIVAL

by DOROTHY LEE RICHARDSON

I AM a murderer and so are you.
This sire is dead in me; that sire remains.
We let our fathers out of our own veins.
We resurrect in blood our fathers too.

Pirates revive whose victims walk the Curb,
A dead priest animate in an artist's eye
Worships, and the whore that would not die
Contrives the risen reformer to disturb.

We all destroy; we all select our own
Perhaps eternal comrades. Our own will
Decides if cowardly fools or men well-grown
Go with us down the inevitable hill
When go we must, apparently alone,
Surrounded by the selves we did not kill.

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THE FIRST TASTE OF CUBA

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

I FIRST stepped ashore in Cuba at Santiago, having crossed with my wife from Port Antonio, Jamaica, on the little steamer *Aviles*. We went directly to the Grand Hotel Venus, which occupied — and I hope still does — the corner of the Plaza to the left of the Cathedral. The Casa Granda was on the opposite corner. These two fine old hotels long served visitors most graciously.

The first thing I did was to go for a walk around the Plaza. It was shaded by several enormous laurel trees. Although they are called in Spanish *laurel de la India*, these trees have nothing to do with any laurel. They belong to that gigantic botanical family of the Moraceae, loosely called the fig trees, this species being *Ficus nitida*. Their foliage is of a green so dark as to appear almost black when seen from a distance, and they cast a dense shade. Pausing, I found that the trunk of each one of these giants was inhabited by a small population of a rare little lizard, *Anolis argenteolus*, and I lost no time in catching a few specimens.

This was in 1908, and in those days it was pleasanter to make the trip to Havana in two stretches, breaking the journey at Camagüey. The railway encouraged the stopover because it owned a wonderful hostelry in the shape of the remodeled Spanish cavalry barracks, a fascinating old rookery, kept as clean as a pin and serving excellent meals. In the patio of the hotel there was a long arborway dripping with flowering vines. Here I found some lizards, rather drab to behold, but which I subsequently named as new — *Anolis greyi*, in honor of Robert M. Grey, who was for many years in charge of the Harvard Garden at Soledad. A far more gorgeous lizard, verdigris green and with a sky-blue head, which I now saw to my joy for the first time, also swarmed about the arbor. This was *Anolis porcatus*.

We stayed several days at Camagüey and then went on to Havana, where after our visit we took the old steamer *Miami*, landing at Knight Key, for this was before the railroad had been completed as far south as Key West. We made the steamship crossing by night. The next morning, as we returned to our section in the sleeping car, I noticed across the aisle, sitting at a table set up in his section, a young man of most pleasing mien. He was busily sorting shells. I stepped over and asked if I might help him. He was interested and gave me a pair of forceps. He was sorting out mollusks taken from what he called "pay dirt," which he had collected a few days before in crevices of the cliffs of the Sierra de Cabra and the Escalera de Jaruco, not far east of Havana.

We fell to chatting and soon found that we had many mutual friends. Thus began my friendship with John B. Henderson, Jr., which lasted until his death.

It was he who told me that if ever I returned to Cuba I should present myself to Dr. Carlos de la Torre. John did more for me than he realized, for I returned to Cuba within a short time and there began an acquaintance with Don Carlos which ripened into intimacy. He is more than twenty years older than I — he is eighty-seven today — and he it was who introduced me to the Cuban way of living. I am now well adjusted — *bien aplatanado*, as they say in Cuban Spanish.

De la Torre is one of the most captivating characters with whom I have ever come in contact. He has been a naturalist from his earliest days. He won all sorts of prizes during his career in the University of Havana, including a fellowship to study in the Central University of Madrid. He possesses to an extraordinary degree the photographic power of visualizing form, and has a memory for it quite as remarkable as that of the late Theodore Gill of the Smithsonian, who was the wonder of my boyhood.

Carlos, I must confess, has dabbled from time to time in politics. He has held pretty much every office from Acting President of the Republic (for a short time) to Mayor of Havana and Rector of the University. I don't think that Carlos today would point with pride to his incumbency in many of these positions which have been thrust upon him in the course of the somewhat erratic progress of Cuban affairs. Many a time he has told me that he was far

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DR. THOMAS BARBOUR, Director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard for thirty years, has been making periodic visits to Cuba, there to study the reptiles and mammals, the bats, birds, insects, and the flora which make the island such a paradise for a naturalist. This article has been drawn from his new book, *Naturalist in Cuba*.

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happier in his laboratory with his shells than he was behind an office desk.

I have often seen him identify tiny land mollusks, of which there are myriad forms in Cuba, without looking at them, by rolling them between his delicate and sensitive finger tips, even with his hand behind his back. I first saw him perform this marvelous feat in the office of the late Dr. Walter Faxon in 1912, when he came to Cambridge to receive an honorary Doctorate of Science from Harvard University.

Carlos was as unpredictable in his habits as the wind: when he would go to bed or when he would arise, when it would occur to him to eat, no one knew. He was beloved by men and women of every walk of life. Interesting as De la Torre was to observe in Havana, he was even more so in the field. Here his activity and his powers of observation were literally incredible. His habits changed completely. At home he lived and worked chiefly at night, but when he was in the country I could never make out whether he rose very early in the morning or whether he simply never went to bed at all. At any rate, he was always on hand, sorting his shells and doing them up in little packets with the most minute information regarding locality tied up in each one.

It never took Carlos very long to persuade the schoolteachers of any town he visited to close the schools so that all the pupils could hunt shells, and they kept coming in in streams hour after hour. Carlos himself rode horseback for miles unnumbered until he was in his seventies. Up hill and down dale he forced his horse to its utmost efforts, for there was nothing easygoing or lethargic in Carlos's nature, and he didn't propose that his horse should be easygoing either. I look back over the many excursions that I made with him as among the most enlightening, instructive, and delightful occasions which have ever come my way.

2

It was in Carlos's company and at the Café de Paris in Havana that I had my first taste of Cuban prawns. I remember once nearly forty years ago eating a dish of prawn curry at Chefoo, China, and thinking that no other crustaceans in the world could one greet with such pleasure. That was before I knew Cuba and its great fresh-water prawns. The *langostinos*, as they are called, come out at night and crawl over the rocks on the beds of fresh-water streams; there they are caught and brought into the market, particularly of Matanzas. In North America we seldom associate edible shellfish with fresh water, the chief exception, of course, being the crawfish of Louisiana. In Havana, there is a regular fishery for fresh-water crustacea as well as for the delicious little salt-water shrimps. These little *camarones* are like the small species fished for in great numbers from New Orleans, Biloxi, Vera Cruz, and many other coast ports around the Caribbean basin.

The flesh of the heavy claws of the moorish crabs is another memorable delicacy. This big red and yellow crab with its great black-tipped claws was once abundant and lived in holes in the shallow marly flats around the shores of Cuba, as well as in the Florida Keys. Now it has become rare and the *cangrejo moro* is in real danger of extermination. The spiny rock lobsters which I can remember being sold years ago for five or ten cents apiece are now also getting scarce and are in equal need of protection. Fortunately, the government is aware of this fact, and one of the most talented and most recent of our Guggenheim Fellows from Cuba, Dr. Isabel Perez Farfante de Canet, has been specializing in a study of the life history of crustacea with the special intention of recommending legislation to determine when the season should be closed.

The fish markets of Cuba provide a great number of excellent fish. Havana schooners, built with live-cars in their holds, fish extensively around the Yucatán coast, off the Mugeres Islands, and elsewhere in the deep waters of the western Caribbean for groupers and red snappers. At the time of my first visit the pompano, which brings the highest price of any fish taken in North American waters, was not nearly so well considered in Cuba as in Florida. On the other hand, the yellowtail for a long time brought a higher price in Havana than it did in Key West or Miami.

Fish is a favorite food of Cubans, although the popular ways of cooking it are rather limited. No such variety of recipes exists as in France or Brazil. The Cubans ask what can be better than a perfect fish simply fried and served with a well-made tartar sauce! If you have a chance, try the *guaguancho*, *cabrilla*, the *biajaiba*, or a young *pargo*, as the red snapper is called, and I think you may agree with them. The Havana fish market is a good one and the total consumption of sea food is prodigious.

The little oysters growing on the trunks of the mangrove trees and on the ends of their branches where they droop into the water are very popular and are considered to have a better flavor than oysters brought from the North. Two dozen are the normal serving and the best of them come from Sagua la Grande.

Cuba is a land where the ingenuity in making cooling fruit drinks for use during hot weather has reached a high point of imagination. *Refrescos*, as they are called, are made from the tamarind, the soursop, sweetsop, almond paste, crushed pineapple, besides all the ordinary citrus fruits. They are very popular and palatable. The occasional addition of a little good rum works no harm.

Table wine from Spain or France is served in the houses of the well-to-do, but water is used far more often than in other Latin countries, for the Cuban, unlike so many of his neighbors, is surprisingly abstemious. In general, Cubans do not drink to excess. In recent years a number of large breweries have grown up and excellent beer is made in both Havana and Santiago and its use has spread rather bene-

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ficially, I believe, to people whose diets are extremely low in vitamins. Rum or, better, cane brandy, called *ron* in Cuba, is more popular than once it was. Rum made from molasses, as it is made so famously in Jamaica, Antigua, Barbados, and Demerara, is relatively little used in Cuba compared to spirits distilled from the fermented cane juice. I need only mention the name "Bacardi" for everyone to know what I mean.

Generally speaking, Cuban cookery is that of Old Spain, with the New World to draw on. The classic dishes served in the best restaurants in Havana and the other larger cities of the island (there are no better places to eat anywhere) are similar to the dishes which one finds in the best restaurants of Spain. Fond as I am of Mexican victuals with their chile peppers, I think that day in and day out I prefer the Cuban bill of fare. Only recently have green vegetables become popular, but now they are grown in great variety. Years ago no one dreamed that vegetables could be grown in Cuba so abundantly. When I first went to Cuba, Mr. Grey, at Soledad, had just grown the first Irish potatoes on the island. This is perhaps Harvard's greatest contribution to economic botany.

Rice is used daily in almost every household and some is produced locally. In the country, root vegetables, such as sweet potatoes, yams, yuca or casaba, and malanga (the root of a species of elephant's ear related to the taro of the Pacific), are usual and because of them the Cuban diet tends to be overweighted on the starchy side. But by now in Havana the ordinary ingredients of green salads and such vegetables as tomatoes, eggplant, carrots, beets, and onions are to be found in every market. Green vegetables are generally grown by the Chinese, who have superb market gardens on the outskirts of the capital, and who peddle their wares through the streets, lurching along with a long pole over their shoulders, from each end of which is suspended a great flat basket displaying their fresh and tempting produce.

3

Cubans are hearty eaters, and more courses are usually served at a meal than is our custom now. Their food habits are like those of our grandparents' time. Their beef is relatively inexpensive and is excellent. So is pork. The same cannot be said of the local mutton, which is generally stringy and tough — and often goat.

In the old days, codfish shipped down from Newfoundland and cooked in oil to make the popular dish of *Bacalao à la Biscaina* tasted to the palate of us old-timers stronger and far better flavored than the codfish shipped in today.

The gastronomically adventurous will find many dishes surprisingly good. I suppose the use of squid and octopus will surprise the Northern tourist on his first visit. I remember well my grave doubts the first time I tried them. Now I wish that I might meet them at table here in Boston. I confess that I used to look forward to visiting the excellent restaurants in Havana with as keen enjoyment as I did to the prospect of finding a new lizard.

My two favorite restaurants, taken day in and day out, were, first, La Saragozana, especially for sea food. Here one usually met soft-shell crabs in season, the little mangrove oysters from Sagua, moorish crabs, rock lobsters, and a large choice of excellent fish, deliciously prepared. The other, which I recall with equal pleasure, was El Palacio de Cristal near the new capitol building, where I have dined often. This old restaurant has served memorable food to the gourmets of Havana for well over one hundred years; it is famed for its *Patas andaluz*, made of beeves' feet and succulent beyond belief; its fritters of brains and "mountain oysters" are a favorite breakfast dish. (I should perhaps explain that for what we call breakfast the Cubans partake of only coffee and a roll and perhaps a bit of fruit. Their *almuerzo* comes at eleven-thirty or twelve o'clock and is a heavy meal eaten most leisurely. In former days it was always followed by a siesta.) I always looked forward to the *entremés* eaten before the soup. These were bits of cold meats and sausages and, to crown all, the *Embuchada de la Sierra*, a rare pressed meat made of the flesh of wild boar from the mountains near Grenada.

Thirty years ago many businessmen, as well as passengers whose ships were berthed near-by, took this noonday breakfast at Los Dos Hermanos, near the waterfront. Here you could dine up on the roof and, if you came early, you had a chance to watch the pelicans sail by and see the varied activities of the harbor near at hand — at times also at your very nose. At night, the awnings were rolled back, and you dined under the open sky.

Slabs of fish smothered in a soft cornmeal mush, much like polenta, were the specialty of the house here. Baked in paper envelopes, they were deliciously flavored. The fish usually was the *biajaiba*, called the "silk snapper" in Key West. Almost every evening the old restaurant was visited by a little group of musicians headed by an old Negro, once a trooper in the Tenth Cavalry, who had stayed on in Cuba after the Spanish-American War ended. He played the guitar well and sang with a rich mellow voice. I have many happy memories of this queer and rather dingy old haunt, in appearance not at all unlike the little old Arab hotel, with its mud walls and parapets, on the roof of which one dines in Zanzibar.

The ordering of a meal, especially among creoles in the country, is somewhat different from our ways. In the first place, it was a common custom to set out in a pile before each person all the plates which were to be used, the soup plate surmounting the pile. Then a single knife and fork with glass or metal rest were provided, which were used right through the meal. This custom was, of course, a holdover from

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en cutlery was scarce and very expensive. saved time with serving the meal and with . A tablecloth was perhaps more gener- an in modest households in our country, e of the tablecloth more often served as a although this usage was far from rare in the country of New England years ago.

To my way of thinking, the *beau monde* in Havana dines too late. I get unhappily hungry if I have to wait until nine-thirty for dinner. But waiting is often worth while, and I hope the day may come when rice becomes the refined delicacy with us that it is when cooked by our neighbors, with a touch of saffron and with each well-cooked grain not too soft and coated with the most delicate film of olive oil.

4

At this point I want to tell a story that illustrates the "fortuitous nature," as Stejneger once put it, of reptile collecting. During the winter of 1912, Professor and Mrs. J. Lewis Bremer were with my wife and me in Havana. We had been making short trips in various directions from Havana, and then one day I chanced upon an advertisement. I think it was posted in the American Club in Havana. At any rate it pictured the future glories of an agricultural colony on land being sold in the province of Pinar del Río, near a place called Herradura. Much was said about the comforts of a hotel which had been built to accommodate prospective settlers and their friends.

I knew this was a region where comparatively little zoological work had been done recently, and I persuaded the rest of the crowd that we should go there. The hotel turned out to be a dirty shack kicked together of very poor material. The whole region was of the most sterile soil and the settlement project turned out to be a complete swindle. The few settlers who went into the project soon drifted away, and now the colony is dead.

A short distance from the hotel, however, there was a general country store. It was kept by a kindly and pleasant man who hailed from Cartago in Costa Rica. I told him I needed a horse to get about the country. He found me a good one, which I used for some days. While wandering about, asking questions here and there, I heard that there was one American family well established some distance away on good land. I followed the directions given me and arrived at an enormous thatched house, the largest structure of its kind I have ever seen. (I am sorry that this burned down later, for it was one of the coolest and, in many respects, one of the most delightful dwelling places that I have ever visited in the tropics.) The owner, Professor Earle, was away from home, but Mrs. Earle received me graciously.

My horse was tied just outside her front door, and I was indoors, drinking an enormous beaker of delicious fruit juice which Mrs. Earle prepared for me, when I happened to see a lizard run along the underside of the overhanging thatch, just over the front door. I jumped for it and caught it, luckily securing a perfect specimen, for these Anoline lizards have a great way of parting with their tails very easily when they are handled. The specimen turned out to be a distinct new form, which I named *Anolis bremeri* for my companion. It has never been seen by any collector from that day to this.

Mrs. Earle was interested in my capture and she proposed to lend me the guidance of an intelligent young Cuban boy, Lucio Alfonso by name, who suggested that we go and see the City of the Toads, as he put it. He took me to an upland clayey pasture near-by, the grass on which had been recently burned over. Scattered thickly over this whole area were the mouths of a great number of small burrows, evidently of two sorts. The openings of some were carefully rimmed with smoothly patted clay, while others were rough and looked unfinished. The rough burrows were inhabited by large tarantulas, which were common here as in so many parts of Cuba. Those with the smooth rims each contained a toad called *Bufo empusus*. The tube-like burrow was cylindrical and from seven to ten inches deep.

The toad, which always looked larger than the diameter of its burrow, was to be found in a small chamber at the bottom, its curious horn-like, shelly head forming an operculum or lid which closed the burrow. To accomplish this closing most advantageously, the toad sometimes rested on its side or back. The small individuals were frequently to be seen near the surface, their little heads just filling the mouths of the tubes. We observed only one or two adults near the surface.

Gundlach says (and he is confirmed by what the country folk told me) that these toads come forth to sing in unison on warm nights after a rain. There is no apparent rule to guide their appearance, and they are not heard on many nights which are apparently favorable. The *guajiros*, as country folk are called, told me that they had never met them outside the burrows, probably because they had not visited this particular field by night. This species always occurs in colonies in areas where the soil is suitable for digging the burrows.

Many different sorts of frogs and toads make this curious use of their heads. It is well known that in many the skin of the head becomes involved in the cranial ossification and is adherent, indurated, and rugose. The result is that the frog has only to tip its hard, bony head to close the entrance effectively. It was not known that whole colonies regularly used this method of blocking their burrows, until, after many long hunts for *Bufo empusus* in Cuba, I chanced upon this open field which Lucio Alfonso showed me.

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THE MURDERER

by FREDERIC PROKOSCH

THE Guadiana flowed slowly through the late afternoon, yellowish, abysmal. There are times when a landscape of great beauty can produce an effect of timelessness and of hallucination. But ugliness — or rather such utter aridity — can produce the same effect. The slow, reptilian movement of the water; the bleak and muddy shore, the buzzing of flies, the mutter of the customs inspector; there was a weird perfection in the drabness of this place.

A young woman — the cut of her clothes showed plainly that she was American — was sitting on her bag, smoking a cigarette, waiting to cross the frontier. She was perhaps too tall, too strong-featured to be pretty; but she was handsome, vital, and intelligent-looking. She might have been thirty-two. Her name was Miss Addison, and she was a journalist.

The dust of Spain still clung to her shoes — expensive, rather startling shoes from Fifth Avenue; and she sat gazing rather wearily across the river. The opposite shore was Portugal. The Spanish shore was gray, treeless and featureless. The shore of Portugal was green, a little misty, a bit unreal.

"Pardon me, señorita."

The customs inspector touched her elbow apologetically; a tiny creature out of Goya, with the face of a bulldog and haunting, cavernous eyes.

"May I see your bags? How many are there? These two?"

She opened the lock of the smaller bag, and as the top was raised a great flurry of intimate silken things welled forth, overflowed, slid into the dust.

The inspector's tiny dark claws plucked, trembling, among the scented privacy of the silks.

"Is that all, señorita?"

She shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"No camera? No films? No firearms?" His voice, suddenly trembling too, floated through the stagnant heat.

At last he wandered away. A tall dark boy with Moorish features carried her bags to the tiny ferryboat. There had been a delay; something wrong with one of the passports; no one knew exactly. The sun was already moving toward the Portuguese shore. It would be dark in another hour.

Finally the motor began to sputter in a primitive fashion; the little boat started to tremble, to move. On the boat, quivering with the desperate vibrations of the motor, stood several bags and bundles and five passengers: an elderly gentleman with a goatee, a dashing young Spaniard, a farmer and his wife, and Miss Addison.

During the first half of the trip no one uttered a word. The farmer, a lean and dignified figure, sat and gazed in animal meditation at the approaching shore. The farmer's wife was a pregnant, olive-skinned beauty still in her teens; she sat in bovine consternation and stole cautious glances at the other passengers — especially at the stylish American lady. The young Spaniard — an astonishingly handsome fellow in a light blue suit, a Castilian type, perhaps a student at Salamanca — glanced listlessly at a copy of yesterday's Madrid paper; he seemed nervous; and he seemed, after all, Miss Addison reflected, too well dressed to be a student.

The bald, elderly gentleman with the goatee, who might have been French, who might have been anything south of Amsterdam, sat thumbing through a small green book — a dictionary, perhaps, or a guidebook.

American novelist and poet, FREDERIC PROKOSCH took his Ph.D. at Yale and did Chaucerian research at King's College, Cambridge. In 1937 he received the Harper Prize for his novel, *The Seven Who Fled*. He was a Guggenheim Fellow in 1938, and in 1941 was awarded the Harriet Monroe Lyric Prize by *Poetry*. He was living in Portugal at the outbreak of World War II.

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Suddenly the elderly gentleman turned to her and spoke. "You are American, señorita?"

She nodded, in her casual, easy, American way.

"Yes, I thought so; the high cheekbones. Only American women have those high, firm cheekbones and that firm line of the chin. You appear to have strong characters, you American women!" He smiled suggestively, perhaps in admiration, perhaps in irony.

"In some ways, possibly," she said, and glanced across the sleek yellow water.

"I have some friends in America," said the man with the goatee. "At several universities. Scholars. In my field. . . ." His voice trailed off thoughtfully.

"What is your field, señor?"

"Philology, señorita. The history of languages. The meaning of sounds. Yes, I have friends at several of the great American universities. You have been at one of the great American universities, señorita?"

Miss Addison smiled. "Hardly, señor. I have been at Vassar. That is only a small college."

He nodded eagerly. "Ah, but I have heard of it! For ladies exclusively, isn't it? Yes, a kind of secular nunnery. We don't have such institutions in Spain, alas. We don't as yet, señorita, fully countenance the emancipation of women." He smiled again, in his equivocal way.

"But it will come, señor."

"It will come?" He raised his brows. "You think so?"

"It is coming everywhere. It is a part of —" She hesitated for a word.

He smiled faintly. "Of progress."

"If you wish. Of modern life, shall we say?"

"So it seems, señorita. And yet, I wonder. Will everything move further and further in this same direction? Will people grow more and more equalized? Will women grow more and more aggressive? More hard? More masculine?"

She glanced at him quickly. But he seemed to be earnest. There was something faintly unpleasant in his appearance, and in his manner too. He was a scholar, a man of breeding, that was evident enough; but under that perfunctory veneer she felt the presence of a deep-seated vulgarity, or maybe something more disturbing, an inner rawness, a certain brutality, a coarseness of heart — she could not be sure.

"You think, señorita, that the world will continue on and on in your direction?" His voice grew softer. "More and more bathrooms? More radios? More cinemas, more fur coats, more colleges for the ladies?"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "You may not like it, señor," she said, with a feeling of bravado, touched with a hint of annoyance. "Perhaps it is not in all respects for the best. Perhaps much will be lost. But it will happen, señor. It is a part of the world to come."

"The world to come." He repeated the phrase with a mock piety and gazed blandly down the river.

The boat was moving very slowly. The boatman seemed to be having trouble with the motor, which periodically uttered a dull, grinding, spluttering noise, followed by a petulant explosion. And the boatman, with an expression of childlike alarm, kept turning little screws here and there, opening and closing the petcock, caressing the carburetor.

2

The afternoon was turning into evening. The boat was moving slowly downstream, and the trees on the Portuguese shore grew darker, more continuous.

The Guadiana seemed to have become broader, and the current was moving at a more stealthy, lethargic pace. As the light grew more oblique and more sepia-hued, and as the sun sank toward the horizon, the scene took on a novel, derelict beauty. Everything was touched with this slanting, rather ominous veneer of gold. The bleak sands of the Spanish shore took on a radiant immensity, and each distant shrub and rock cast a sharp blue shadow along the beach.

The water, covered with a lacquer so unruffled that it looked like the skin of a great eel, passed slowly southward without a sound.

"Tell me, señorita," said the elderly philologist, "what will be the end of it all? Have you ever seriously paused to consider? What will happen in two hundred years? Will it be a paradise of plumbing?"

"I don't know, señor. You choose to laugh at our plumbing. But that is a small thing. There are other things, and more important things."

"Such as, señorita?"

"Good health."

"Yes? And what more?"

"Security. Enough food. Decent rooms to live in —"

"Anything else, señorita?"

"Freedom, señor. Happiness."

"Ah, now we have it! Freedom! Happiness! The freedom and happiness that emanate from sparkling toilets and healthful breakfasts and tidy apartments. I see. I see." He nodded thoughtfully; he looked very tired, and rather ill.

"You think," said Miss Addison, in sudden anger, "that all this is trivial and superficial, señor. But are you sure? Wait, señor. Perhaps it is you who are superficial and a little thoughtless. Wait and see."

He replied gravely: "I shall be dead soon, señorita. I shall be dead before the answer appears." But his voice grew gentle and urgent. "Forgive me, señorita. I have spoken rudely. You have been our guest. It was unpardonable of me. But believe me, señorita, there are moments when a great terror passes through me. A terror of something happening to the world beside which the war is nothing, nothing, nothing at all." He looked suddenly very old and very weary. Deep blue shadows had appeared under his eyes, and the teeth shone under his lips in a drawn, almost cadaverous manner. "Forgive me. May I introduce myself? My name is Professor Aguilera. I am on my way to Montevideo."

At this moment the motor uttered a despairing

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grunt and then died away. The boat drifted several yards nearer to Portugal and then fell passively into the motion of the current.

"Has the motor stopped?" said the young Castilian, in a portentous tone.

The boatman nodded sheepishly.

"Perhaps there is no more fuel?" said the farmer, with dignity.

"There is fuel," explained the boatman. "But the motor has been sick for two weeks. Very sick. Now I think it has died."

"There must be something one can do," said the farmer's wife anxiously, peering at the rest of the passengers with her great black eyes, in which her pregnancy lay, somehow, curiously mirrored.

"Certainly something must be done," said Professor Aguilera, with indifference.

The boatman smiled apologetically. "I have waited for it to happen," he murmured. "For two weeks she has been ailing. And now —"

"Very well. What are you going to do about it?" said the young Castilian angrily. "Let us drift along all night?"

The boatman looked at the rest with mournful resignation. "We must be patient, señor. There is nothing I can do. Yes, I knew it would happen. I explained to the officials. I warned them. And here it is. Two weeks of sickness. Now she is dead for good."

"Stop the boat," said Professor Aguilera, in a voice of fatigue. "We have no wish to drift all the way to the Atlantic Ocean."

"I have no anchor, señor. Only this." And the boatman showed him an old iron wheel fastened to a rope.

"Very well. Drop it in the water," sighed Professor Aguilera.

The boatman gazed at him with sorrow, and shook his head quietly, and proceeded to loosen the rope and lower the iron wheel into the water.

The boat moved more slowly now; but it still drifted steadily and laboriously with the lazy current.

"What will we do?" said Miss Addison, quite calmly. "We have to reach the shore somehow."

"We shall, señorita. We shall," said the boatman. "Patience. We are helpless. Let time take its course. Another boat may come and tow us. Or we may drift toward the shore. Who knows?" He smiled at her, and his irregular yellow teeth shone in the evening light.

3

The sun sank away, and the last threads of gold dissolved into the endless levels of the Spanish shore. The boat still drifted southward, but very slowly. The river seemed quite deserted. Two or three small rowboats moved along the distant shore, and the ferryman cried across the twilight; but no one heard, and the boats passed on.

"It is not such a tragedy," said the yellow-toothed ferryman philosophically. "It is only that this motor —" His voice died away into the night.

"Once we land, how will we make our way to Vilar Formoso?" said the young Castilian.

"That will be no problem, señor. You will find someone with a wagon. Tomorrow. Perhaps the day after. Believe me, señor, you will have no difficulty." The boatman nodded toward Miss Addison. "Perhaps the señorita will be a little irritated? But such things happen in life. It is no tragedy." He smiled at her with his great teeth, a gentle, rather idiotic animal smile.

The evening deepened. The Spanish shore, broad, barren, featureless, faded away for miles into the east. It grew blue, and seemed to be absolutely smooth, like the skin of a large fish. The Portuguese shore, behind which the light was vanishing, rose shaggy and mysterious. Here and there the white walls of a farmhouse shone faintly through the trees, or a plume of smoke rose listlessly skyward. But beyond this there was no sign of life, and the wooded banks began to resemble an endless impenetrable thicket.

A strange weariness began to creep over Miss Addison. It had been a tiring day — first packing and arranging various tedious matters in Seville, then missing the train and deciding to take the bus instead; and the stifling, dusty, odorous heat of the bus, and the delay at the customs, and the tiresome argument with the Spanish professor. And now this.

Her head began to nod, her eyes closed irresistibly. She fell asleep — for several minutes, perhaps for half an hour.

She woke up — or, rather, attained a state halfway between sleep and awakening; but only for several minutes. The boat still seemed to be drifting southward, but she hardly cared. A veil of fog seemed to float before her eyes and to have enveloped her mind and body. Nothing mattered — neither the passage of time, nor the fate of the world, nor her own immediate destiny. She felt, perhaps, a little feverish.

During these few minutes of half-sleep, the landscape took on a strange and emblematic aspect. The shore of Spain was almost invisible: it seemed empty, dead and despairing. And the shore of Portugal, with its black and beckoning groves, was waiting for her with the mysterious warmth of a huge animal.

No one was speaking. The boatman was standing in the front of the boat, gazing toward Portugal. He looked dark and towering, a guider of souls, a fateful ferryman across the waters of death, it occurred to Miss Addison. And with a brief, drowsy terror she glanced at the others. They too sat motionless and alert, all four of them, with their faces turned in silence toward Portugal. Professor Aguilera's bald head shone softly; his eyes were great caverns, his teeth shone faintly — he looked rather inhuman. The young Castilian, dark and disturbingly handsome, looked like a primitive warrior, a tribal chieftain — with his chin protruding and his lips pressed ardently together. The farmer and his wife sat crouched behind them — the farmer gaunt and

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hungry-looking, with his bony peasant hands folded quietly above his knees; and the farmer's wife, harassed, suddenly stripped of her beauty, looking ill and pallid and unnaturally swollen.

But this disturbing vision lasted scarcely a minute — it was a pause between two dreams, hardly more. Then Miss Addison fell asleep for perhaps two hours, and when she woke up it was night.

The young Castilian was sitting close beside her. He was smoking a cigarette and looking into her eyes.

Miss Addison gazed at him in surprise. "Where are we now, señor?" she whispered faintly.

He ignored the question. "I have been watching you, señorita," he said softly. He reached into his pocket. "Will you have a cigarette?"

She nodded, and he lit it for her. The flash of the match restored her wakefulness, and now in the brief light of the flame she saw the rest — the boatman, the professor, the farmer and his wife — sitting peacefully at a distance, with their eyes closed, fast asleep. "Are they all asleep?" asked Miss Addison, curiously troubled.

The Castilian nodded. "All are asleep, señorita."

"How late is it?" she asked dimly.

"You looked very beautiful as you slept, señorita," said the young Castilian. His voice was tender and furry, and at the same time hard, impersonal, and entirely masterful. "Very beautiful. Very young and helpless, like a sleeping child, señorita." He smiled, and placed his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Please," Miss Addison whispered, instinctively drawing away. A smooth liquid warmth seemed to be passing through her. She longed to lie back again and close her eyes.

"You need not be afraid of me, señorita," whispered the Castilian. "I am — a *gentleman*." He pronounced the word in English, in a groping, unfamiliar accent. "I shall not harm you." He paused. Then he said, "Listen, señorita."

"Yes?" She found herself smiling at him.

"Listen, señorita." His voice was like a shawl gently enfolding her, caressing her, submerging her. "I can see you have traveled much, señorita. I can see you have learned much, and seen much, and done many things. And yet you are like a child, señorita. When you slept I could see that your heart was the heart of a child. You have not truly lived, señorita. For it is possible, I know, to travel six times around the world and read ten thousand books, and still not know life. And it is possible to live in a tiny fishing village, and never set foot in another place, and neither read nor write, and know only the smell of goats, and wine, and bread, and the sea — and yet to know life!"

"Yes," she said gently, lulled by the rhythm of his voice and the slow, dark rocking of the boat. "Yes, I suppose that is true, señor."

"Listen, señorita. Has a terrible fear ever come over you? A fear that you are not quite alive, that life is passing you by, that what you do is meaningless, that you may die without ever tasting the real meaning of life? Without ever learning for what nature intended you?"

"I am not afraid," she whispered softly, with a kind of exultation in her voice. "I feel no fear."

"Señorita," whispered the young Castilian ardently, and his face drew closer to hers. There was a hot, resilient beauty in his face, and his eyes shone with an engulfing caress.

And she felt suddenly that it was he who was weak and she who was strong. A reckless delight passed through her, and it seemed, as she reached out her hand, that she was touching the very essence of the night, touching the world of the future and the past, touching the perilous and overwhelming sweetness of life.

The night was impenetrably black. Spain and Portugal had vanished. All she could see was the yearning luster of his eyes. He took her arm and held it close to him, and leaned forward and looked wildly into her eyes, and then pressed his lips against hers.

The rest were still sleeping. They were almost invisible. And the boat continued to drift stealthily southward.

4

When she awoke, Miss Addison found that it was dawn — a misty gray light swam over the Guadiana, and the arches of cloud over Spain were reflecting a subdued cherry-colored radiance.

The boat had drifted ashore, and the yellow-toothed ferryman touched Miss Addison lightly on the shoulder. "Please, señorita. All is well. There is a wagon for you and the professor."

And as Miss Addison looked around, she found that the farmer and the farmer's wife and the young Castilian had vanished. Only the professor remained; he was kneeling beside the shore, washing his face in the sluggish water.

She opened her bag and took out her vanity case. Her hair hung loose and disheveled, her face had lost its air of polish and self-protection. She took her powder puff, her comb. In five minutes she looked presentable.

Professor Aguilera had finished combing his hair when she stepped on shore. He smiled at her. "It is, all in all, most fortunate for us, señorita. There is a road scarcely a hundred yards from the shore. The boatman has very thoughtfully arranged for a wagon to take us to Vilar Formoso. The others? Oh, they left half an hour ago. You were still sleeping soundly, señorita. We all look a bit the worse for our little adventure, I fear. Still, as you see, the boatman was right. It was not a tragedy. Indeed, señorita, you look most remarkably well, I should say beautiful, this morning. There is a certain sparkle in your eyes."

He smiled at her with a sly, audacious intimacy. "Life is full of surprises, señorita. But there is one thing — it is quite astonishing. The young man in the blue suit, the one from Castile — yes, would you

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believe it, señorita? — he grew quite confidential this morning, while you were still asleep. He is wanted in Spain for murder — would you believe it? Oh, yes, he had a reckless, violent air about him, I couldn't help noticing. He shot three men in Avila, he informed me with pride. A political affair, of course. Yes." The professor's eyes grew whimsical as he walked beside Miss Addison up the path toward the road.

The wagon was waiting for them; the old peasant was placing Miss Addison's leather bags in the rear of the wagon with a great display of awe and ceremony.

"Yes, there were other things he told me too, señorita. Of his life, his family, his student days. And another thing. He told me you frightened him, señorita. Now that is strange, isn't it? Why should you frighten him? I don't know. I find it, I must confess, very strange." Professor Aguilera smiled urbanely; but deep in his eyes, hidden in that Iberian darkness, Miss Addison had a glimpse of something else — a boundlessness, a timelessness, a savage and primordial void. And she remembered her brief apocalyptic vision of the night — the silent ferryman, the four motionless passengers — and for a moment a dizziness seized her, and she wondered whether she had been the victim of some intricate deception.

Professor Aguilera continued, and there was a dark smile in his eyes: "Yes, señorita. Life is strange; there are no patterns. Make a pattern, and life slips through the crevices. Yes, he said he was afraid of you. Do you know what I really think, señorita? I think it is not impossible that he had — for reasons which I would hesitate to imagine — fallen a little in love with you, señorita. . . ."

RIVER TOWN

by JESSICA NELSON NORTH

The duck-blind by the shore, the rotting boat,
The lily-float, the sluiceway slimed with green,
The molten glaze of water on the dam,
Still here — and here I am,
And only half a lifetime lies between.

Old rivers never change.
Nothing is vivid here. Nothing is strange.
But stranger than a wraith
I see myself on this familiar path.

Here blooms my mandrake grove
With floating tents above its musky flowers,
And here fly-fishermen, intense with love,
Straddle in boots and jeans the watery hours,
While, at their backs,
Derelict river-shacks
Bleach upward to the clean white street above.

Now in an eddying curve the current rests
Where, young and nude, we came to dip at night
And jubilant with fright
Cradled the moon between our virgin breasts,
Hearing the ten o'clock, Chicago-bound,
Rip the still valley with its claw of sound.
Here, rolled in blankets on the friendly ground,
We planned our futures full of dreams and doubt
And left Wisconsin and the river out.

It came at last,
The future that is past.

The old west wind blows up.
The painted cock above the tavern swings.
And here I walk, while in its muffled cup
The mournful clapper of remembrance rings.

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HAVE NATIONS ANY MORALS?

by W. T. STACE

1

INTERNATIONAL morality may seem a figment of the imagination. It is bad enough to talk morals to the individual man in connection with his individual affairs. Tell the businessman that he ought to behave with Christian unselfishness towards his competitors and you are likely to appear intolerably smug or perhaps merely irrelevant and absurd. There is a story — perhaps it is quite apocryphal — that Carl Frederick Taeusch, Professor of Business Ethics at Harvard, was introduced to Samuel Alexander, the English philosopher, who was very deaf. The introducer said, "This is Professor Taeusch, Professor of Business Ethics at Harvard." Alexander said, "What?" The introducer shouted, "Professor of Business Ethics at Harvard." "It's no use," said Alexander. "I can't hear. It sounds to me just like 'Professor of Business Ethics at Harvard.'" Alexander thought, evidently, that "business ethics" is a contradiction in terms.

Well, if talking morals at the private individual often seems irrelevant or smug, how much more would this seem to be true if one were to talk morals at the nations. Would there be any sense in saying to the nations: "You ought to behave to one another like Christian saints"? How childishly unrealistic that sounds. Is it not an axiom that nations, in their dealings with one another, are guided and must be guided solely by considerations of national self-interest? And if so, what room is there here for talk about moral principles?

Now it has always struck me that there is a curious contradiction at this point in our international thinking. On the one hand, we keep repeating glibly this saying that states in their international actions are and must be governed exclusively by national self-interest. This idea is not only popular: it reaches the highest circles of our government. Some time ago a British Minister, Oliver Lyttelton, actually had the effrontery to accuse America of entering the war not wholly out of self-interest, but partly out of a generous feeling of sympathy for those nations, including the British, who had been attacked by the Nazis! He suggested that this American attitude and the actions which resulted from it had been partly responsible for Japan's decision to attack America. Secretary Cordell Hull was furious. He thundered from Washington that America had no such motives. American action and the American attitude had been entirely correct; that is, America had been motivated exclusively by considerations of self-defense — which is to say, self-interest. The British government, pursuing its policy of appeasing America, thereupon compelled Oliver Lyttelton abjectly to apologize. Thus this slogan about national self-interest is a fixed part of our international thinking.

But, on the other hand, we also talk loudly about morals in international affairs. Did we not say that there were moral issues involved in the war? Did we not claim that we were fighting for justice? Do we not say that Nazism is the repudiation of international justice, of international morals? Do we not say that we want to establish an international order based on law and justice, and not, as our enemies would have it, on the law of the jungle?

Also we high-mindedly disapprove of imperialism, and we lecture the British about keeping their promises to the Indians in India or to the Jews in Palestine. But why in the world should we disapprove of imperialism? And why in the world should the British keep their promises? There is implied in these attitudes a belief that moral principles ought to have some place in national actions.

Again, there actually exists a body of rules and principles called "international law," and *some* nations *sometimes* observe *some* of its provisions. But this international law is hardly law at all in the sense in which Acts of Congress are laws. For Acts of Congress are enforceable by sanctions. Congress does not merely exhort you to pay your income tax. It tells you that if you don't, something extremely unpleasant will happen to you. The existence of a sanction, of some way of enforcing a law, is part of the essence of law. But there is no way of enforcing international law except the crude way of reprisals. Therefore, international law is not in the full sense

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The substance of his article was delivered before the Institute of Human Relations, University of North Carolina.

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law, although it is true that courts adjudicate on it. What is it, then? It is mainly moral exhortation. It is a body of *moral* principles which civilized nations have agreed that they ought to follow, and which some of them do follow in some respects.

The theory that nations must act exclusively from national self-interest is identical with the theory that in international affairs the law of the jungle should prevail. It was, incidentally, Hitler's theory. That does not necessarily make it wrong, but what I am pointing out is the utter muddle-headedness of our American thinking, which believes two flatly contradictory principles.

2

The atomic bomb, besides exploding Japanese cities, may possibly explode some of our incredibly foolish notions. We think that nations ought not to be moral — for this is the plain meaning of our chatter about self-interest as the only proper motive of nations. Well, we had better change our opinion and change it fast. Otherwise there may be no nations left to have any self-interest. I propose to show that this opinion is false — that not only *ought* nations to be moved by moral forces, but in point of fact they *are* moved by them already.

Let us take first what would seem to be the hardest case, that of the Germans. Moral forces, we might say, have not operated in their international actions in any way. But I think this is a mistaken view.

Hitler in *Mein Kampf* says repeatedly that force of arms will succeed only if it is inspired by some ideal. People will not fight, he says, — or at least will not fight successfully, — unless they believe that they are fighting for some great idea, for some ideal, for some just cause. They will not fight for merely selfish and material ends. Hitler was a much better psychologist than some of our statesmen. He knew that he could not make the German people fight simply out of self-interest. If he had said to them simply, "By means of a vast spilling of our blood we can conquer the earth and make everyone on earth slave for us. And then we shall all be twice as rich as we are now. We shall all eat twice as much. And those who now can drink only beer will all be able to drink champagne," not a German would have followed him. He had, on the contrary, to impregnate the German mind with a moral, ideal, and even mystical creed. He had to invent something like a new *Weltanschauung*, even a new religion. He had to persuade the German people that they were called on to sacrifice their blood for a *noble* cause.

You will say, of course, that Hitler's ideas were in fact not moral but diabolical, that his *Weltanschauung* was false, that the ideals he fostered were in fact profoundly immoral. But I do not think this is correct. It may have been a false morality that animated the German people, but it was a morality. It was certainly not mere self-interest. It contains the ideas of nobility and heroism — and these, however distorted their application, are moral ideas. The point is that Hitler had to make the Germans believe they were struggling towards a higher world morality — however hideously false that morality may in fact have been.

Now let us take another case, that of England during the First World War. In 1914 when the Germans invaded Belgium, British national self-interest was involved. It was contrary to British interests that the powerful German nation should control the Channel ports and the Continental shores opposite Britain. Also it would destroy the balance of power. But Sir Edward Grey put the matter to the British nation mainly (though not exclusively) as a moral issue. Germany was breaking her solemn promises and was oppressing a little nation whose neutrality Britain as well as Germany was pledged to defend. Why did Sir Edward Grey put it thus? Because he knew, as Hitler knew later, that a nation will not be moved to the supreme effort of war by mere material self-interest, but only when the people feel themselves inspired by a moral purpose.

At this point the cynic, who knows all the answers, will say, "It is evident that the real cause of Britain's going to war in 1914 was self-interest, and Sir Edward Grey knew this, but had to delude the British into believing they had a moral cause, just as later Hitler had to delude the Germans." I think this is cheap cynicism for two reasons.

In the first place it is an open question how far the leaders of a self-respecting nation ever deliberately delude the nation and invent moral issues in which they do not believe. I should say that Sir Edward Grey probably himself believed both that it was Britain's self-interest to go to war and that it was her moral duty to do so, but that he was a good enough psychologist to know that he must play up the moral issue rather than the self-interest. I think he believed in the moral justice of the British cause as much as anyone else and that he was perfectly sincere in his insistence upon this. And even Hitler, I should say, at the time he wrote *Mein Kampf*, believed in his so-called higher German morality.

In the second place, even if I am wrong about this, even if we represent the leaders of nations, including Sir Edward Grey, and Hitler, and perhaps Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt, as a pack of cynical hypocrites who in their hearts believed in nothing but selfishness between nations, but deluded their people with talk of moral ideas — even if we believe this, I say, it does not in any way lessen the force of my argument. Rather, it strengthens it. For it is an admission that the nations, the *peoples* of the world, are moved by moral ideas and moral forces, that moral ideals do enter into the motivation of their actions in regard to each other. It is therefore utterly false to say that the motives of international action are purely those of self-interest. And this assertion will remain true even if we hold that the moral forces acting in these peoples are merely used by their leaders to steer the nations

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into those courses which the leaders think they should, from their national self-interest, follow. Moral ideas are not only relevant to the international scene but are profoundly powerful in it.

3

There used to be, among economists, an absurd abstraction called "the economic man." The economic man was governed solely by considerations of profit and loss — that is, by self-interest. His mind was nothing but a calculating machine. It added up the probable profits and losses of a proposed action, and if the calculation showed a balance of profit to himself, he acted. If not, not. And no consideration other than profit and loss moved him in the slightest degree.

Economists have now given up the idea of the economic man. It involved a fantastic oversimplification of human nature. Human beings are simply not like that. No businessman, even the most hardheaded, is a mere calculating machine of profit and loss. All sorts of other motives, some generous, some ungenerous, some indifferent, irrelevant, or merely whimsical, enter in. Even if he allows his liking for a friend to deflect his action by a hair's breadth — to make him contented, for example, with a profit of only a thousand dollars where he might have made a thousand dollars and fifty cents by ruining his friend — even this trivial deflection of his action by a slight feeling of generosity to a friend takes him out of the class of purely economic men, since it means that his action is in some degree motivated by moral impulses — for generosity and friendship are moral impulses.

Now this absurd abstraction of the economic man, long out of date in economics, pops up again in our international thinking in the form of the doctrine that foreign policy is and ought to be governed only by national self-interest. This is just as much an oversimplification of the psychology of nations as the economic man was of the psychology of individuals, and it is the same oversimplification. The motives of nations, as of individual men, are extraordinarily mixed and complicated, and somewhere in the mixture you will always find moral ideas working.

The element of truth in the current belief that nations have no morals seems to me to be this: the level of morals as practiced by individual human beings between themselves is relatively high; the level of morals as practiced by nations between themselves is deplorably low. There *is* such a thing as international morality. That is to say, moral forces do operate on the international plane. But the *standard* of morals as between nations is much lower than the *standard* of morals practiced by decent people towards each other in the sphere of individual action.

It is this fact which gives rise to statements that moral ideas do not apply to nations at all, and that nations act purely from self-interest. These statements are to be explained simply as exaggerations. We see the deplorably low level of international morality, and then we make wild statements denying altogether its existence or even its possibility.

Why is there this vast difference between the ethical standards of individuals and the ethical standards of states? There are several reasons. One is the mere fact that other nations are at a distance from us. We cannot easily wrong a person on our doorstep, where we see the results of what we do, but we can more easily act with indifference, or even brutality, when the victims are thousands of miles away and we do not see the results of our actions.

But the reason which is more relevant to my topic is the following: Individuals act within a community of individuals, the state. But nations do not act within a community of nations. There is no world state or super-state. The morality of individuals is embodied in institutions, of which the chief is the state, but which also include all sorts of other institutions, such as the family, the churches, the universities, schools, unions, societies of all kinds, even social clubs. The morality of the individual is at every point created for him, upheld, inspired, supported by the whole social organism of which he forms a part. His morality is objectified in these institutions. But there is no nation of nations, no state of states, no institution in which international morality can organize and objectify itself. Therefore, international morality inevitably remains at a low level, because it lacks the necessary organs and instruments by which to realize itself.

Several consequences follow. First, the low level of international morals is not due to any inherent nonmoral character of the nation or the state as such. It is not because in the nature of things the state is super-moral or sub-moral or outside morality, or that morality does not apply to it. Men collected into a nation have the same moral feelings and moral natures as do the individuals who compose the collection. But as nations they lack the institutions, especially the institution of a great overall state, in which their moral natures can express and objectify themselves.

Second, you cannot have a very high level of international morality until you do have a world state. And in the peace after this war it is foolish to expect ideal solutions. Some people are shocked by what they consider the unjust treatment of Poland or by some other feature of the proposed peace settlement. But the general problem of the control and government of human beings everywhere, even within an organized community, is to leaven the vast inert bulk of human indifference and even wickedness with that bare modicum of morality and justice which it will stand. That is why the law of a country always lags behind the moral sense of its best citizens. It cannot enforce the highest standards of its best citizens, but only the much lower standards which practically all its citizens, even those who are most undeveloped morally, will support. If it tries to aim higher than that, the law is flouted and breaks down.

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How much more true will this be in the international sphere, where there is no government to enforce any law. To be more specific, if you try to force on a country like Russia some law or principle which that country is not ready to accept, then that country will flout your law and your principle. And the result will be, not merely that law breaks down in that instance, but that all respect for law is gone, and that it breaks down everywhere all over the world. And then your entire peace breaks down.

4

As to the world state, without which I say you can never get a high level of international morality, I have no doubt that it will some day come. It is in the direct line of human evolution. Smaller wholes coalesce into larger wholes. There are unicellular organisms. Then single cells coalesce into multicellular organisms. Individual multicellular organisms coalesce into families, families into tribes, tribes into nations. The evolutionary process would not naturally stop till it ends in the organization of all men into a single society.

But that is a long way off. Perhaps in five hundred years, perhaps even in a hundred years, we might have a world state. Possibly the atomic bomb will quicken this slow rate of development. At any rate it is no use writing of what may happen in a remote future. Let us consider merely the decade or so which lies directly in front of us.

The problem of the immediate future is: Admitting that we cannot yet have a world state, and that a very high level of international morals is impossible without it, how, in these circumstances, can we gradually raise the level of international morals? I think that there are just three principles we should try to apply. And I will say a few words about each of them.

The first principle is that we should, as a nation, place ourselves always on the side of justice, in every dispute, and endeavor by our example to influence others to do the same. In general, the American people already instinctively do this. The practical difficulty, of course, is to know which *is* the side of justice. And here we are often likely, through ignorance of complicated sets of facts about remote countries, to go astray. But even if in the particular case we may be partly ignorant or even mistaken about a situation, the fact that we stand for just solutions in general will exercise a great weight.

For instance, in the matter of India. We place ourselves on the side of freedom for the Indians. The British reply that they are as anxious for Indian freedom as we are, but that we do not understand the complexity of the problem. This charge is in general true. We are most of us woefully ignorant of even the most elementary facts of the extraordinarily complex Indian situation. But even though we underestimate the immense problem which India presents to the British, and thereby in our words and thoughts often do some injustice to our British friends, yet the fact that we do stand for Indian freedom puts the pressure in the right direction. It tends to force the British to solve those problems which otherwise they, even if we grant their good intentions, might well give up as insoluble. If we keep up this pressure, even though it be sometimes in rather an ignorant way, these problems will in the end be solved.

The second principle is that we should try to persuade nations that national self-interest is in the long run best served by international justice and morality rather than by the law of the jungle. Perhaps we need to preach this more to ourselves than to other people, certainly as much. It is the failure to understand this principle which produces isolationism.

I do not mean to suggest that one can attain the highest standard of morals by basing morality on self-interest. It is not true that they always coincide. The world's moral giants and teachers, the saints, the martyrs, the moral heroes, to whom we look up as the best of our kind, were never made merely by taking a long view of their own interests. The cynical opinion that the good man is merely more clever at advancing his own interests than the bad man, but that they both aim exclusively at their own interests, is psychologically false. But then, we are not hoping at present to produce a world of heroically moral nations. We are trying to inject a bare minimum of morality into the international chaos. And at that low level of morals at which we are compelled to operate, it is roughly true that intelligent self-interest and decent behavior coincide. For example, you do produce a relatively decent level of business ethics by getting businessmen to see that honesty is the best policy. The same will be true in the international sphere.

The third principle is that we should support all international organizations which tend toward common action and the submergence of individual national interests in a larger whole. But here we find ourselves involved in a difficulty which is something like a vicious circle. The reason we cannot attain a high level of international morality is that there is no world state. But then, the reason we cannot, at present, get a world state is that our level of international morals is so low.

I have already exhibited the first half of this circle. I will say a word about the second. Why can we not get a world state now?

The League of Nations was not a world state, but it was a move in that direction. The reason why the League of Nations broke down was not that its instrument or its machinery was faulty. It was a very good instrument; it was very good machinery. It broke down partly because it was not supported by all the great powers, and partly because even those powers which did join it were not willing to back it to the extent of risking what they believed to be their individual national interests for the sake of the interests of the community of nations. To be specific, they would not enforce the necessary sanctions in the cases

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of Manchuria and Ethiopia because they did not see that their own interests were immediately involved. But morality, if it means anything, means the merging of your individual interests in the interests of the community. So it comes to this: the League broke down because the level of international morals was so low.

What, then, are we to do to get out of this circle? We can't have a high level of morals until we get a world state. And we can't have a world state till we get a higher level of morals. There is nothing we can do in these circumstances except try to get rid of old habits of thought. We are still, all of us, everywhere in the world, in the grip of old habits of thought, carried over from the day when the nations were relatively independent or self-dependent, into an age in which they have become, whether they like it or not, interdependent. Our habit is to think in national terms only, whereas we have to learn to think in international terms.

The practical problem is, not to explain this idea — any child can understand it; it is not even to get people to believe the idea — most of us believe it now; it is to get our own people, and the peoples of the world, so soaked with this idea that they naturally and instinctively act from it — that acting from it goes with the grain of their minds, not against the grain. The achievement of this result almost involves implanting a new instinct, and is a problem of education, of conditioning.

In the early days of August, immediately after the first use of the atomic bomb, President Truman warned the Japanese that they had still time to save themselves, but that the time was short. He might as well have addressed these words to the American, or any other, nation. How long have we been living in a fool's paradise, imagining that we can shape our world policy by nothing save our own narrow interests conceived as independent of the interests of other nations? In the next war, if we allow one to come, we may be "vaporized" en masse by uranium rockets fired from a distance of thousands of miles, almost before we know that we are at war.

There is only one way out. We have to learn the lesson that nations, deserting their petty ideas of sovereignty, prestige, national self-interest, must combine to act together for the common good of humanity — which is the meaning of acting morally. There is still time to learn this lesson. *But the time is short.*

OLD WOMAN WITH DOGS

by SARA LUDLOW HOLMES

TIME, you one-way wind
With a man-made, mellow name,
I am gnarled and horned, as you are not,
Wasted, lone, and lame.
But I've three things you've not yet got:
I keep these spaniels none may claim,
All, of three dead boys, that's left me.
One to howl me through the bells,
And make me think of a child's fear
Brought round to courage, and laughter clear,
One to beg me out of doors
To acres I must walk for three,
To thickets quick with a child's wonder.
And for the late lamp's chilly legend,
One who whimpers not, nor snores,
But solemn-eyed and constant dwells
With his old jowls warm on my knee.

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THE PENINSULA PYTHON

An Absolutely True Story

by ROBERT BORDNER

I

FROM the time the Peninsula Python first crossed that Ohio field of sprouting corn before the astonished eyes of Clarence Mitchell in the summer of 1944, until it holed up for the winter, presumably under the overhanging banks of the Cuyahoga River, it left many a mark on the face of the earth.

There were tracks "like those of an auto tire" across the softness of freshly tilled fields. There were tracks in the mud at the river's edge. There were branches broken and bark scuffed from tall trees when it fell, frightened, before still more frightened beholders. His deepest mark was upon the people of the wild, wooded valley between Cleveland and Akron; his longest was a trail that circled the earth.

Clarence Mitchell was hoeing his piece of corn ground between the Everett swamp and the abandoned bed of the old Ohio Canal on June 8. "Two-three days the dogs was nervous, and finally they wouldn't go over there with me at all," he said. "I thought they was acting kind of funny, but I didn't pay it much mind. I don't know what made me look up, but there, about fifteen paces away, was the biggest snake I ever see, sliding along easy and slow in plain sight on the bare ground.

"I just stood quiet, not aiming to attract attention. It seemed like ten minutes I watched. He slid into the river, swam across, and climbed out the other side, heading toward the yellow clay slip on the nose of that hogback up Steele's Corners way.

"He was thick as my thigh, right here, and every bit of fifteen feet long — more like eighteen — sort of brownish spotted. I went over and looked at the track. It was like you'd rolled a spare tire across my field."

Young Mike Bobacek, who had the mules hitched to the cultivator, working the field east of the river, said he saw Clarence light out for home, and that he too saw the snake come out of the river going east.

Nobody paid much attention to the tale except the womenfolk, who canceled plans for blackberrying thereabouts.

Ten days later, Paul and John Szalay fitted a field with disk and cultipacker in the morning. That was in Old Cassidy's Bottom, maybe two miles north of Mitchell's place, and only a couple of miles from Peninsula village. When they came back from lunch to seed the piece, there was a track "like from an auto tire," wavering from the overgrown, swampy canal bed to the river, across the virgin seedbed. They got word to Mayor John Ritch. With his police chief, Art Huey, and the two assistant chiefs, Dale Hall and Dud Watson, the mayor investigated.

"Nothing but a mighty big snake could have made that track," he said, officially.

Two mornings later the fire siren uncoiled its terrifying scream. It was the Roy Vaughn place up the hill east of the river. When the volunteers got there, everybody was housed up tight. Mrs. Vaughn had seen the snake.

"I was up in the second floor of my hen house and looked out into the yard in back," she said. She showed them. "Right there was a great big snake trying to get through the woven wire fence, but he had a lump in him, big as a basket, and the lump wouldn't go through the fence. He reared up and climbed right over the top of that wire fence — three and a half feet high. The last few feet of him fell over, plop — a big plop — on the far side, and he went down the ravine."

Mrs. Vaughn was no hysteric. There was earth on the wire. The weeds were broken flat where she pointed. A chicken was gone.

That settled it for those present; for them the Peninsula Python became a sobering fact. Chief Huey measured the distance Mrs. Vaughn said the snake had extended beside the fence. It was nineteen feet. Mayor Ritch, in a proclamation mobilizing the men of Peninsula, set Sunday for the hunt. The *Cleveland Press* and the *Akron Beacon-Journal* were impressed.

Theories flew. A circus had been in Akron the

It was on Thanksgiving Hill, his 140-acre farm near Peninsula, Ohio, that ROBERT BORDNER first heard of the giant python which had been terrifying his neighbors. He promptly organized the hunt, wrote the mayor's proclamation, and personally investigated every clue as the huge serpent perambulated through the state. His story is true in every particular — the only matter in doubt being the present whereabouts of the intruder.

When not hunting pythons, Mr. Bordner divides his time between the *Cleveland Press* and the editing of a rural weekly, the *Brecksville News*.

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month before. If a snake had escaped, it was reasoned, the circus would have been anxious to hush it up, because it might have been liable for large damages, and a new snake would cost less than $200. Big snakes cost $10 a foot. The circus was traced, but admitted no escape.

Then it was remembered that two years before, a carnival caravan, lost, cut across the valley. One of the trucks went wild on the Hammond's Corners hill and was wrecked among the tombstones of the Pleasant Valley Cemetery at the bottom. The driver was killed, the contents scattered. Maybe it came from there.

Only tropic constrictors were as long as the Peninsula Python, according to Arthur B. Williams, director of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. Ohio's biggest native, the blacksnake, never got longer than six feet.

Fletcher Reynolds, director of the Cleveland Zoo, begged for the life of the reptile. "He is harmless unless frightened or cornered," he said. "He can strike only about one-third his length; stay ten feet away from him and he cannot reach you.

"But don't get too close. He has teeth like a dog's and can cut a person up some. The teeth grab when he strikes; then he pulls the victim to him and throws a loop around it; it is only after he gets his tail in the loop that he can tighten enough to kill."

Mr. Reynolds asked anyone finding the snake to be quiet. "Don't scare him. Telephone the location to the Zoo and wait to show me. I will be there in less than thirty minutes. I can easily take him alive."

By that time the radio newscasters were giving bulletins on the snake. United Press and Associated Press were carrying developments out of Akron. All over Ohio the newspapers were carrying the story on page one.

The Columbus Zoo bid $500 for the beast. Carnival men, concessionaires, hunters, "snakeologists," and just plain screwballs began drifting in, snooping, making offers.

2

SCHEMES for capture were discussed at Scotty's bar, Stebbins's grocery, Sovacool's store, Conger's soda fountain, Earl Duffy Ganyard's barbershop.

Dud Watson contrived a large box with an eight-inch hole for entry. He baited it with a hen. "He'll go in, gobble the hen, and be trapped by his breakfast."

Pernel Andrews toted a clothesline prop. "I'll let him strike at the pole, push it down his gullet so he can't coil, and have him at my mercy."

J. H. Bower, the station agent, depended on the charming effects of music. "Snakes love music. Couple of the boys and me used it on hundreds in West Virginia. We would go along the creek, one sawing the fiddle, t'other whanging the banjo, and me picking them off with my .22."

Pierce Monroe Metcalf, the expert frog hunter, explained the sneak-snatch method. "Quick throw a leg over him and start steering. Like as not you can ride him right into town bareback," he said.

Ray Hall, Civilian Defense safety chief, liked the stem-winder way. "All you got to do is keep a snake from coiling. I've used it plenty of times on big blacksnakes. You just grab them by the tail like they was an old Model T Ford and crank. It bewilders them."

Dale, his brother, advocated self-service. "Grab his tail, and when he strikes, just shove his tail down his throat. He'll swaller hisself."

More people kept coming in for the hunt with other ideas. But Mayor Ritch, scared at the sight of the assorted weapons, let out another proclamation: the only firearms permitted would be those in the hands of his police and posse leaders; one gun to a posse. There was danger the hunters would shoot up themselves, especially in the excitement, if the snake were found.

On Sunday, June 25, the weather was beautiful. The church bells were ringing, worshipers were arriving, and Chief Huey was marshaling a crazy assortment of men, boys, weapons, and gadgets in front of the barbershop, assigning each to a posse, giving final instructions.

Just then, across the bridge into town, charged two companies of militia, bayonets fixed. Captain William E. Morris explained that they knew nothing of the snake hunt, but had camped up on Brewery Hill overnight and were "taking" the town for practice.

Newspaper, motion picture, and amateur photographers, together with reporters from the city newspapers, followed the posses deploying on the river bottoms, up ravines, through the woods. Women and children in cars tagged along, sticking to the roads.

It was nearly time for the churches to let out when the siren on the Town Hall howled the prearranged three long blasts. That meant the West Richfield telephone operator had a call the varmint had been located.

It was on the Hudson road, up east of Fred Kelly's. The mayor wrote the directions on the firehouse blackboard and headed for the scene.

The front doors of the churches were pushed open with a rush; the devout had a good head start on the hunters. They piled into cars and, scattering gravel, streamed up the hill.

That siren drained all the loose population of the township down into the village and up Kelly Hill. The posses broke from the woods to the south, jumped on the running boards of cars, roared into town, and, brandishing knives and clubs, whirled up the Hudson road.

At the scene, drivers were so anxious to get in on the kill that they ditched their cars or abandoned them, doors open, in the middle of the road. Sunday pants were snagged on barbed wire and brush. City

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folk scrambled on hands and knees up banks of poison ivy. Girls muddied white dresses in ditches. Patches of hide were skinned off as men slipped in ravines or rolled into the creek.

In the bright June sunshine, through burrs and briars, tangled in thornbush, trampling acres of alfalfa and timothy, the hunters swirled. Meanwhile Mayor Ritch was tracing the call. It was obviously a hoax. But it took an hour to stop the hunt.

Reporters, editorial writers, cartoonists, and radio commentators were hilarious for days. The village split into angry camps. The doubters charged that the township had been made ridiculous and that the story had damaged property values. They twitted the taletellers. The believers, pride bruised, judgment impugned, veracity questioned, decided to go underground.

"It won't be so funny if that snake gets a child next; the jokers would be first to holler," Mayor Ritch warned.

The believers felt cheated by the hoax because Ganyard, the barber and world champion still-hunter of foxes, found evidence that convinced him his posse had been close to the reptile when called off.

The hunt was reorganized in the hands of the few; no more mass hunts, no more siren-blowing, no more information to the newspapers till the python was brought in dead. From then on, these men were out to kill; they wanted proof to fling at their detractors.

Art Huey, the police chief, took charge. Earl Ganyard, most expert as a woodsman, was put on constant alert. Dale and Ray Hall and Dud Watson were the reinforcements. They kept guns in their automobiles, and their automobiles in constant readiness.

The rural operators of all surrounding townships were organized for swift transmission of new reports to the West Richfield telephone exchange. Huey and Ganyard kept themselves constantly available to the exchange, day and night. The strategy was to get to the scene before the frightened reptile had traveled too far.

3

Less than forty-eight hours after the Sunday fiasco, the new posse had its first test. It took place along the river two miles north of Peninsula, near Boston Mills.

Placid and practical Mrs. Pauline Hopko had taken her pail and started down the canal to milk her cows in the pasture Tuesday morning. "The cows were fidgety and I had to tie them to the fence while I milked," she said. "Suddenly there was a crashing in the branches of a willow across the river. The cows jerked loose, breaking halters, and ran, bellowing, leaving me sitting with the pail. I looked over, and there was a snake with a head as big as a man's coming down out of that dead willow. The dogs cowered under my skirts, almost upsetting me."

Bobbie Pollard came along the towpath on his bicycle and she sent him to telephone while she rounded up the cows to finish the milking.

Bobbie neglected to phone, but came back with some more boys instead. Again they saw the snake in a nearer tree across the river. But it was hours before the official snake posse was on the scene. They found freshly broken branches on the two trees, loose bark newly scuffed off, tracks on the ground. But the ten-foot weeds, the rank vines, and the tangled flood-plain debris of the river bottoms defeated the hunt.

Two days later, four miles up Brandywine Creek, Ernest Raymond sharpened his scythe and went to mow the fence row. "I noticed a root sticking up in the timothy field. I wondered how that stump got there. Then I saw it move. The snake, coiled like a stump, had his head up looking around.

"I ran to the house for my shotgun and Ray Thompson, my son-in-law. When we came back it was still there, but he lowered his head before I could shoot. We could see the deep grass waving as he went off."

They showed the posse a circle of matted grass in the field. Reporters found out about the incident, and next day Rayy Mitten of the *Akron Beacon-Journal* was hunting Macedonia township in an airplane.

Two days later Mrs. Ralph Griffin went to her back door to call her boy George. "I saw something man-high where the path enters the woods at the back of the yard. It was like a man in a white shirt, till I looked good. It was the snake, reared up and looking around, his throat white and shiny." The posse hunted, but again without luck.

Then the snake headed back down Brandywine to the Cuyahoga river bottoms. Mrs. Katherine Boroutick of Boston Mills saw him next. "I went out back of the house to throw some trash in the river, and just as I turned to come back, there was a crash in the butternut overhead. I turned just as the big snake fell with a thump not ten feet from me."

The posse found limbs the size of your wrist, broken and dangling, their leaves still green, thirty feet from the ground on that butternut tree, and again a track to the river.

By this time the fame of the Peninsula Python had spread around the earth. Boys from the valley, away at war, read about it in *Yank*, in ships' papers at sea, everywhere. Their letters asking about the snake poured in from Iceland, England, the Normandy beachhead, Italy, North Africa, India, Australia, New Guinea, the Pacific fleet, the Aleutians.

And from Idaho Falls, Idaho, Carl Scobie came 2000 miles to help hunt the varmint. A Peninsula boy, he had gone West upon discharge from the Marines after World War I. For twenty-five years he had made snakes a hobby in the oil fields of Texas and Mexico and then in Los Angeles, where he was in real estate. For years he raised rattlers and sold them to a Michigan firm for use on horses in the making of anti-venom serum. He was the expert in

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that California trial of a man who had murdered his wife by sticking her foot into a box of rattlers. And when the carnival python escaped at Long Beach a few years ago, police called him and he captured the 28-foot reptile under a wharf.

Carl had not been home in a quarter century, but when he read about the Peninsula Python, he hopped a train. He no longer knew where his parents lived, but he found his Aunt Abbie Lee on the farm where she and his Uncle Park had lived for fifty-three years.

Aunt Abbie let the stranger in. She was in the midst of preparations for the Oak Hill picnic to which his parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and former neighbors were coming on the morrow. In no time she had a plan, and bedded her nephew down for the night.

Next day as some sixty guests arrived, Aunt Abbie introduced the baldish, well-dressed stranger as Mr. Smith. None knew him. "I had a funny feeling," said Charles Scobie, his father, "but I couldn't tell what was the matter. Then I was flabbergasted."

So Carl Scobie took the field for two weeks armed with nothing but a blanket. "You catch a big snake by letting him strike at the blanket. Then you just wrap it around his head and he is harmless. This one will weigh about 250 pounds. A half-dozen men then can pick him up and carry him stretched out like a timber."

But Carl went home to Idaho in September without the Peninsula Python.

The snake was reported a few more times as the leaves began to fall. The hunters never got word quick enough to see him and shoot, and he traveled too fast, when frightened, to trail. But with the first heavy frost, all trace of him was lost.

The posse watched the skies for the wheel of buzzards to lead them to his carcass, dead of cold. No buzzards circled. "He must have holed up under the overhanging roots of a big tree along the river banks," they reasoned.

They are still waiting for the Peninsula Python to reappear.

"GERTIE IS ALL RIGHT"

by EDWARD W. RUSSELL

1

It was a zebra in a Duke's back yard which bit me into radar in 1939. Otherwise I should have known nothing about it. Zebra stallions are uncommon in our quiet English countryside. They are not, as zoologists would say, indigenous. But just before war broke out, it chanced that I was badly chewed by a vicious specimen and was rushed to the operating table of a hospital which — embarrassingly — specialized in maternity. After that, not even radar surprised me very much.

In those early days, the War Office was besieged by volunteers, and officers were harassed. Perhaps that explains it.

"What happened to you?" asked the man to whom I offered my services, as he eyed my sling and bandages.

"I've been bitten by a zebra," I replied, believing, quaintly, that one should always tell the truth to Full Colonels.

"This," he replied, reddening like a fighting fish that has just seen another, "is no time for levity! *Go away!*"

I think he must have had ulcers.

I did not know the Wing Commander well, but we had sometimes had a drink together at the Club. One night he tackled me before I had even had time to order. "Will you join the RAF tomorrow morning?" he asked abruptly.

"Does the RAF mind zebra bites?" I countered, still smarting from the Colonel.

"They need men so desperately for certain duties that you could have been sat on by an elephant for all they care," he replied.

"There is no man in England," I protested, "who knows less about the RAF than I do. I *had* planned to join the Army. I'm too old to fly. What do you want me to do?"

"It's so secret I can't tell you," he replied.

"How would I start?" I asked.

"Be at the Air Ministry at nine o'clock tomorrow and I'll send you in a car," he answered. "And can you bring two others with you?"

I sipped my drink and asked a few questions. It all seemed genuine enough and urgent.

After graduating from Cambridge University, Edward W. Russell established himself firmly in Fleet Street, where for six years he was Managing Editor of the *Morning Post*. An encounter with a zebra resulted in his being in a somewhat damaged condition at the outbreak of the war. For this and other reasons, he was assigned to the Special Duties branch of the RAF Volunteer Reserve with results which this article delightfully discloses.

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"Would you take a Member of Parliament and a man who has spent all his life in China — Wu-Hu or Hu-Wu or somewhere?"

"We are up against it. We'll take almost anything. That's why I asked you," he said, with what I thought was unnecessary candor.

Much telephoning and several drinks — with the result that the man from Wu-Hu, the Honorable Member, and I reported in Whitehall at nine o'clock the next morning. An Air Ministry car was waiting and bore us swiftly out of London to our secret destination.

"You must be prepared to serve for weeks without uniforms or pay" were the Wing Commander's parting words. "There's no time to wait for that sort of thing. I've told 'em you're coming and are ready to start right away. And remember — what you will see is the most important secret of the war. You must not breathe a syllable to any living soul."

"Where are you taking us?" we asked the driver.

The driver put his finger to his lips. Obviously another Phillips Oppenheim fan.

Another Wing Commander met us. He was plainly unused to assorted civilians. "Will you tell me," he asked with some embarrassment, "what your civilian experience has been?"

"This man," I said breaking an awkward silence, "is a Member of Parliament, that one has spent all his life in Wu-Hu, and I am a newspaperman."

The Wing Commander was visibly shaken. But he rallied himself with an effort. "Thank you," he said. "I think we had better get right on with it."

We followed him as he led the way to the most amazing room in the world. It was a large, lofty room, and in the center was a huge table covered with a giant map of England and adjoining waters — all ruled off in numbered squares. Around it sat "plotters," connected by telephone to many distant radar stations and ready to put down a symbol on the map as soon as an approaching aircraft was reported. For a long time no aircraft had been able to approach or leave England without its being known in that room. The plane that took Mr. Chamberlain to Munich had been "watched" by the high-power radar stations of the "coastal chain."

Around the walls and overlooking the map was a gallery from which "controllers" and other officers with multifarious and unintelligible duties could supervise what was going on below. Ours were to be some of these unintelligible duties.

The inmates were — for the most part — friendly but far too busy to give any detailed explanations or to show us how to do what we were supposed to do. "You must pick it up for yourselves," said the Wing Commander later, "*somehow*. No one has time to train you. You had better go to the coast tomorrow and see one of the stations. And I want you to be trained to go on watch within a week. These fellows on the job here are wanted urgently somewhere else."

"This," said the man from the Far East, "is *very* different from Wu-Hu."

"I must get a book on cathode-ray tubes — or whatever they call them — to read in bed," said the Member of Parliament.

But a twinge from my zebra bite made me wonder whether Science or Fate was the more remarkable.

2

A MILE away, silhouetted against a scudding English sky, the giant, grotesque towers of a high-power radar station suggested something H. G. Wells might have dreamed up in an exalted moment. But in the taproom of the "Goat and Compasses" inn, where we went to restore ourselves after a dazzling introduction to radiolocation (as we used to call it), everything was much the same as it had been for two hundred years or more.

Conversation soon drifted to those mystery towers, though we, of course, kept silence. "Them's to stop them German airyplanes," observed the little man in the corner. "They does it with a ray wot comes out of the top and mooks oop their engines. Then they falls into the sea — and sarve 'em dang well right."

"That's a daft word," retorted a cynic, lounging against the bar. "Them's got no ray. 'T ain't sinse. Them's for they RAF chaps to climb up — seed 'em doing it — so's they can see the Germans a-comin'. Then they blows a whistle to them young gals down below in the 'uts."

"Proper cold for 'em, pore fellers," commented a practical-looking ancient with a clay pipe.

"No. It's a ray wot does it orlright," interposed a lorry driver. "Only a week come Tuesday, pal o' mine saw three lorries and two cars stuck on the road right by them towers. Saw it with 'is own eyes. Couldn't do nothin' with their engines till an RAF bloke come out and saw wot was 'appenin'. Then 'e went inside and turned off the ray and they all started up a treat. Me pal didn't 'arf larf!"

We finished our beer and left, reflecting that some Security Officers must have done a pretty good job.

In the far-off United States they had begun to talk about a "phony" war. But to the RAF there was nothing phony about it, and in the secret Radar Control Room (they called it a "Filter Room") vigilance was never relaxed day or night. Many times each second, for twenty-four hours a day, the coastal chain of huge radar stations flung etheric "pulses" far over the North Sea; and scarcely an hour passed but that a returning radio "echo" brought tidings of some enemy activity to the quiet room with its huge maps and innumerable telephones.

Tonight there was unusual excitement. A new station was going "on the air" for the first time, and scientists and senior officers waited expectantly for results.

They were not long in coming. Aircraft were detected off the coast approaching England on an unusual course. A rapid check indicated that they

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must be hostile. It was a wild and dirty winter's night with sleet and snow on the coast. No friendly aircraft in their senses would be flying in that area, and no fighters could possibly take off to intercept the enemy.

Hostile aircraft were still sufficiently infrequent to cause some excitement. (This was late 1939.) The alarm went out. A large part of England was "put under a red." In a few minutes, in distant towns and villages, the screaming sirens brought air-raid wardens tumbling from their warm beds to stagger through the blizzard to their posts. All stations in the neighborhood were warned to check on the approaching enemy, but all reported that they could "see" nothing.

Very Senior Officers came into the Filter Room. Away in Whitehall, their Lordships of the Admiralty viewed with concern and diverted certain naval vessels and warned all merchant shipping in the afflicted area.

All this happened in a matter of minutes. Then the new station reported that the aircraft had disappeared. But before the warnings could be called off or the excitement subside, more aircraft were sighted in the original position and on the original course. Excitement revived. Then some alert expert had the presence of mind to work out the speed of the approaching enemy. He found it was sixty miles an hour.

An aircraft doing only sixty miles an hour must be a new and sinister form of German secret weapon. Excitement grew and tension mounted. "Perhaps, sir," I suggested to a Very Senior Officer, "the new equipment is not working properly?"

The VSO glowered at me as if I had snickered in church. "Sure no other stations are picking 'em up? Make another check."

Feeling put in my place, I flicked the phone keys under my hand and talked to six radar stations in rapid succession. The tone of the replies suggested that I was casting aspersions on the sobriety of the operators. As I reported this to the VSO the message came that the aircraft had disappeared again.

Six times that night the same thing happened — aircraft at approximately sixty miles an hour, *with* the wind behind them, following the same course, and always disappearing in the same position.

"I believe," said the VSO reluctantly, "that the new equipment needs some adjustment. Send down a maintenance party and tell 'em to drive like hell. Give 'em the O.K. to use headlights, and warn the police."

I made the necessary calls.

"And you might ask the new station once more," said the VSO, "*exactly* what they think they are seeing."

A young Scientific Officer at the other end of the line was palpably hurt. "German aircraft, of course," he replied in an offended tone.

"Well," I said caustically, "if you've been seeing German aircraft all night, you've got a private and exclusive blitz in your part of England which no one else has noticed."

His reply suggested that I was a crude fellow with no appreciation of the wonders of science in general and of his new equipment in particular. But the VSO decided to take the station off the air till the scientists could look it over.

The order went forth and the room resumed its early morning calm. The alerts were canceled, wardens staggered back to bed, and the WAAF "tellers" and "plotters" resumed their knitting or their detective stories, according to their tastes. In the Admiralty, their Lordships no longer viewed with concern. The VSO went to bed.

It was not until next day, after the Scientific Officers had been in a lengthy huddle, that the awful truth emerged. No Luftwaffe had been abroad that night. No sixty-mile-an-hour monstrosity had menaced the safety of the English coast. But Central Europe was freezing up, and geese were flying to wherever they go when Europe gets too cold for them. In their migration, successive gaggles had flown into range of the new station, which had plotted them accurately till they alighted on sandbanks to rest and thus faded from its sight.

Even now some of the die-hard Scientific Officers will not openly admit that this story is true. But I was kept from a cigarette for over five hours and have reason to know that it is. And if that is not enough, I can report a conversation I overheard later in the mess.

One of the scientists was talking to a colleague, a can of beer in one hand and a slide rule in the other. "I have just worked out," he said, in the tone in which an artist discusses his masterpiece, "that the wing span of an Average Goose is a by no means impossible harmonic of *lambda*."

"That's significant," said his friend with a look of admiration. "*Very* significant."

This was clearly a Turning Point in Science and the two men enjoyed the exaltation of the moment. No man in history had ever before calculated the wavelength of an Average Goose. Even the Athenaeum would be shaken when victory made it possible to publish the discovery. This was a moment for celebration.

"This is a great occasion," said the man with the slide rule as he pressed the bell for the waiter. "Let's have the other half-can."

In the Admiralty, when they heard the story, their Lordships viewed it in a rather different light. Many people had lost their sleep, and much fuel oil had been expended.

Only the geese resumed their untroubled way.

3

At 0400 human vitality, it is said, is at its lowest ebb, and the human mind is apt to miss on several cylinders. Officers on watch in the Radar Filter Room

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were no exception to this rule. To make matters worse, many of us were only days from civil life and still hazy about the technicalities, complexities, and code words that were spoken unceasingly over the secret telephone network that linked radar stations from Scotland to the South Coast with the incredible Control Room where we worked.

Few of us knew anything about the RAF and its procedure, and none of us had dreamed that radar was even a possibility till a short time before, so well had the secret been kept. Now we were supposed to understand — and act on — a strange new jargon in a strange new world where daylight never penetrated, where telephones never stopped posing conundrums, and where senior and genuine RAF officers regarded the likes of us with an understandable suspicion. For in those early days we might easily have confused a cathode-ray tube with an Air Vice Marshal.

Only that evening one of us had cracked under the strain. The Controller was in a bad mood. Three stations had had technical trouble at an awkward moment and the stand-by equipment, which was switched on to cover the gaps, was never entirely satisfactory.

"Get hold of moss at once," he snapped to my colleague at the other position in the gallery, which overlooked the great plotting table with its squared map of England.

My colleague had not fully recovered from ten minutes on the phone with one of the stations in trouble which, probably from sheer malice towards the Filter Room, invariably reported its technical dilemmas in the most impenetrable Glasgow accent. And now this was too much. "I will, sir," he said politely but wearily, "if you will kindly tell me whether moss is a code word, a piece of apparatus, or one of the airmen."

Then, at 0400, I fell right into it myself. My mind, I confess, was wandering. A few feet away sat a WAAF teller placidly knitting "tiny garments" for a pregnant married sister, apparently oblivious of the miraculous nature of her duties and of the incongruity of knitting woolly panties in such a Wellsian atmosphere. Yet I knew she watched the map the whole time with one eye, ready to warn the fighter stations of approaching German bombers.

I was wondering whether I should ever again be able to see a baby wearing pink woolly panties without remembering this fantastic place, when a light flashed on the long switchboard under my hand. I touched a key and picked up the receiver. It was a station in the far North; the voice was pregnant with urgency.

"Gertie," it said, "is *all right*."

"What's that?" I asked, trying to remember what "Gertie" stood for in the code book.

The voice became even more insistent and impressive. "Gertie is *all right*," it repeated with renewed fervor. Then, by ill fortune, the line went dead and I had to warn the engineers to fix it.

"Gertie" was not in the code book. But obviously the matter was urgent. I roused the Controller from his crossword puzzle.

"Gertie, sir," I said with all the assurance one can muster at 0400, "is *all right*."

I might have known from the look of blank astonishment that the Controller had not the faintest idea what Gertie was, and did not like to admit it. But in those days I thought Controllers were supermen and knew everything.

"Quite so," he said hesitantly, reaching surreptitiously for a code book. "*Quite* so."

After a few moments he came over to my position on the gallery. "The message," he said, "is not quite clear. But as we cannot query it till the line is repaired, we had better not take any chances. Tell the Groups." The gist of what the Groups replied sleepily was that Gertie's condition did not interest them at all.

"Better warn the Army," said the Controller. "Might be one of their ack-ack parties." The Army, after much telephoning, disowned Gertie in no uncertain terms.

"Get onto the Admiralty and ask them what they think should be done," said the Controller. But after much nautical ribaldry from the recesses of Whitehall it appeared that the Royal Navy took much the same view of Gertie as the Army. They suggested, however, that it was probably a matter for the Ministry of Home Security.

Every department or agency connected with the Radar Control Room was told about Gertie. The result was the same in each case — except for one free and independent civilian in one of the departments, who dared reply that he did not know who or what Gertie was and at that hour of the night was in no particular mood to make a study of the subject.

Both the Controller and I were on the spot. For by now a large part of England had been alerted about Gertie's condition, and the more conscientious officers — having thumbed their code books in vain — were now calling back for further details from every corner of Britain's defense network.

"I think," said the Controller in a voice which showed he was a born leader, "we had better make sure the original message was passed correctly. If the line's been fixed, call the station and tell them we think they must be using the wrong code. Be careful what you say — you must not discuss code words too freely even on our lines."

I got through to that infernal station in the far North and asked, with as much dignity and discretion as I can summon at 0400, exactly what they meant by their message about Gertie.

"Blimey, sir, I'm sorry," came the reply. "Didn't know I'd been talkin' to you. Thought I was speakin' to me brother-in-law."

"Yes," I said irritably, "but who *is* Gertie and *why* is she — or it — all right?"

"Gertie, sir," replied the station in the North,

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"is me wife. 'Ad an operation this evenin'. Come through it fine."

"I am delighted to hear it," I said, and walked over to the Controller.

"I am sorry, sir," I said, "but it appears that the original message was not intended for us."

The Controller was human after all, even at 0400. "No harm done," he said, winking solemnly. "Good thing to keep everyone awake and on their toes." We understood each other perfectly.

4

Since before Munich, Britain's North Sea approaches had been effectively protected by an invisible bastion of radar. But after war started, additional radar stations were rushed to completion in the South and West as new and improved equipment poured from secret factory production lines. These stations had to be tested and calibrated by flying aircraft on known courses in the neighborhood. Sometimes autogyros were used, since they could remain more or less stationary over fixed points while the scientists checked the radar instruments. Unfortunately, the scientists found church steeples most useful as fixed points. This practice led to the Regrettable Episode of the Vicar and the Autogyro.

None of the British public knew even of the existence of radar in those days, and autogyros hovering for hours over steeples were bound to lead to some comment and misunderstanding. Even so, all might have been well if the scientists had been a little less preoccupied.

The story is best told in the words of the official report, though nothing would induce me to reveal by whom the report was written. It caused quite enough trouble at the time. In the normal course of events it would have been lost forever in the files of Whitehall. But when, in 1940, Britain gave the United States free access to her radar secrets, all files were thrown open to American scientists. It was one of them who dragged this report from merciful obscurity and republished it — with an illustration — in a restricted scientific paper. He is said to have done so to prove to his incredulous colleagues that the British have a sense of humor.

That is how the lost report came to the United States and how I saw it again after many years. Now that there is nothing secret about it, I can quote it in full, merely deleting all clues to the identities of those concerned.

REPORT: *To Officer Commanding . . .*

1. In view of possible repercussions from the Church and the Press, you may wish to be advised of the regrettable and unusual results of an experiment conducted under the direction of the Research Staff.

2. The facts, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, are as follows.

3. On Sunday morning, the Scientific Officer in charge of tests instructed the pilot of an autogyro to proceed to the village of ——— and to hover over the church spire, which afforded an admirable fixed point for calibration purposes.

4. It would appear that, in their concentration on this vital aspect of the national effort, all concerned had momentarily forgotten the day of the week and the fact that Matins would be in progress.

5. In accordance with his instructions, therefore, the pilot brought his autogyro into position, at a low altitude over the spire, and hovered during the entire progress of the service, thereby, it is feared, making devotions difficult and the sermon inaudible.

6. The pilot observed the congregation leaving the church and regarding the autogyro with expressions of annoyance and distaste, but continued hovering in accordance with instructions.

7. Shortly afterwards he was startled by two loud explosions and, looking down to ascertain the cause, was surprised to see the Vicar standing in the graveyard with a smoking shotgun with which, the pilot deduced, he had just attempted to secure a left and right at the autogyro.

8. Considering that the interest of science would best be served by withdrawing from the danger area, before the Vicar had time to reload, the pilot returned to his base.

9. The Scientific Officer, however, was of the opinion that he was fully justified in ordering the pilot to risk further salvos of ack-ack from the Vicar, in view of the urgent importance of completing calibration tests. He accordingly instructed the pilot to return and to continue hovering over the spire.

10. The pilot, to whose intrepid *sang-froid* you may wish to draw the attention of the appropriate authorities, resumed his station over the spire during the late afternoon and evening, a period which unfortunately coincided with Evensong — a fact which the Scientific Officer, doubtless by sheer inadvertence, had overlooked.

11. No further ack-ack was encountered, but signs of alarm and despondency among the parishioners were not lacking, and the Vicar was observed to be marshaling his flock and giving them urgent instructions.

12. There was much coming and going from the vicarage and the village. The pilot observed objects among the graves in the churchyard. Slightly reducing his altitude, he was able to identify these objects as bed linen, towels, sheets, pants, vests, nightshirts, and so forth. It is understood, however, that these articles were specifically brought from the vicarage and neighboring cottages and that any reports that may be received, to the effect that the parishioners were disrobing in the churchyard under the Vicar's instructions, should be treated with reserve.

13. Eventually, this assortment of linen and underclothes was seen to take the form of huge letters

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spread across the churchyard, which the pilot was able to identify without difficulty as a message clearly intended for himself.

14. The message read: "In the name of God, go!"

15. In our view, the pilot was correct in interpreting this as a sign that his presence was unwelcome to the civilian population; and, not desirous of unnecessarily hazarding his aircraft to further ack-ack fire, he decided, no doubt wisely, to terminate the test and landed safely at his base.

16. It is not unreasonable to anticipate the possibility of unfavorable criticism being directed against this branch of the Service through the usual channels, and you may wish to be apprised of the facts in order to consider appropriate action.

(*signed*) . . . . . .
DIRECTOR

5

FROM the Olympian heights of Whitehall, the finger of authority unaccountably reached down to a very low level and jerked me out of my duties just as I was beginning to learn the difference between a goniometer and a Group Captain.

"You," said authority, "will recruit radar personnel. We want as many as you can get."

Already, early in 1940, British radar equipment was flowing from the factories in quantity. But *trained* men and women to operate and service it could not be produced so rapidly. Simply stated, the problem was to find in sufficient numbers people who did not exist, to undertake entirely new duties which could not be specified, at places which could not be mentioned. And for certain types of work, no one yet knew what civilian experience was the most useful.

We went, first of all, after the radio "hams." We snatched scientists from laboratories; we wheedled service men from radio shops; we scrutinized lists of radio societies. We interviewed university authorities. In the colleges and hotels of Oxford and Cambridge, I persuaded young men to join the RAF at once without giving a hint of what it was about. Fortunately their enthusiasm to serve was as high as the information I could give was meager.

Women, too, were wanted in large numbers to operate the secret equipment. They could not be told what they were expected to do. At times, we interviewed some eighty a day — allowing three minutes to size up each. Fortunately women officers took part. For only a woman's intuition could tackle such a problem effectively.

The word went round that we needed various types. Lawyers, journalists, mechanics, businessmen, society novelists, explorers, advertising agents, engineers, mathematicians, professors, and adventurers — all passed through the office in a ceaseless stream. All had to be interviewed — any of them might provide a type which was urgently wanted.

With the fall of France, authority decided to evacuate certain departments from London. I appealed. "It's hard enough finding people for secret duties at secret places," I explained. "If my office is to be moved to a secret building in a secret location and people cannot find me without discovering the secret, things will become impossible."

Authority relented. But demands for personnel of various kinds increased. "I want a lot of new officers immediately," came a peremptory demand one morning. "Get 'em at all costs. *You* know the type of work and must find the best civilian types. Must have 'em in uniform within a week."

One of the Club's incomparable cocktails — of which I never remembered to ask the recipe before the building was bombed — brought inspiration. I abandoned lunch and hailed a taxi. "Drive me to the Stock Exchange," I said with some misgiving.

My uniform gained me immediate admission to the Secretary. "I want a lot of arbitrage men to join the RAF immediately," I replied to his friendly inquiry. "It's vitally urgent, but I cannot tell you more than that."

For a moment he looked as startled as if I had asked him to list a flotation of Sixth Mortgage Debenture Consolidated Swindles. Then the tradition of the City of London — not to be surprised at anything — took hold and he reached quickly for the phone.

"I don't know how many are available," he said, "but I will see what I can do for you."

The Stock Exchange rallied round with lightning speed. Within a week the required officers, with arbitrage or similar experience, were on their way. They were trained and fully experienced just in time for the Battle of Britain and did a wonderful job.

One day I must get someone to tell me *exactly* what arbitrage is. Whatever it is, the RAF found that it could use that type of brain.

I shall always be grateful to those men in the Stock Exchange. I wish I could give them more business.

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THE ATLANTIC SERIAL

THE YOUNG TOLSTOY

"The Hero of My Tale Is Truth"

by ERNEST J. SIMMONS

Leo (Lyovochka) Tolstoy was the fourth son of Count Nikolai Tolstoy, a Russian nobleman whose family had been elevated and enriched during the reigns of Peter I and Catherine II. He hardly knew his mother, for she died before he was two. Leo's golden age was spent on the huge family estate, Yasnaya Polyana, with its thousands of acres and hundreds of serfs. There he played with his three brothers, Dmitri (Mitenka), Sergei (Seryozha), and Nikolai (Koko), and with them banded together into the Ant Brotherhood; there he acquired some rudimentary German from their tutor, Fyodor Ivanovich; there he felt the religious zeal of Aunt Alexandra, listened while Auntie Tatyana played the piano, and imbibed what little knowledge he was ever to have of his good-natured but ineffectual father. A visit to Moscow when Leo was eight ended in the tragic death of his father. From that time until he came into his inheritance at nineteen, Leo was an indifferent student and a social misfit.

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SPRING was filling the air again, always a harbinger of restlessness for Tolstoy. "Not long ago," he wrote from Moscow in March, 1851, to Auntie Tatyana, "I read in a book that the first tokens of spring affect usually the moral side of man. With the renewal of nature one also wishes to be renewed. One regrets the past, the time badly spent, and one repents weaknesses, and the future appears like a bright hope before us; one becomes better, morally better." In truth, he was morally sick of his Moscow life and felt the need of renewal.

At this opportune moment, the arrival from the Caucasus of his beloved brother Nikolai, whom he had not seen for four years, settled the issue. He decided that he would keep Nikolai beside him as long as possible during his furlough and then accompany him on his return to his regiment in the Caucasus in May.

During the journey, Nikolai complained of his brother's cleanliness. Changing one's shirt "twelve times a day," as he put it, seemed excessive. The fastidious Leo, on the other hand, admired nearly everything about his older brother except "his dirtiness." Several years of soldiering in the Caucasus had made Nikolai a bit forgetful about social amenities; it had also strengthened his independent nature, which now manifested itself in the itinerary that he planned.

Instead of taking the direct southern route to the Caucasus by way of Voronezh, he decided to head southeast for Saratov, in order to cover the long stretch from there to Astrakhan by boat down the Volga. A delightful prospect; and the additional attraction of a northern swing through Moscow and Kazan increased Leo's enthusiasm for the plan.

The memory of a girl's face may have contributed to Tolstoy's willingness to go by way of Kazan; a veiled hint in a letter to Auntie Tatyana suggests as much. She was Zinaida Molostvova, whom he had known and liked in his university days. Then, timidity on both sides had rendered dumb a mutual attraction. Five years had changed Zinaida, but had hardly made Tolstoy any less shy in the presence of a virtuous young woman. She was not a beauty, but the qualities of her mind that he now discovered, her wit, humor, and warm heart, rekindled his interest.

Tolstoy fell in love, and in that brief week missed no opportunity to be in Zinaida's company. She obviously reciprocated, but for both of them love was apparently a secret thing, expansive only in hidden ways. He recalled how they stood in the side path of the archbishop's garden. It was on the tip of his tongue to declare himself, and she too almost hinted. Nothing was said, for at that moment words would have spoiled their felicity. He left Kazan with this undeclared love buried in his heart.

On the thirtieth of May, after about a month on the road, the brothers arrived at the Cossack village of Starogladkovskaya, where Nikolai's battery was stationed. The spell of strange places was quickly

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broken, and somewhat disillusioned he asked himself in his diary how he had got there and with what purpose.

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STAROGLADKOVSKAYA nestled in a hollow on the left bank of the Terek River, which served as a border between the Grebensk Cossacks and hostile Mohammedan hill tribes. Here Tolstoy spent the next two and a half years, although he made frequent trips to surrounding villages, forts, and watering places.

The village consisted of a single street of reed-thatched huts adorned with large carved gables and high porches. Surrounding them were kitchen gardens, dark green poplars, and acacias with their delicate pale leaves and scented white blossoms. The inhabitants, a Cossack sect of Old Believers who separated from the Russo-Greek Church in the seventeenth century, were a proud, independent people. They retained the Russian language and their ancient faith in all its purity, although they had intermarried with the native Chechens and adopted their manners and customs. Plundering and war were their trades, and swaggering bravery was a cult.

They acknowledged none but Cossacks as human beings, and despised everybody else, especially Russian peasant soldiers. Drunkenness they regarded as a rite, the non-practice of which was considered apostasy. Although the Cossack women were in nominal subjection to the men and did most of the heavy farm work, they were endowed with a peculiarly emancipated masculine character. A combination of the purest Circassian type of face with the broad, powerful build of northern women gave them a strikingly handsome appearance in their colorful, semi-Oriental dress. In their relations with men they enjoyed complete freedom, especially the unmarried girls.

The native setting interested Tolstoy more than the battery of Russian soldiers quartered in the village. He was well received by the officers of the battery, and all the more so as the brother of Lieutenant Nikolai Tolstoy, who was admired by his comrades in arms. They were a typical group of soldiers of the line, brave, hard-drinking, incessant gamblers, and, for the most part, poorly educated. Many of them had come to the Caucasus as a promised land, in order to repair their fortunes after reverses in Russia.

The commander, N. P. Alekseyev, was an exceptional individual and a general favorite with both officers and soldiers. He presented an unusual appearance, for one of his ears had been bitten off by a horse. Extremely pious, he spent whole hours in prayer, kneeling and bowing to the ground, and his dislike of vodka frequently led him to lecture the young officers, in a kindly spirit, on the evils of strong liquor. Tolstoy thought him vain, and often amused himself at dinner by pretending to drink, in order to provoke the commander to deliver his temperance sermon that always ended with an offer of sweets instead of vodka.

A few days after his arrival, Tolstoy followed his brother to the near-by fortified camp of Stary Yurt. Here many invalids availed themselves of the excellent mineral springs. Several weeks later he wrote a letter to Auntie Tatyana in which he described the camp and his new life. His tent looked out on a magnificent view of the mountain. Enormous rock structures were intersected by torrents of hot water which gave off a white vapor that covered the whole upper part of the mountain in the morning. The water was so hot that one could boil an egg in it in three minutes. He spent hours gazing on the savage beauty of the place and idly watching the handsome Tatar women wash clothes by pounding them with their feet in adjacent pools. The ferruginous baths, he added, helped his rheumatism.

A passage in the diary at this time, however, belies Tolstoy's picture of contentment. An inexplicable despondency, he wrote, filled his soul and saddened him. Perhaps something of this disillusion grew out of his confused feelings for Zinaida Molostvova, for his thoughts returned to the girl he had left behind in Kazan. He confesses in the diary that he is ignorant of what men call love. Is it like religion — a pure and lofty sentiment? He doubts now that he has any such feeling for Zinaida.

And then he begins to suspect his very doubts. "Shall I never see her again?" he writes. ". . . Not yet abandoned are my schemes of journeying back to marry her; I am in love, although I am not entirely convinced that she would constitute happiness for me."

Then Tolstoy forgot love while wooing God and fighting the devil. It was night at Stary Yurt, a week after his arrival. He sat on a drum in the tent, writing his diary. The candlelight outlined sharply the shapes of pistols, Circassian sabers, poniards, and trousers hanging along the canvas walls. The evening noises of challenging sentries, of a soldier coughing in his sleep, and the distant baying of a dog disturbed his thoughts.

"I am searching for a certain frame of mind," he jots down, "a view of things, a form of life which I do not grasp and am unable to define." He begins to pray to God. "It is impossible to convey the blissful feeling I experienced in prayer. . . . Yet, if prayer be defined as a petition or thanksgiving, I was not praying. Rather, I was yearning for something lofty and good. What that something was I cannot explain, although I clearly recognized what I desired. I wanted to become fused with the All-Embracing Substance. I besought It to pardon my sins. . . . I could not separate the feelings of faith, hope, and love from my general feeling. No, the feeling I experienced last night was love for God, uniting in itself all that is good and renouncing what is bad."

This sudden religious rapture under the impact of new scenes plainly anticipates the direction Tolstoy took many years later in his dramatic search for the meaning of life. Now, the irrepressible urges of youth trip him up in his sincere yearning after the lofty and

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good. "Not an hour had passed," he records, "before I almost consciously heard the voice of vice, vanity, of the empty side of life. I knew whence this voice came; I knew that it had destroyed my state of blessedness. I struggled but yielded to it, and I fell asleep, dreaming of fame and women. But it was not my fault; I could not help it."

The excitement of a raid on the Chechens took Tolstoy's mind off his personal failings. He gladly accepted an offer to volunteer. Little is known of Tolstoy's part in this raid, but there is some evidence to indicate that he acted bravely in his baptism of fire. His only comment in the diary runs: "Recently I took part in a raid. I did not act well; was even unconsciously afraid of Baryatinski." The general, however, had observed his conduct. Shortly after the raid, he was presented to Baryatinski by Ilya Tolstoy, a distant relative, who was traveling in the Caucasus. At the meeting Baryatinski praised Tolstoy for his courageous bearing under fire, and advised him to enter the service as soon as possible.

Tolstoy thought Baryatinski's advice worth considering, and his brother Nikolai seconded it. Perhaps it would put an end to his ceaseless indecision. He wrote to Auntie Tatyana: "I have finally decided to serve in the Caucasus. I have not yet determined whether it will be the military or civil service under Prince Vorontsov. My trip to Tiflis will decide the matter."

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Four months passed before Tolstoy could make up his mind about the army. New companions, the beauties of nature, hunting, literary activities, Cossack women, and perhaps a rooted dislike for the responsibilities of a settled occupation, postponed his decision. In restless activity he shuttled back and forth between Groznoye, another fortified post, Stary Yurt, and Starogladkovskaya. Sado, a "peaceful" young Chechen, who used to gamble with the officers, became his *kunak* ("sworn friend"). Since he could not write or count, he was regularly cheated until Tolstoy won his endless gratitude by offering to play for him. A present of Nikolai's old silver watch sealed the friendship. Henceforth, no test of devotion was too great or dangerous for Sado.

If Tolstoy needed a horse, Sado cheerfully offered his, and was deeply hurt if the gift was refused. He learned that Tolstoy's brother Sergei was a lover of good horses, and he at once suggested going up into the hills to steal the finest mount for the brother of his friend. Although the son of a well-to-do father, Sado lived by such thievery. He was a *dzhigit* ("a daring fellow"), who considered it his prescriptive right to steal from the enemies of Russia, even at the risk of his life. And he often risked his life for a theft that would bring him a few rubles.

A more epic figure was Tolstoy's extraordinary friend Epishka Sekhin, who later inspired Eroshka in *The Cossacks*. Epishka was an ancient Cossack in whose hut at Starogladkovskaya Tolstoy and Nikolai were quartered. For many years he had been a notorious character in the surrounding country. Of gigantic size, unusually well-proportioned, and still very strong and lively despite his eighty years, Epishka made a striking figure in his bush beard dyed red and in his ragged hunting clothes.

Epishka described himself as "a *dzhigit*, a thief, and a swindler." As a youth, he had distinguished himself as a most skillful horse thief and slayer of Chechens. Nor had he always been too particular about whose horses he stole or what "enemies" he killed; the Russians had also been his victims, and he had twice spent time in Russian prisons. In his old age, he contented himself with hunting, drinking, spinning yarns, and singing native songs.

Tolstoy spent much time in Epishka's company, and learned a great deal from his wide knowledge of woodcraft and hunting. No doubt, he was also peculiarly responsive at this time to the old man's simple earthy philosophy, which offered a soothing solution for his own inner struggle between the good and bad impulses of his nature. God, Epishka firmly believed, made everything for the joy of man. There was no sin in any of it. Undeniably this was a comforting theory of life for that wild country, and much of Tolstoy's stay in the Caucasus was influenced by the ancient Cossack's forthright hedonism. In his youth Epishka had prided himself on his prowess with the girls, and he has an eye for them even in his old age. In *The Cossacks*, Olenin [Tolstoy] rebukes this senile propensity of Eroshka as a sin. "A sin?" roars Eroshka. "Where's the sin? A sin to look at a fine girl? A sin to have some fun with her? Or is it a sin to love her? Is that so in your parts? No, my dear fellow, it is not a sin, it's a salvation."

Under the strong influence of these wholly natural people, Tolstoy, like Olenin, wanted to forget the puzzle of his existence, to turn his back on the civilization of sophisticated society, with its artificial etiquette, its obligatory chatter, and its modish dandies and damsels with pomatum-greased hair eked out with false curls. He yearned to live as these Cossacks lived. They fought, ate, drank, rejoiced, and died, without any restrictions other than those that nature placed on the sun, the animals, and trees. To him they seemed beautiful, strong, and free, and the sight of them made him feel ashamed of himself.

The wish to transform himself was there, but the fulfillment evaded Tolstoy. The cloak of civilization could not be sloughed off so easily. What would happen to his conscience, ambition, and desire to help others? By the time his twenty-third birthday had arrived, he and his new hopes reverted to type. He notes in the diary that from August 28 (his birthday) he will try to live in conformity with the aim he has set himself. The old rules are resurrected, and his determination is set down to work on a novel, to sketch, study the Tatar language, and read.

Just one week after the celebration of the birthday that was to begin his reformation, he sadly records in

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the diary: "I had counted much on this epoch, but unfortunately I remain always the same: in the course of several days I have done all the things I disapproved of. Abrupt changes are impossible. I had a woman, showed myself weak on several occasions — in simple relations with people, in dangers, in gambling, and I am still held back by false shame. I have told many lies. . . . I have been very lazy; and even now I cannot *collect my thoughts*, and *I write, but do not wish to write.*" The bubble of buying a hut, marrying a Cossack girl, and settling down in the Caucasus had been pricked by the knife of conscience. The law of his being had to be fulfilled.

At this point, after jotting down a Chechen song that he had heard, Tolstoy breaks off his diary for 1851, and some seven weeks after this last entry (on October 25), he left with his brother for Tiflis to take an examination for entrance into the army.

On January 3, 1852, Tolstoy had easily passed the examinations to qualify as a cadet, a noncommissioned officer of artillery, but his appointment was held up. He relieved the boredom of waiting by taking up billiards, at which game he quickly lost much more money than he could afford. Once again his financial plight grew desperate, for a gambling debt he had contracted several months before was about to fall due.

The note was held by an officer and friend of Nikolai, F. G. Knorring, whom Tolstoy heartily disliked. In despair he prayed to God for aid. He was convinced that his prayer had been answered, for the next morning he received a letter from Nikolai, who wrote that Sado, Tolstoy's devoted Chechen *kunak*, had won the note from Knorring and insisted on presenting it to his friend. Overjoyed by this "divine intervention" in a gambling debt, Tolstoy at once sent home for a revolver and a music box, which he knew would delight the generous Sado.

Worn out with waiting for the necessary document that would assure him an appointment, Tolstoy resorted to all the influence possible in high army circles of Tiflis. His efforts finally succeeded to the extent that he was assigned to the 4th Battery (his brother's) of the 20th Artillery Brigade as a noncommissioned officer of the 4th class, but he was advised that his appointment would not be officially recorded until the arrival of his discharge from the Tula civil service.

"You will not believe how this pleases me," he wrote to Auntie Tatyana. "It will seem strange to you, that I do not desire to be free. I have been free too long in everything; and it seems to me now that this excess of freedom has been the principal cause of my faults, and that it is even an evil." The future hater of war expressed his pleasure more bluntly to his brother Sergei: "With all my strength I will assist with the aid of a cannon in destroying the predatory and turbulent Asiatics."

At last Tolstoy was off to the wars, a soldier in uniform, though still lacking an official appointment. The viceroy of the Caucasus, Prince Vorontsov, had received an imperial order to put an end to the long resistance of the Chechens. Two Russian columns moved from opposite directions to effect a junction and trap the enemy. Tolstoy was with the main column under Major-General Baryatinski, and on the seventeenth and eighteenth of February he saw some fierce fighting in which the Russian forces were victorious.

During this campaign, he was cited twice for the coveted Cross of St. George, but the fact that his discharge paper from Tula had not yet arrived prevented the award's being made.

After the campaign, Tolstoy's battery returned to its base at Starogladkovskaya. Here he remained for the next four months, except for brief visits to the neighboring towns of Kizlyar and Oreshyovka, a trip to the Caspian shore, and a longer journey to Pyatigorsk to receive treatment for dysentery. He was also bothered by severe toothaches and rheumatism. The diary over this period is unusually detailed. It reveals clearly that he compensated for his restricted physical activity by an intense concern with his own thoughts and with reading and writing.

In a striking passage in the diary (March 29, 1852), he restates the idealism of the "Ant Brotherhood." "There is something in me," he writes, "that obliges me to believe that I was not born to be what other men are." He was perfectly sincere. From boyhood he had treasured the conviction that he was different; genius had whispered softly in his ear. But the prevailing feeling over these years had been one of defeat and unfulfilled hopes.

In June, Tolstoy heard the news that Zinaida was going to marry. Strangely enough, this sudden termination of a romance that he had run away from caused him little concern. "The fact vexes me," was his only comment in the diary, "the more so because I have felt so little perturbed."

While still at Pyatigorsk, Tolstoy had already begun to dwell fondly on the thought of returning to Yasnaya Polyana. The very notion brought tears to his eyes — this childhood weakness never deserted him; in fact, he considered it a virtue. He writes to Auntie Tatyana of the tearful joy they will share on meeting once again.

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MEANWHILE, he had already announced to this sympathetic aunt a significant fact — the completion of his first novel, the work that she had inspired and encouraged, and which he wrote, as he said, "to please her."

On July 3, 1852, Tolstoy wrote to N. A. Nekrasov, distinguished poet and editor of the *Contemporary*, Russia's leading progressive magazine: "My request will cost you such little effort that I am sure you will not refuse to grant it. Look over this manuscript, and if it is not suitable for printing, return it to me. If

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you appraise it otherwise, tell me what it is worth in your opinion and print it in your magazine. I agree in advance to any cutting that you may find necessary, but I desire that it be printed without any additions or changes in the text."

He then goes on to say that the manuscript is the first part of a novel under the general title of "Four Epochs of Growth," and that the appearance of the following parts will depend upon the success of the first.

Almost two months passed before Tolstoy received Nekrasov's reply. It "drove me silly with joy," he notes in the diary. The famous editor agreed to print *Childhood* in his periodical, and added: "Not knowing the continuation, I cannot say definitely, but it seems to me that the author has talent. In any case, the bent of the author and the simplicity and realism of the contents constitute the unquestionable worth of his production."

Childhood won praise on all sides, and the public was curious to learn the new author's name. (He had signed the manuscript with only the initials L.N.) Shortly after reading his novel in print, Tolstoy went to a neighboring post to hunt with some fellow officers. In a hut he came across an issue of *National Notes* in which he found a highly laudatory review of *Childhood*. He lay on a cot and read the account, dwelling greedily on every sentence of praise. The last one must have made his heart jump: "If this is the first production of L.N., then it is impossible not to congratulate Russian literature on the appearance of a new, remarkable talent." Tears of joy came to his eyes, and he obtained special pleasure from the thought that the comrades sitting around him did not realize it was he who was being praised in such lofty terms.

To fatten the young author's self-esteem came letters from Sergei and Auntie Tatyana, telling him that everybody was reading and raving about *Childhood*. Panayev, co-editor of the *Contemporary*, was avoided by his friends because he insisted upon cornering them on the street and reading extracts from the new work. Turgenev, who was under the impression that Nikolai, Tolstoy's brother, was the author, wrote to Nekrasov to tell him to encourage the author, and to convey his interest, greetings, and praise to him. In far-off Siberia the exiled Dostoyevsky wrote to a friend to ask him who was the mysterious L.N. whose recent story had so excited him. Tolstoy, like Turgenev and Dostoyevsky, had caught the public eye and that of the critics with his first published work and at once revealed himself as a coming new force in Russian literature.

Tolstoy's fiction is unusually autobiographical. This is no reflection on his imagination or power of invention, which were very considerable. But the life he transposed into art was largely his own life of recorded experience and observation, rendered infinitely effective by penetrating analysis and by his subtle choice of significant psychological and real detail. Although *Childhood* draws heavily upon his own experiences, there is a great deal of sheer invention in the work. Many of the characteristic qualities of his mature art are already apparent in this first extensive effort. The customary initial period of imitation and immature attempts was avoided in his artistic development. With little faltering and no false moves, he mounted at the first try the immortal steed of great art.

Lack of money, as well as the natural urge to write, kept Tolstoy working during this same year (1852). He sent off to the *Contemporary* his long short story, *The Raid*, the first of several works that grew directly out of his Caucasian experiences. He has still not divested himself entirely of the poetic glamour of war, but he questions the justifiability of it in *The Raid*. Of course, the government censor saw to it that only the "poetry" remained, and Tolstoy complained to his brother that all the good in the story had been struck out or mutilated. A recently published unexpurgated edition and the recovery of passages deleted in the original drafts reveal Tolstoy as well on the way towards that opposition to war which eventually resulted in his utter condemnation of it.

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In the Caucasus Tolstoy's thoughts turned to God and religion with a sincerity that he had never before experienced. He prayed every morning and found a new efficacy in prayer, because it "was not harmful and was moral solitude." Several moving prayers are set down in the diary over this period. Doubts, however, always lurked in the corners of his mind. He could never succeed, he said, in deriving an idea of God as clearly as the idea of virtue. For "the idea of God comes of man's recognition of his own weakness." By the end of his second year in the Caucasus, he had arrived at a perfectly honest and conventional creed which he wrote down in the diary: "I believe in the one, incomprehensible, and good God, in the immortality of the soul, and in the eternal reward for our deeds; I do not understand the mysteries of the trinity and the birth of the Son of God, but I honor and do not reject the faith of my fathers."

But in his personal life Tolstoy could take no deep satisfaction. His entry in the diary on his birthday is almost as severe as that of the preceding year, except that he adds a note of hope for the future: "I am now 24; yet I have done nothing. I feel that not in vain have I been struggling for 8 years with doubt and passions. For what am I destined? This the future will reveal. Killed 3 woodcocks."

The beginning of 1853 brought war again. Cadet Tolstoy prepared for action. Pensive contemplation gave way to martial fervor. The campaign ended Tolstoy's brief period of moral resistance. In camp, drinking, cards, and wenching were the order of the day between attacks. He complained sadly of Nikolai's fondness for vodka, and then got drunk himself, picked a fight with Ensign Yanovich for trying to

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break his fingers, and threatened to challenge him to a duel. He imagined how he would magnanimously give the ensign the first shot and then hold his own fire. The affair ended with mutual apologies, but Tolstoy earned the scowls of the officers for his tactless behavior.

Tolstoy's bravery in a major attack won him another recommendation for the St. George Cross. There was nothing he wanted so much as this little silver testimony of courageous conduct under fire. He stayed up so late over a game of chess that he failed to appear on duty the morning the award was to be made. Instead of the Cross, the commander of the brigade had him clapped in the guardhouse. From his prison he heard the drums beat and the band play while the awards were presented, and he yielded to utter despair. Some time later he was scheduled to receive another Cross allotted to his battery, but upon a hint from his colonel, he gave way to an old soldier of the line for whom the reward meant a pension for life.

When the battery got back to Starogladkovskaya at the end of March, Tolstoy continued to live as he had on the campaign — like a gambler, he said, who fears to count up how much he owes. His wild Chechen *kunaks*, Sado and Balta, were always at hand to lead him into some adventure or other. He was still quartered in Epishka's hut, and the ancient Cossack, with his roaring basso, quaint language, and inexhaustible supply of yarns, provided endless entertainment. Running through the diary at this time are frank references to Solomonida, Oksana, Kasatka, Fedosya, Teodorina, Aksinya, and others. "Everything young acts strongly on me," he confesses; "every woman's bare leg seems to me to belong to a beauty." In vain he tries to abide by his rule of exhausting himself with hard physical labor when he feels the ache of strong desire, and to no purpose does he tell himself over and over again that the pleasure is brief and the remorse great.

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At Starogladkovskaya a very noticeable change now took place in Tolstoy's relations with his fellow officers. With simple folk, such as Epishka, soldiers in the ranks, or peasants on the road, he was unusually successful in winning their confidence by his firm, straightforward, uncondescending manner. He felt that these common people were far above his own class by virtue of the work they accomplished and the privation they endured.

With his officer friends, his equals, or those who pretended to be his equals, he was standoffish, always afraid that they would underestimate him. He did not feel at ease with them, because he was convinced that they could never sympathize with his interests. His own standards were beyond their understanding. "Once for all," he writes in the diary, "I must become accustomed to the thought that I am an exception, and that either I am ahead of my age or am one of those incompatible, unadaptable natures that are never satisfied. . . . I have not yet met a single man who was morally as good as I, and who believed that I do not remember in my life an occasion when I was not attracted by what is good, was not ready to sacrifice everything for it."

But his natural conviviality and the desire to be liked by all, which had been strong within him from his boyhood days, reasserted itself. His hut now became a common meeting place for the officers. They dropped in at any hour for a drink of vodka or to chat. Some of them he even impressed into service to copy his manuscripts. When he could curb his sharp tongue and hypercritical nature, they enjoyed his jollity, humor, and superb storytelling ability.

The inevitable shame, sadness, and deep depression soon overtook Tolstoy for the excesses that had begun with the campaign. He revived his "rules of life" again to bolster up his moral backsliding. His precept of being content with the present was all very well, but day after day passed without anything getting done.

In July Tolstoy went to Pyatigorsk to see his sister, who had come with her husband for medical treatment. After some two years of separation, he was delighted to set eyes on Marya, but soon after their meeting he wrote home to Sergei to complain feelingly of the fact that neither she nor her husband had given the slightest evidence of any love for him. He was becoming peculiarly sensitive over his failure to inspire in people the sense of deep devotion of which he himself was capable. Two days before this letter, he wrote in his diary: "Why does nobody love me? I am not a fool, not deformed, not a bad man, not a dolt. It is incomprehensible." He could not always understand the absence in other people of his own intense sensibilities.

For the next four months Tolstoy wandered in aimless fashion from town to town in the neighborhood of Pyatigorsk. Restless, uneasy in his mind, and not always well, he complained constantly of his sloth and apathy. He took up spiritualism, and his sister relates that he would hold séances around a table in a sidewalk café. His principal diversions, however, were women and gambling. In August he lost at cards the large sum of three thousand rubles, although in an effort to pay up his outstanding debts he was trying to live on ten rubles a month.

Tolstoy's restlessness and depression were largely induced by the uncertainty about his immediate future. He had not intended to enter the army when he came to the Caucasus, but once having joined, he was ambitious for advancement and tangible rewards. He had had a reasonable expectancy of promotion after six months of acceptable service. But two years passed and he was still a cadet.

At last, his patience worn out, and against the advice of Auntie Tatyana and Sergei, who urged him to remain in the service, he sent in his request for a discharge. And when the lack of documents delayed his release, he asked for a furlough. In the meantime,

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Russia had declared war against Turkey, and retirement was forbidden until the end of hostilities. His hopes eventually centered on the possibility of obtaining both his promotion and a furlough, and finally a transfer to the army in action against the Turks on the Danube. On October 6, he wrote to his relative, Prince M. D. Gorchakov, head of the General Staff and commander of the Danubian armies, for a transfer.

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During 1853, literary activity was an effective counter-irritant for "moral deterioration." "Only work can afford me pleasure and profit," he jots down in the diary. Initial success drove him on. He laid out a rigid schedule of work. Every spare moment he had his pen in hand. Excited over a piece, his "heart fails," and he "trembles" on taking up his copybook. He read an article on the literary characteristics of genius, which awoke in him "the conviction that I am a remarkable man for my capacity and my eagerness to work." Fame seemed within his grasp.

Tolstoy at first worked hard on *Boyhood*, the continuation of *Childhood*, but before he finished, he lost interest. There are fewer autobiographical elements and more sheer fiction, but the work is too much overlaid with sentiment that dangerously borders on sentimentality. For a literary composition to be attractive, he felt that it should be directed by a consistent thought and penetrated by a consistent feeling. These conditions, he admitted, were lacking in *Boyhood*.

The wonderful evocative atmosphere of *Childhood* is thinner in the sequel, perhaps because of the greater emphasis he places upon analysis. Yet this analysis is uncannily convincing, responsive to all the evasive simplicity of a boy's inmost feelings. Some of the descriptive passages, such as the beautiful chapter on the storm, which with his own stern judgment he pronounced "excellent," foreshadow similar passages in his later works. He kept the manuscript by him for further correction until after he left the Caucasus.

In 1853 Tolstoy also wrote *Christmas Eve*, an unfinished short story of a young man's dissipation in Moscow; he continued the *Novel of a Russian Landowner* and *The Cossacks;* and he began *Caucasian Reminiscences*, and *The Woodfelling*. This represents a considerable amount of literary activity for a single year that was broken up by an extensive military campaign. And all he wrote was done with extreme care. Of *Boyhood* alone, the length of a short novel, there were three full versions.

On January 12, 1854, Tolstoy received the welcome news that he had been transferred to the 5th Battery of the 12th Artillery Brigade in active service on the Danube, and his request for a furlough was also granted. A week later, he joyfully set out on the long trip to Yasnaya Polyana.

Tolstoy's two and a half years in the Caucasus were a momentous period in his life. They provided a severe moral and physical test from which he emerged a maturer and more highly developed man. In his unceasing efforts towards self-perfection, he was inclined, as always, to magnify his moral failings. The remarkable fact is that he had any moral scruples left, when one considers the customary loose living of frontier soldiers and the easy morals of the natives.

The sternly subjective picture of himself which is reflected in his diary and letters must be corrected by the objective appraisal of his friends and associates over this period. The natives held him in high esteem. They admired his simplicity, honesty, and generosity, his expert horsemanship and unquestioned bravery, which won for him their highest commendation, the title of *dzhigit*. And once he learned not to demand too much from the officers, he gained their respect and even their admiration.

At Yasnaya Polyana the cadet from the Caucasus received a hearty welcome. Tolstoy found the affairs of his estate in good order, and himself "out of date, amended, and aged." The chief defect and peculiarity of his character, he presently decided, was that he had remained morally young too long, and that only now, at the age of twenty-five, had he acquired an independent, masculine view of things. He tested it that same day on a certain Mavrikiya, a pretty girl who distracted him at his prayers in chapel.

After a hurried visit to his sister's estate at Pokrovskoye, Tolstoy returned to find his three brothers awaiting him. Their reunion was joyous. Infinite talk amid infinite tobacco smoke lasted far into the night; then all four made up a bed on the floor and continued their chatter. Only Dmitri worried Tolstoy. Always strange and unconventional, Dmitri's deeply religious and chaste nature had lately succumbed to worldly temptation. His morbid conscience, like that of some character out of Dostoyevsky, had compelled him to pay for the release of his first prostitute from her brothel and make her his common-law wife. Moral and physical doom seemed already stamped upon his face and mind.

A few days after their meeting, all the brothers went to Moscow together. Tolstoy lavished money on military equipment, for news of his promotion to the rank of ensign had reached him. He next made his way to Shcherbachyovka, Dmitri's estate in the Kursk district, and from there, having first taken the precaution to write his will, he set out for the active Army of the Danube on March 3.

Nine days later Tolstoy, almost sick with fatigue, arrived at Bucharest; he had traveled some fourteen hundred miles by way of Poltava and Kishinyov, and most of it in rickety conveyances. Instead of the atmosphere of war he expected to be plunged into, he found a disappointingly peaceful city.

Auntie Tatyana had hopes that her darling would obtain the fairly safe sinecure of adjutant to his relative, Prince M. D. Gorchakov, Commander-in-

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Chief of the Danubian forces. Tolstoy quickly paid his respects to the prince, and although he was kindly received, pride prevented him from making any direct overtures to the general. Since no one seemed anxious to use his services immediately, he was quite content to amuse himself with ample pleasures afforded by Bucharest, the first European city he had seen. In the company of the prince's two nephews — "fine lads," he called them — he enjoyed his fill of Italian opera, the French theater, and less cultured entertainment.

This tourist existence came to a sudden end on March 22, when Tolstoy was assigned to the 3rd Battery of the 11th Artillery Brigade, stationed at Oltenitza, not far from Bucharest. For the moment, he regarded philosophically enough the fact that he had not been taken on the General Staff as an adjutant. In May, he was able to write to Auntie Tatyana: "I have a fit of conscience in thinking that you believe me exposed to every danger, while I have still not smelt Turkish powder, and live here tranquilly at Bucharest promenading about, occupied with music, and eating ice cream." He had remained at Oltenitza only a couple of weeks, quarreled with his battery commander, and finally obtained a post on the staff of Lieutenant-General A. O. Serzhputovski, Commander of Artillery of the Army of the Danube. The general he admired at first, and he found the officers on the staff "were, for the most part, men *comme il faut.*" After fulfilling several commissions that took him about the countryside, he returned to Bucharest for medical treatment.

By now Tolstoy had become almost a professional self-critic. As soon as he is alone, he reports in the diary, he involuntarily returns to his former ideal of perfecting himself; but now he at last realizes that all along he has been confusing perfecting himself with perfection. "One must first understand oneself and one's defects well, and try to correct them," he writes, "and not set oneself the task of being perfect, which is not only impossible to achieve from the low point at which I stand, but which, once it is perceived, makes one lose hope of the possibility of achieving it. . . . One must take oneself as one is and try to correct the corrigible faults. A fine nature will lead me to what is good without a *notebook*, which for so long has been a nightmare. Mine is a character that, desiring, seeking, and ready for all that is fine, is for that very reason incapable of being consistently good."

One is tempted to shout, "Eureka!" In all his voluminous self-criticism, this is Tolstoy's first clear recognition of the genuine limitations of his own nature and of the reasonable possibilities of improving it. And with the same insight, he now admits that he loves fame more than goodness, and that his frequent inability to make friends arises from an inclination to show his superiority. Indeed, he quickly observes that when he curbs his tendency to appear majestic and infallible, his relations with people are pleasanter and easier. Lack of character, irritability, and laziness, he sets down in the diary as his three chief defects, and he repeats them at the end of his daily entries so that he will not forget.

The pleasures of Bucharest, like those of Moscow and Petersburg, sorely tempted Tolstoy, and the gay young blades among his army comrades were insistent Satans who beguiled him into gambling and "gadding about," a euphemism in the diary for pursuing loose women. Some of his abandonment was temporarily checked by unexpectedly meeting his commanding officer at a brothel. An occasional romantic interlude, such as his attraction for the landlady's pretty daughter, varied this dissipation. He furtively watched her from his window at night as she leaned out of hers.

Despite romance, diarrhea, dissipation, and other distractions, Tolstoy made a serious effort to continue his literary work at Bucharest. He censured himself for laziness — one of his three self-denominated defects — but this failing was more imaginary than real. His reading was considerable, including both native and foreign authors, especially Goethe and Schiller.

Nekrasov had written him a very flattering letter about *Boyhood*, which was to be published in the October issue of the *Contemporary*. As usual, such praise encouraged Tolstoy's literary efforts. He continued to work away at *A Landlord's Morning* and *The Woodfelling*.

On July 20 Tolstoy left Bucharest with the staff of General Serzhputovski for the Russian frontier. He reached Kishinyov on September 9, and there he learned that he had been promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant.

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Tolstoy's patriotism, like that of all Russians at the time, was tremendously aroused by the tales of the heroic defense of Sevastopol. He could not continue to remain at Kishinyov while his countrymen were dying behind the earthworks of the besieged city. He felt ashamed of his security when he heard that I. K. Komstadius, a young friend, had been killed at Inkerman. A request for a transfer to Sevastopol was finally granted. He left Kishinyov with a group of officers, and because of the blockade traveled by way of Odessa, Kherson, and Oleshko. At the latter place he was detained, he writes in the diary, "by a pretty and intelligent Ukrainian girl whom I kissed and caressed through the window. At night she came to me. . . . My remembrance would have been better," he ruefully concludes, "if I had remained at the window." Meanwhile his friends had left him far behind. Would he be late for the storming of Sevastopol that was threatened? He hurried on and reached the city on November 7.

The storming turned out to be just another rumor. Tolstoy had demanded a transfer to the besieged city, he told his brother Sergei, partly because he

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wanted to see the war, partly to get away from General Serzhputovski's staff, which he had come to dislike, but mostly because of the feeling of patriotism that strongly influenced him at this time. This feeling was intensified when he saw the appalling conditions of Sevastopol and the spirit of the defenders, and he was filled with an ardent desire for victory. Enthusiastically he wrote to Sergei: "The spirit among the troops is beyond any description."

Russian soldiers have never been deficient in courage, but an inspired bravery took possession of the defenders of Sevastopol, especially in the early days of the siege when their strength was fresh and hopes high. In this same letter to Sergei, Tolstoy proudly described how soldiers nearly mutinied when ordered to withdraw from batteries where they had been exposed to shellfire for thirty days; how they snatched the burning fuses from fallen bombs; how even Russian priests fearlessly read prayers under fire at the bastions; and how women from the town were wounded and killed while carrying water to the troops. They were wonderful days, Tolstoy declared, and thanked God that he had been spared to see such people live in this glorious time. He admired the French and British prisoners he talked with. They appeared morally and physically finer than the Russian soldier, who seemed "small, lousy, and shriveled up" in comparison. But he promised Sergei to tell of the brave deeds of these lousy and shriveled heroes, who would not be convinced that the enemy could take the city.

For some eight months after leaving Bucharest, Tolstoy shirked his writing. He was inclined to blame his lapse on the army. "A military career," he noted in the diary, "is not for me, and the sooner I get out of it and devote myself entirely to literature the better." A letter from his sister dispelled this gloomy thought. She told of her acquaintance with Turgenev (who eventually fell a bit in love with Marya), who lived not far from her estate, and of the famous author's lavish praise of her brother's ability. And his inertia entirely vanished after reading a very flattering review of *The Reminiscences of a Billiard-Marker*, which had appeared in the January *Contemporary*. "This is pleasant," he observed, "and useful in that it inflames my vanity and incites me to activity." He at once got to work on *Youth*, the sequel to *Boyhood*, and he began the first of his three celebrated Sevastopol sketches.

Events interrupted Tolstoy's writing but also provided him with the opportunity for invaluable material. On February 18, Nicholas I had died, but his successor, Alexander II, decided to continue the war. Tolstoy heralded the new reign in his diary with the following observation: "Immense changes await Russia. One must work and be strong in order to take part in the great moments in the life of Russia." His own immediate part was to be a very dangerous one. On March 28 the allies began a terrific bombardment of Sevastopol. For ten terrible days the smoke-filled city cowered under a hail of cannon shot and exploding bombs from some two thousand guns. An assault was expected, and Tolstoy's battery, along with many others, was ordered back to Sevastopol.

The Fourth Bastion, most southern and exposed point in the labyrinthine Sevastopol earthworks constructed by Totleben, was under almost continual fire, and many men had died in its defense. Here Tolstoy was placed in charge of a battery of guns and served on a schedule of four days on and eight days off from April 3 to May 15.

In this early example of modern trench warfare, heroism was a matter of retaining one's humanity under the slow disintegrating agony of ever-present death. The chief thing was not to think. Under these trying conditions, Tolstoy's nature expanded and exulted. He got on excellently with everyone.

When not directing the fire of his battery, Tolstoy worked feverishly away at his manuscripts of *Youth* or the first Sevastopol sketch in the bombproof dugout, an oblong hole in the rocky ground, covered with oak beams. By the light of a candle a group of soldiers crouched in the corner and played a continuous game of "noses." Tolstoy wrote away undisturbed by their laughter when the winner smacked the loser's nose with the pack of cards.

Here was rich ore for an author, and Tolstoy mined it assiduously at the Fourth Bastion. By the end of April he sent to Nekrasov his first sketch, *Sevastopol in December*. It was published in the June number of the *Contemporary* and aroused much favorable comment. Alexander II read it with emotion, had it translated into French, and is reported to have dispatched an order to "guard well the life of that young man." Tolstoy's service at the dangerous Fourth Bastion revived in him the exalted patriotism that thrilled everyone in the early days of the siege.

Towards the end of his period of duty at the Fourth Bastion, a letter from his influential Aunt Yushkov to her relative, General Gorchakov, gave him some hope of realizing his ambition of an appointment as adjutant to the Commander-in-Chief. Instead, he was not entirely dissatisfied to receive charge, on May 15, of a battery of mountain guns, stationed on the Belbek River, and without any regrets he soon left the Fourth Bastion to take up his new post.

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For the next two and a half months Tolstoy avoided reasonably well the excesses that inactivity usually led him into. He read Goethe, Thackeray, and Balzac, translated a poem of Heine, and finished the third and last version of *The Woodfelling*. This story, based upon his army experiences in the Caucasus, he sent to the *Contemporary*, in which it appeared in September. Feeling that he had been influenced by Turgenev in *The Woodfelling*, he asked permission to dedicate it to him. Turgenev was flattered and readily agreed.

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On the day Tolstoy dispatched this story, he began work on another Sevastopol sketch. The writing absorbed him. He had taken an entirely new point of view, and when he sent *Sevastopol in May* to his publisher on July 4, he accompanied it with a letter, in which he wrote: "Although I'm convinced that it is incomparably better than the first, I'm certain that it will not be liked."

Tolstoy was right. The editors feared the sketch could not be published. They managed to get it past the censor with a few changes, but it was hastily recalled in proof. The President of the Censor's Committee, expressing surprise and anger that the editors had ever entertained the idea of printing such a piece, banned it because of the "ridicule of our brave officers, the brave defenders of Sevastopol." He ultimately reconsidered and passed the sketch, after making numerous deletions and changes. So completely altered were the whole narrative, tone, and intention, that Panayev decided not to publish. The President of the Censor's Committee, aware that he had virtually transformed the sketch into a propaganda document for the government, now insisted that it be published. Panayev had to comply, but he refused to place Tolstoy's name to *Sevastopol in May* when it appeared in the *Contemporary* in September.

Tolstoy's first patriotic Sevastopol sketch had contributed greatly to his reputation, and he fully realized the fact. He wrote in the diary at this time: "Have only now reached a period of real temptation through vanity. I could gain much in life if I wished to write without conviction." *Sevastopol in May* is emphatic proof of the resolute manner in which he turned his back on this temptation. The idealizing patriotism of the first sketch has vanished. Longer service and broader experience had finally convinced him to take a stand that had always been his. War with all its cruelty, stupidity, and mock heroism is exposed.

Boldly he declares at the end of this second sketch: "There, I have said what I wished to say. . . . The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the power of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all his beauty, who always has been, is, and will be beautiful — is truth." And under the uncompromising, dazzling light of truth, Tolstoy reveals the monumental folly, hypocrisy, and utter futility of this slaughter. The questions the diplomatists did not settle, he remarks, still remain unsettled by powder and blood. All is vanity, vanity on the very brink of the grave. Officers are eager to climb on the shoulders of fallen comrades in order to reach the promotions their deaths have made possible. Every one of them is a little Napoleon, a petty monster ready to kill men in order to get an extra medal or one-third additional pay.

War now becomes for Tolstoy the greatest of crimes, the antithesis of every sincere Christian belief. With feeling he describes the raising of flags of truce to enable the Russian and French to gather the mangled corpses that lie in the flowery valley between the opposing lines of trenches. The air is filled with the smell of decaying flesh. While the bodies are piled on carts, French and Russian soldiers fraternize, borrow tobacco, and laugh and joke in friendly fashion over their efforts to make themselves understood. At last, the grisly business of burying the dead is over; the fraternizing ceases. "The white flags are lowered," writes Tolstoy, "the engines of death and suffering are sounding again, innocent blood is flowing and the air is filled with moans and curses."

The Tsar's censor, of course, could not permit such truths to reach the great gray masses that were dying by the thousands at the earthworks of Sevastopol. When Tolstoy received the news that his sketch had been mutilated and printed, he wrote in his diary: "It seems that I am under the strict observation of the Blues [the police] for my article. I wish, however, that Russia will always have such moral writers; but I can never be a sugary one, nor can I ever write from the empty into the void, without ideas, and above all without aim. Despite a first moment of anger, in which I promised myself never again to take my pen in hand, my sole and chief occupation, dominating all other inclinations and activities, must be literature. My aim is literary fame, the good that I can accomplish by my writings."

Tolstoy's bitterness over the censor's arbitrary distortion of his sketch was somewhat assuaged by the indignation and praise of Nekrasov, who wrote: "The shocking disfiguring of your article has quite upset me. Even now I cannot think of it without regret and rage. Your work, of course, will not be lost . . . it will always remain as proof of a strength that was able to speak such profound and sober truth in circumstances amid which few men would have retained it. It is exactly what Russian society now needs: the truth — the truth, of which, since Gogol's death, so little has remained in Russian literature.

"You are right to value that side of your gifts most of all. Truth — in the form you have introduced it into our literature — is something entirely new among us. I do not know another writer of today who so compels the reader to love him and sympathize heartily with him as he to whom I now write. And I only fear lest time, the nastiness of life, and the deafness and dumbness that surround us, should do to you what it has done to most of us, and kill the energy without which there can be no writer — none at least such as Russia needs."

Nekrasov's fear was groundless; the last thing his budding author would do would be to turn his back on truth.

(*To be concluded*)

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PSYCHIATRY AND THE WAR

by BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM C. MENNINGER, USA

MILITARY psychiatry differs from civilian psychiatry in that the Army must be totally responsible for a man — not only for his food and clothing, but especially for his ability to participate in his particular mission. Consequently, when a man did not fulfill his function, the Army had to find the cause and, if possible, remedy it. In many instances the cause lay in his personality and in his emotional difficulties. Since there is a human tendency to retreat into illness under stress, it was not surprising to find that many men became ill when they were unable to meet the demands of the new life.

Military psychiatry differs also in quality from civilian psychiatry. In the Army much more effort and time are invested in a preventive psychiatry — an attempt to keep men healthy and to seek out causes for poor morale. Until comparatively recently, the majority of civilian psychiatric patients had to be brought to the psychiatrist by relatives, usually after a long period of "putting up with" the patient. Fortunately, this trend has changed in the last few years, and many intelligent individuals seek psychiatric help on their own initiative.

In the Army, psychiatric patients were discovered more quickly than they can be in civilian life. Men lived in such close contact that there were many observers of every man — his bunkmate, his sergeant, the dispensary surgeon, the flight surgeon, a general medical officer. When one of these noticed unusual attitudes or behavior, the soldier was often referred to the psychiatrist. Whether because of nostalgia, palpitation of the heart, disobedience, or "the shakes," a considerable number found themselves referred to the mental hygiene consultation service in the training camp (between 4 and 5 per cent of all men in basic training) or to the neuropsychiatric ward of the station hospital. It has not been uncommon in any large camp for an outpatient psychiatric service to have as many as five hundred consultations in a month. These consultations seldom lasted less than half an hour. About 5 per cent of the men seen were sent to the hospital. Their symptoms, in many cases, certainly would not have been a matter of concern to relatives in civilian life.

This ratio of consultation, higher than in civilian life, is directly related to the structure of the Army, which requires every man to be a follower and many to be leaders; when he fails in either of these roles, he may become a "case." Certainly the enlisted man was in no position to choose a different leader; usually he could not change his job. When a leader failed in his responsibility, his methods may have increased the possibility of maladjustment among his men. When a follower failed to accept his role, his behavior was likely to increase the maladjustment of others in his unit.

In military life the emphasis is on group welfare rather than on the welfare of the individual. In civilian life, however, the physician's interest is primarily centered on his patient and on improving the environmental situation for the benefit of his patient. Except for court and legal psychiatry, it is rarely necessary to give special consideration to the results of a man's behavior on the total social situation. In the Army, the psychiatric management of one soldier might vitally affect the morale of his group. For example, if he was a "goldbrick" and obtained a medical discharge on psychiatric grounds, or if he was a seriously maladjusted psychopath and was permitted to hide behind the skirts of psychiatry, the morale of his unit suffered. The Medical Department was not authorized to discharge a man who may have jumped ship or forged checks or gone AWOL, but it did its best to help such maladjusted persons.

Ninety-eight per cent of the doctors in the Medical Corps came from civil life. In some instances, the doctor's own resentments and his reactions to them came to the front in his relation to his patients. Especially was this obvious when the physician had little interest in psychiatric disabilities, yet was responsible for their treatment. Such a physician was prone to call the patients names, to "tell them off," to be tough — with no recognition that he, the physician,

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was projecting his shortcomings onto his patient. The trained psychiatrists themselves had to wrestle far more frequently with their own emotions than was necessary in civilian life, for they too were cogs in the Army.

Where the psychiatrists came from

At the time of Pearl Harbor, the thirty-five psychiatrists of the regular Army Medical Corps, with few exceptions, were assigned to neuropsychiatric work in the Army hospitals in this country and our possessions. One of them was located in the Office of the Surgeon General for the principal purpose of reviewing the medical papers of officers being retired. The growth from these original thirty-five to approximately twenty-four hundred men practicing psychiatry was made against great odds. At the beginning of the war, the official organization of psychiatrists — the American Psychiatric Association — had fewer than three thousand members, and this membership included 95 per cent of the recognized and qualified men in the field. Of these, approximately two hundred joined the Navy, and about six hundred came into the Army. The great majority of the psychiatrists who joined the Army came from state hospitals, where their work had been limited almost, if not entirely, to the care of "insane" patients; in the Army, they found that the psychotic patients constituted less than 10 per cent of their cases.

We found that the psychiatric sections of Army hospitals were caring for about 10 to 12 per cent of the total patients with the help of less than 3 per cent of the physicians. Obviously such increasing psychiatric service called for additional help. We were given sometimes surgeons, often pediatricians, most often young physicians just out of their civilian hospital internships. A special training school for 30 men each month was started in January, 1943. In 1944 this was expanded into a three-month course for 100 officers, and supplemented by a similar curriculum given by the faculties of New York University and Columbia University. Nearly 1400 medical officers, three fifths of the physicians practicing psychiatry in the Army, have been so trained.

The opportunity to specialize on any specific treatment was not possible, because of the demand for psychiatric services in so many different types of activities. Psychiatrists were early placed in induction stations; they conducted outpatient clinics in basic training camps; they functioned in replacement centers overseas and in redistribution centers in this country; they served in disciplinary barracks and rehabilitation centers — the correctional installations of the Army; they served on every hospital ship and transport carrying neuropsychiatric patients; they were included in every Army and each division of that Army; they are today in every separation center — where men leave the Army. Perhaps 60 per cent conducted the treatment in hospitals — evacuation, convalescent, station, regional, and general.

The shortage of psychiatrists was somewhat compensated for in 1944 when clinical psychologists — Ph.D.'s and M.A.'s — were placed in every general and convalescent hospital, in every outpatient clinic in the basic training camp, and in every correctional institution. An equally great contribution was made by the psychiatric social workers who were assigned to practically every installation where a psychiatrist was working. The actual number of graduate psychiatric social workers was small, and unfortunately they were never given commissions. Some of the social work was performed by members of the Women's Army Corps, many of whom had never had special training.

One of the most progressive steps taken by the Medical Department in this war was the development of a consultant system. Soon after Pearl Harbor the Surgeon General appointed experienced specialists from civilian life, including twenty-five consultants in neuropsychiatry, to establish the professional divisions of Medicine, Surgery, and Neuropsychiatry. Thus there were consultants for each theater surgeon, each Army surgeon, and each surgeon in the nine Service Commands in the United States. As a result of these appointments the consultant system inaugurated and enforced a standard of professional work which was higher on the average than one would find in civilian institutions.

But the job of psychiatric treatment could never have been accomplished with this personnel, even with the consultant system and with nurses specially trained for psychiatric work, had not a final step been taken — namely, the concentration of patients. In 1943, twenty-two general hospitals were designated as psychiatric centers for a concentration of those patients requiring intensive care. Twelve convalescent hospitals were functioning late in 1944, with sections in which the milder types of mental illness called "psychoneuroses" were treated. On the first of September, 1945, there were 37,000 neuropsychiatric patients under treatment in this country, approximately 50 per cent of whom were in these convalescent hospitals.

Induction

As each man came into the induction center, he was given a series of examinations, the last of which was made by a psychiatrist. It is difficult to evaluate the effectiveness of these sketchy neuropsychiatric examinations. The total result was good, for certainly the examination kept out of the Army many men who would have been failures; on the other hand, it probably also kept out some who would have been successful fighting soldiers and who were greatly needed.

In the space of from one to five minutes the physician was supposed to do some sort of crystal gazing to determine whether an inductee, strange to him, might fit into an unknown job under unknown leadership with unknown motivation toward doing that job.

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The psychiatric examination was misunderstood from the first, not only by the medical profession, but by the civilians and by Army personnel. No psychiatrist, no matter how great his ability and experience, could look at a man, chat with him briefly, and adequately evaluate the functioning of his personality under great stress. At best he could be expected only to pick out the gross misfits.

Out of 4,650,000 men rejected for all causes, 1,825,000 — 39 per cent — were rejected for some type of personality disorder. What do these figures mean? From the Army's point of view the only meaning was that these men were not thought able to withstand the greatest stress. As the war continued and manpower needs became more acute, modifications were made in the neuropsychiatric standards so that men with "mild psychoneuroses" and "transitory psychoneuroses" were inducted. Experience showed that individuals in this category often made good soldiers.

Roughly, between 2 and 5 per cent of the draftees were rejected for psychiatric causes in World War I. In World War II around 14 per cent of all men coming up for examination were rejected for neuropsychiatric reasons. Despite these differences, the incidence of mental illness among the troops was probably higher in the second than in the first war. There is no one reason for this apparent discrepancy, although one can point out several extremely significant factors.

What contributed to mental illness?

One important difference was related to the motivation of the average soldier. World War I was fought "to make the world safe for democracy." In World War II no such simplified objective emerged, and the average soldier was none too clear as to why he was fighting, despite the Army's efforts to indoctrinate him. In World War I the band and the populace saw "their boys" off on the train. In World War II the men reported individually to the induction center, with the public apparently indifferent to their going. The average inductee regarded his induction with a certain degree of fatalism — certainly with no enthusiasm. It was largely left to the Army to provide him with the conviction that the war was important, that his job was essential, and that he must be willing to sacrifice perhaps even his life to accomplish the Army's mission. The absence of motivation is believed to have contributed significantly to the high incidence of psychiatric casualties.

A second factor in the increase of mental illness in World War II, despite the improved induction screening, was the type of warfare. World War I was a static war, largely fought in trenches, from which there was periodic relief for combat soldiers. It was localized in a relatively small area and, at least for American soldiers, was of comparatively short duration. World War II was a mobile war fought with the tremendously increased power of its instruments of death. It was fought in every climate, over every sort of terrain. Bombing, more powerful artillery, tanks, flame-throwers, rockets, suicidal attacks, and other devices intensified the strains of war a hundredfold. In addition, there were long periods of isolation, prolonged tours of duty, and recurring exposures to such diseases as malaria, plague, cholera. All these increased the psychological stress.

A third factor in the high incidence of mental illness was the greater knowledge of personality disorders. Psychiatrists, with the experience of the last twenty-five years, identified personality maladjustment sooner and more effectively than in 1917.

Types of neuropsychiatric casualties

In spite of the screening process at induction centers, numerous psychiatric casualties were sustained both by the troops in this country and by those sent overseas. Statistics tell the story: 314,500 men were discharged for neuropsychiatric causes up to July 1, 1945. This figure constituted 43 per cent of all men discharged for medical reasons; to it must be added 130,000 additional men discharged because of personality defects which made them incapable of fitting into the Army. The largest single category of evacuees from the Pacific consisted of neuropsychiatric cases.

Surprisingly enough, the war, with perhaps one exception, — that of "combat exhaustion," — has not produced any new types of mental illness, any new clinical syndromes (particular group of symptoms). On the other hand, the frequent occurrence of some illnesses justifies a description of the more common reactions. There is no essential difference between the clinical picture of a soldier who broke down in Camp Shelby and one who — without battle experience — broke down in Algiers. The reaction was determined very largely by the individual's personality structure.

One type of illness was called "simple adult maladjustment" for lack of a better descriptive term. It was widely used to refer to the milder reactions of a normal personality to an abnormal situation. In the enlisted man's language it was most aptly described as being "browned off." Soldiers subjected to isolation, monotony, uncertainty, tropical heat, lonesomeness, for an indeterminate period, might be expected to develop "simple adult maladjustment." Sometimes the picture was associated with poor leadership, alleged unfair treatment, broken promises. Sometimes the fates combined to develop in the soldier a morbid resentment, a hostility which was expressed toward everyone and everything in his environment.

By far the most common mental illness was some form of neurosis. It is a true mental illness which is almost always related to earlier forgotten experiences, and it usually occurs in those who present evidence of periodic or constant minor maladjustment in their previous life history. Under special stress, anxiety emerges with varied symptoms. Some men develop fear, others vague, ill-defined tenseness and apprehension; some become obsessive or compulsive; still others reflect this anxiety through physical

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symptoms localized in the stomach or heart, lower back or head. Such people are suffering from a neurosis, but they are not and will not become "insane."

Through perhaps unfortunate publicity the diagnostic term "psychoneurosis" ("neurosis" and "psychoneurosis" are used interchangeably) came into some ill-repute. Even by many intelligent persons, the prefix "psych-" on any word was interpreted to mean psychotic — "insane." Every psychiatrist has patients who can and do recover from a neurosis by making only minor changes in their environment or by quickly gaining an understanding of their conflicts and adjusting to them. Others may need prolonged treatment, but they too, in a majority of instances, can become well.

Few people recognize that many superior individuals are highly neurotic and that some of them adjust very well as contributing members of society. Army personnel, as well as civilians, too often interpreted this diagnosis as meaning a non-effective individual who could not be salvaged. The result of this misconception was the abuse of medical channels for the quick disposal of men by giving patients this label as a convenient method of getting them out of the Army. They might have been non-effective for many reasons — because of attitude, ineptness, inadaptability, lack of physical stamina. But with patience many of them might have been salvaged. Later this practice was stopped by using administrative discharges for those without physical stamina, while many men with psychoneurosis were salvaged for further duty.

Outside the Army a certain number of employers and even some government agencies would not employ a man if they knew that he had been discharged with a psychoneurotic diagnosis. There was never any logical basis for such a refusal except the employer's lack of understanding, for in most instances, the veteran was perfectly capable of making a civilian adjustment. In an attempt to alleviate this situation, the Army changed its policy in February, 1945, and no longer permitted the recording of the term "psychoneurosis" on the man's individual medical record. Instead, the medical officer was required to specify any one of the eight recognized types of neurotic reaction: anxiety reactions, disassociated reactions, phobic reactions, conversion reactions, obsessive-compulsive reactions, somatization reactions, hypochondrial reactions, and mixed reactions.

Frequently individuals were encountered whose characters or personalities were definitely warped. Often they were very intelligent but were never able to profit by their mistakes or even by punishment. They were not able to maintain a lasting loyalty to any person or group or code. Such persons are not to be confused with the calculating criminal, but all too frequently they were on the verge of criminal conduct and at times became involved in it. There was a curious disharmony between their intelligence and their apparent inability to control their behavior.

Only occasionally are such persons brought to a psychiatrist in civilian life, and then usually because their families grow weary of their misbehavior or their broken promises. They were extremely difficult to detect in the superficial examination at induction. The majority of the 130,000 men discharged administratively fell in this group. They were not "sick." They were misfits before their entrance into the Army and continued to be misfits after they were taken in.

Until World War I, psychiatry's major interest and concern lay in the group of illnesses known as psychoses — insanities. By 1941, however, perhaps 20 to 30 per cent of the American psychiatrists carried on a practice in which they rarely saw a psychotic person. In the Army less than 10 per cent of the patients were in this category. At the beginning of the war such patients were usually promptly transferred either to state hospitals or to Veterans Facilities. Later, because of increased treatment efficiency in Army hospitals, at least five out of six of these patients were sufficiently recovered to return home. They were in an age group which is favorable to treatment. Because these patients were discovered in the Army early in the progress of the illness, treatment proved much more effective than in the case of a cross-section of patients with comparable illnesses in civilian life. The high percentage of recoveries among the psychotics is one of the major achievements of Army psychiatry.

"*Combat exhaustion*"

As I suggested earlier, perhaps there is one new mental illness which has come out of the war. It has been variously termed "combat exhaustion," "combat fatigue," or "operational fatigue." The official Army diagnosis is "combat exhaustion," but no term is entirely adequate. The symptoms varied widely but always were related to the stress of combat. The reactions of the fighter pilot differed somewhat from those of the infantry soldier. In all cases great stress had acted upon what was presumably a normal personality.

In its most severe form, combat exhaustion manifested itself in what was termed a "pseudo-psychosis," an apparently complete disorganization of the conscious personality. The individual might act entirely irrationally; he might freeze at his post; he might run wildly about, even toward the enemy lines. He might display an excessive emotional reaction with tears or great agitation. Often he might have "the shakes" — a gross body tremor. He might be so sensitive to noise that he would attempt to dig a foxhole or run for shelter with any noisy stimulus.

With appropriate treatment the combat exhaustion case often cleared up in a short time. Probably the most amazing salvage rates in the entire war occurred in this group. The experience in the First, Third, Fifth, and Seventh Armies all indicated that approximately 60 per cent of such casualties could be returned to duty in the Army area within two to ten

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days of treatment — over half of them to actual combat — and that another 30 per cent could be returned for non-combat duty in the zone of communications in the theater. Only the 10 per cent remaining had to be evacuated to the United States. The frequency of these cases is best indicated by the established ratio of approximately one neuropsychiatric casualty to every five wounded men. The proportion sometimes ran as high as one in three; in a few instances, under superb leadership, it was only one in ten.

Perhaps the most unfortunate connotation of the term "combat exhaustion," and of the other expressions for the same condition, has been the suggestion that fatigue was the incapacitating factor. It has been variously estimated on expert authority that fatigue is in itself the major factor in from 3 to 5 per cent of these casualties. (Research was badly needed to determine its actual role. Perhaps it might have been measured by blood chemistry studies and muscle metabolism investigations made on a large scale at the front lines. Such a study had been outlined for the Mediterranean Theater but the war ended before it could be undertaken.) There is no doubt, however, that the chief factor in most instances was the psychological trauma. Physical fatigue combined with psychological stress resulted in a type of illness in which psychopathology was the important feature.

A word about shell shock. This misnomer from the last war was based on the assumption that the concussion of an exploding shell in some way physically affected the nervous system — a theory that was entirely debunked even during the 1917–1918 conflict. It is difficult to determine the physical and physiological effect of concussion on the nervous system. There is a group of combat neuropsychiatric cases in this war — perhaps less than 5 per cent of the total — which have been termed "blast injuries." Even with the aid of the electroencephalograph, a machine which measures brain waves, there are many cases in which no positive diagnosis of "blast injuries" can be made. Furthermore, even in blast-injury cases, the psychological element is often the incapacitating factor.

The results procured by the Army and division psychiatrists were outstanding. They were accomplished against great odds, the chief of which was the failure to plan for treatment in forward areas. When the American troops first began combat in North Africa, psychiatric casualties were conveyed back to the general hospitals in the rear. The transfer required from one to five days, depending on the transportation, and in that time the symptoms became fixed and the cases much more difficult to treat. When a man has been so far removed from the front area, it takes a big boost to get him back to his unit again. Thus less than 10 per cent of all psychiatric cases that developed in forward areas were salvaged for duty. Through the combined ingenuity of the theater surgeons, psychiatric consultants, and division psychiatrists, improvised treatment facilities were moved forward. Eventually a system was evolved whereby the casualty was treated in the clearing station with the division psychiatrist supervising the work, usually within five miles of the front line.

Those soldiers whom the psychiatrist could not salvage in forty-eight hours (he did salvage from 30 to 40 per cent) were referred on to an improvised unit termed the "exhaustion center," where over a period of from five to eight days an additional 20 per cent were salvaged. The system was the more phenomenal because the entire program was worked out after the fighting had begun — in fact while it was in progress. The initial plan, developed largely by Hanson in the Fifth Army, became the pattern later used by the First, Third, Seventh, and Ninth Armies.

How genuine were the cases?

In light of the considerable numbers of neuropsychiatric casualties, psychiatrists are occasionally asked whether or not these cases were genuine. The answer is that they were. The psychiatric casualties in the Army could roughly be divided into two large groups: those soldiers who had previously made a good adjustment in their civilian lives but broke down in the Army because of the emotional stress of the new life; and those who at best had never maintained more than a marginal mental health when they were civilians.

In peacetime the men in this second group were not sick and the majority never went to a doctor. But they may have been excessively dependent, overseclusive; they may have had periodic stomach disturbances or other recurring physical complaints; they may have shown varying degrees of emotional instability or had difficulty in getting along with people; they perhaps shifted jobs frequently. Many of these men wanted to go into the Army and they tried hard; but basic training, even life in camps, was sufficient to throw the balance of equilibrium toward mental ill-health, with latent symptoms expressing themselves or existing mild symptoms being aggravated. The Army psychiatrists had to differentiate between these two groups, indicating those whose illness developed in line of duty and those in whom it had existed before they came into the Army.

Another differentiation difficult to make was that between those individuals who were truly sick with a neurosis or psychosis and those who presented lifelong character defects or problems of faulty attitude. Many of the men passed by induction boards had always been misfits as civilians and could not possibly fit into the Army. There was the occasional soldier whose attitude was faulty — he didn't want to be in the Army and manifested his aversion by passivity or active hostility; there were many who very early felt that they had done their share and quite deliberately "would buck for a discharge."

Malingering was rare, however, if we adhere to the definition that it is an act or behavior in an otherwise normal individual for the purpose of evading military

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duty. That some men capitalized on symptoms by exaggerating them or by endlessly complaining about them is certainly true. But one should recognize that evading or delaying a disagreeable or difficult job is a universal human technique. The total number of men who were out of line and failed to do their part was very small. On the whole, America has every right to be proud of the performance of the men in the service. It is only the oldster or the misinformed person who assumes that there is any deterioration of American youth.

Treatment

No distinctly new methods of psychiatric treatment were created during the recent war although three were developed far beyond their pre-war usage: psychotherapy under sedation, group psychotherapy, and the treatment program in convalescent hospitals.

There are many types of treatment for mental illness, but fundamental and basic to all of them is the procedure called psychotherapy. Oversimplified, it is the management by the physician, who presumably knows the anatomy and psychology of the psyche, of a psychological conflict in his patient.

The management of the conflict might be likened to the treatment of a boil. The physician has to know how deep the boil is, its particular nature, when and how it should be lanced, and whether lancing is a good idea. In the same way psychotherapy (treatment of the psyche) sometimes is suppressive to avoid the lancing; the psychiatrist recognizes that a conflict should not be opened up and the patient should be helped by reassurance, encouragement, and introduction to new interests. On the other hand, sometimes psychotherapy is best directed towards allowing the patient to see the nature of his conflict and the steps he must take for his relief. Ideally psychotherapy should aid the patient in gaining an understanding of himself, why he is sick, how he became sick, and how he can best modify his life to regain and retain his health.

This treatment is ordinarily a slow, painstaking process, and the handful of psychiatrists in the Army could not devote the required time to each patient. Furthermore, the imperative need for manpower demanded speed in whatever treatment procedures were to be used. Both psychotherapy under sedation and group psychotherapy were expedients developed to meet the situation.

Psychotherapy under sedation — variously termed narcosynthesis, narcoanalysis, abreaction, and hypnoanalysis — was used initially almost entirely for combat soldiers and flyers. Subsequently, it was used more widely and proved itself of tremendous value in competent hands because it was simple, produced results quickly, and had no serious complications. It was effective probably because a great majority of combat soldiers, even though they became quite ill, were essentially normal personalities prior to their combat experience.

Man's psychological apparatus operates in such a way as to exclude from his conscious recognition certain painful and unpleasant memories. But even though the memories are repressed from consciousness, the emotional charge attached to them remains and gives rise to feelings of anxiety. There was the infantry soldier who went through hours, days, weeks of hell, with death strewn around him and always in constant, terrific fear for his own life; then finally his buddy was killed next to him, and in the soldier's language "he blew his top." There had been some evidence of his tension even before the final straw — jumpiness, increased irritability, difficulty with sleeping, loss of appetite. He had run a continuous, rapidly changing gauntlet of traumatic emotional blows. When the final event occurred he "blacked out." He became amnesic and was literally engulfed and paralyzed by his own emotion. When he was evacuated, the amnesia continued. He received psychotherapy under sedation.

In this treatment the patient is given an intravenous dose of a sedative drug — amytal or pentothal. Some psychiatrists have very effectively used hypnosis with no drugs. In a few instances ether was used, and nitrous oxide was tried. In a semi-stupor the patient is encouraged to talk, to relive the emotionally traumatic experiences he could not talk about, and often not even recall. He is given "free and adequate drainage" for this emotional tension. With the help of the psychiatrist, he can reconstruct the memory of the events that have been blocked from his mind. Then he is able again to retain and to integrate these memories into his waking state and into his current situation — one of safety and security in the hospital. If he takes this step successfully, the physician next helps him to gain insight into those factors of his experience which have contributed to his illness. The procedure is not automatic and only a skillful psychotherapist is likely to be successful.

The use of psychotherapy under sedation has been carried far beyond the uses indicated by our previous understanding of its possibilities, through the brilliant work of Grinker, Speigel, Drayer, Ludwig, Gaskill, Needles, Lemkau, and a host of other American military psychiatrists in overseas theaters. The experience of Kaufman, Beaton, Markey, and others in the use of hypnosis on Okinawa accomplished the same aim. Thousands of patients were given psychotherapy under sedation and from these cases we have learned much about psychodynamics (emotional tension and its release) and also the indications for and against this method. The application of the principles and methods so developed should be of tremendous significance to the practice of civilian psychiatry, both in exploration and in ventilation of unconscious emotional conflicts, in certain types of psychiatric illness.

The second major development of psychiatric treatment in the Army was the increased use of group psychotherapy. It was impossible for the psychiatrist to spend much time with any particular individual.

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Consequently doctors treated several patients at the same time, a practice which had been tried, particularly with children, prior to the war. The technique is still not standardized, but it has proved its worth in many Army hospitals.

Ideally a group of patients with similar problems meets for an hour every day under the leadership of a psychiatrist or, in some instances, a clinical psychologist or a psychiatric social worker. The best results have been obtained when the group numbers between fifteen and twenty-five. Various principles have been evolved for its effective management. The members compare their experiences, analyze each other's problems, and under the skillful guidance of the therapist gain insight into their own difficulties and reach constructive conclusions about themselves. In the most successful programs the therapist continues with the same group through a series of from ten to thirty discussions.

Initially there is often some degree of hostility or skepticism, but the skilled leader welds the group into a closely knit unit, of which every member feels that he is an important part. There is no prescribed outline of discussions, although most therapists have pointed them into such general subjects as group orientation, emotional symptoms, how these are converted into physical symptoms, normal physiological expressions of emotions, constructive solutions, and so on. The discussion plan is occasionally varied with what is called psychodrama, in which the patients, in coöperation with one or more members of the staff, act out an anticipated situational problem.

The hospital

At first all psychiatric patients were sent to general hospitals. There they lived in a hospital environment, lounging around in bathrobes, often with little or no daily program. There was too much opportunity for them to discuss their symptoms among themselves without guidance, and actually to regress under the influence of nursing and protective care into a kind of hospital invalidism. To get away from this situation, twelve regionally located convalescent hospitals were established for all psychiatric patients who were not actually in need of nursing care. Here a man could look after himself; he could live in barracks; he could follow a daily program of activity particularly designed to meet his emotional needs. As of July 1, 1945, approximately half of the 37,000 Army psychiatric patients in this country were located in these hospitals.

In addition to the individual and group psychotherapy provided by the psychiatrist and his staff of associates, clinical psychologists, and psychiatric social workers, an elaborate program of activities was initiated. Every patient had a prescribed daily program which included occupation, recreation and sport, and education. The occupational activities included not only occupational therapy in its well-established and recognized form, but also the diversional activities provided by the Red Cross — hobbies and handicraft skills.

The educational opportunities were almost unlimited. They were planned to be pre-vocational excursions, a trial for the patient to see if he was interested in a particular subject. On this basis the hospital was equipped with elaborate shops. In some instances as many as sixty different courses were offered — music, art, commercial subjects, mechanics, machinery, automotive subjects, electric welding, basic educational courses in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

In addition to these three major developments — psychotherapy under sedation, group psychotherapy, and the treatment program in convalescent hospitals — the Army has utilized various other methods although it has not contributed new ones. It has electro-shock therapy for its more severely mentally ill, the psychotic patients. It has used the insulin shock therapy and even more extensively sub-shock dosage of insulin. Investigative work was carried on with ergotamines for combat exhaustion. Hydrotherapy was provided in every general hospital.

Prevention

One of the largest services in the Medical Corps is concerned with preventive medicine. It interests itself in every possible method of preventing disease, from immunization to mosquito control, from water purification to quarantine. Curiously enough, the field of "preventive medicine" has not included a consideration of the prevention of mental ill-health despite the disturbing figures indicating the size of this problem. As a result the psychiatrists in the Army, in addition to their responsibility for screening and treatment, had to assume the leadership in all psychiatric preventive efforts. From the beginning it was believed that the state of mental health was very largely the charge of the commanding officers of troops. The leader is in a position to make or break his followers, particularly in the organization of our Army. A man's assignment — or his misassignment — was of vital importance to his mental health, as were the training methods, the living conditions, and the possibilities for recreation. Because of the importance of these factors, a series of six lectures on mental hygiene was published under the title "Personnel Adjustment" — this term being used to forestall prejudice. Orders were issued that this course should be given to all officers. It was an attempt to enlighten the line officers in the matter of mental health and their responsibility for it.

A similar series was composed for all enlisted men under the title of "Personal Adjustment" to aid them in adapting themselves to Army life. Both sets of lectures were to be given by the psychiatrist in each post, camp, station, or division. Preventive psychiatry was most effectively carried out by those who conducted outpatient clinics in each of the basic training camps and in the divisions. Not only did

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they provide the necessary outpatient treatment for soldiers with minor maladjustments and thus preserve manpower, but it was this group, above any other medical specialists, that assumed the responsibility of advising those officers in command of troops regarding mental health. Their patients represented the failures in the training camp. The psychiatrists were in a strategic position to learn from them the factors contributing to their failure. In most camps they made a study of the AWOL rate, the company sick-call rosters, the company punishment rosters. In many instances they were able to indicate to the commanding generals that something was wrong with the leadership in a particular company, battalion, or regiment.

As a result of special studies, numerous suggestions were made to various divisions within the War Department as to methods by which mental ill-health might be prevented or reduced. Probably the most important of these were made by Major John Appel. His recommendations were circulated throughout every theater, looking toward the establishment of a specified tour of duty of a definite length for the combat infantry soldier. He also suggested that replacements should be sent in as units instead of as individuals.

In order to practice preventive psychiatry, it was necessary to keep a constant running tabulation of the statistics which would indicate the trend of mental health; consequently psychiatrists at many levels had to become statisticians. At headquarters these figures were consolidated so that one could read the telltale story of which divisions had the greatest numbers of neuropsychiatric casualties. This permitted the ferreting out of the causes for the high rate of mental illness in a particular division. Only by tabulating such figures was it possible to discern the variants in the interpretation and application of standards for selection, treatment, or discharge in various camps and posts. While such figures were significant, no one assumed that they could tell all the story, and alone they might even give an erroneous impression; therefore, it was always necessary to compare them with the personal inspection reports of the consultants in the field.

Implications for the future

What can we estimate about the future of the men who became psychiatric casualties? There must, of course, be guesswork in any answer.

To discover that 14 per cent of all men between 18 and 35 years of age who appeared for the draft were disqualified because of personality disorders was surprising. The great majority of those men were not sick; they would have had no difficulty in keeping up to their former level of adjustment. There was no basis for either them or their employers to doubt their ability to continue at their jobs. The draft examination did not change them.

But the figure does have a major social significance. When so large a segment of the presumably healthiest age group in our population presents such defects, an inquiry is imperative to determine the causes. Education, family structure, unemployment, recreation, and all the other major interests of American life should be studied in terms of their effect on the mental health of the individual. Such a survey should guide us to corrective measures, so that problems of social welfare can be more intelligently attacked in order to improve the general level of mental health.

Experience in the war has tremendously increased the usefulness of psychiatry. Its social applications were tried in the Army and proved helpful in prevention of ill-health, in influencing motivation, in guiding orientation, as an aid to training and to the rehabilitation of social offenders. Psychiatric principles were applied generally to "normal" men to keep them "normal" in a very abnormal situation.

Psychiatry made definite gains in the realm of prevention and treatment of mental ill-health. Society has an opportunity to take advantage of this experience — in industry, education, recreation, criminal and penal work, community life. If it does so, psychiatrists must expand their work far beyond their hospitals and offices. They must pass on to every physician a more adequate understanding of personality deviations, through a major revision of medical education. They must attract to their field more men and women and continue their study of human behavior and ways of enabling people to adjust more easily to life.

The great majority of veterans who were discharged because of psychiatric illness will make a good adjustment. Surveys have indicated that they can and do return to work. Some are not entirely well when they leave the Army because their total recovery is dependent upon their integration into their family, community, and work. A few will need a long convalescence. The very nature of neurotic illnesses would indicate the desirability of providing these men with treatment instead of an indefinite pension with its unconscious incentive to remain ill. They rate special consideration, sometimes special planning. The great majority will be "healed" when they return, but because a man's broken bone is sufficiently knit to bear his weight does not mean that he is in shape immediately to play football. The same is true of the unseen wounds of the neuropsychiatric dischargee. Understanding affection in the home, social and economic security, and satisfaction in work and play are the best medicine to supplement his assets gained from his war experience — greater maturity, pride in having contributed to a vital mission, the acquisition of new skills and abilities and of lasting friendships.

Psychiatry is at another and important crossroads. Will society accept its verities? Will psychiatry and medicine make them available? The immediate future will give the answer.

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Accent on Living

Smoked Cheese

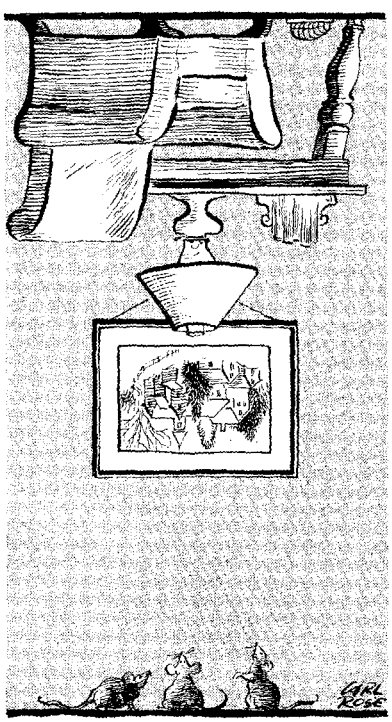
***By* ROALD DAHL**

NOT so very long ago there lived a pilot whose name was Bipou. He was very poor and he lived all alone in a small house in a small village; but he was happy.

The only thing that bothered him was mice; his house was infested with mice. Now Bipou thought nothing at all of mice, because they lived even further below the ground than non-flyers. And the mice multiplied and multiplied until there came a time when he could stand it no longer.

"This is too much," Bipou said, and he laughed and went out into the village and bought some mousetraps and some smoked cheese and a lot of glue.

When he got home, he put the glue on the underneath of the mousetraps and he stuck them to the ceiling. Then he baited them carefully with pieces of smoked cheese and set them to go off.



That night when the mice came out of their holes and saw the mousetraps, they began laughing fit to burst. They walked around on the floor, nudging each other and pointing up at the ceiling and giggling. After all, it was so silly, mousetraps on the ceiling.

When Bipou came down the next morning and saw that there were no mice caught in the traps, he smiled but he didn't say anything.

He took a chair and put glue on the bottom of its legs and stuck it upside down to the ceiling, near the mousetraps. He did the same with the table, the radio set, and the lamp. He even put a little carpet up there.

The next night when the mice came out of their holes they were still joking and laughing about what they had seen the night before. But when they looked up at the ceiling, they stopped laughing very suddenly.

"Good gracious me!" said one. "Look up there. There's the floor!"

"Heavens above!" said another. "We must be standing on the ceiling!"

"I'm beginning to feel a little giddy," said another.

"All the blood's going to my head," said another.

"This is awful," said the oldest mouse of all. "This is awful. We must do something about this at once."

"I've got it," said a mouse who had a face like a politician and bushy eyebrows like Mr. John L. Lewis's. "I know what we'll do." (He was a very clever mouse.) "We'll all stand on our heads; then, at any rate, we'll be the right way up."

So they all stood on their heads, and after a long time, one by one, they died from a rush of blood to the brain.

When Bipou came down the next morning, the floor was covered with dead mice.

"Ah-ha," he said, and he clapped his hands. "Ah-ha. I knew they'd go for smoked cheese."

The son of Norwegian parents, ROALD DAHL was educated in England and served as a fighter pilot in the RAF. His book *Over to You* will be published this autumn by Reynal and Hitchcock.

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Journey into TOMORROW

This is not just a picture of a boy and girl going off to school. This is a picture of American youth journeying into the future.

Journeying eagerly and unafraid, knowing not what's coming but happily and healthily confident they will be equal to it.

And they do not walk alone.

Looking forward to coming things, we too see a future for America eagerly to be faced.

We see a world made hungry for the good things of life by years of concentration on war and its destruction.

Men of science are moving forward with new methods and improved products. Turned to the uses of war, peace-built techniques proved valuable beyond all words to our fighting men. And with the return of peace, ever-better ways of doing things will result in a flood of new benefits to mankind.

From all this will come opportunity in many forms.

Opportunity to build the many things the world cries out for.

Opportunity for good wages for those ready to earn them.

Opportunity to continue the forward drive which brought your present General Motors car to its high state. The same sort of year-by-year progress that gave even the lowest priced cars the smoothness of Knee-Action, the beauty of Body by Fisher, the security of turret top and steadily increasing economy, power and efficiency in their engines.

Plainly, no one can tell these youngsters now what their future cars will be like. Nor their homes, refrigerators, radios and such.

But they don't need to worry about that.

For in this land, where nothing has long halted the steady march of human progress, tomorrow will be better than today.

And General Motors, holding steadfast to its purpose of building "more and better things for more people," will do its full part to see that it is.

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MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE

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GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
★
Buy Victory Bonds

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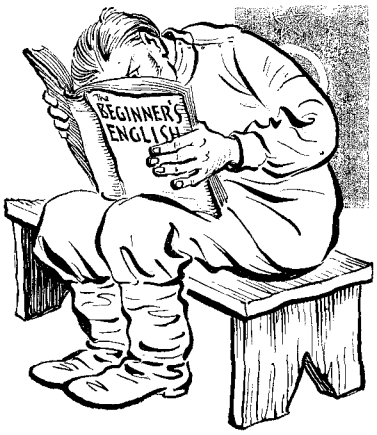
Studying English in the Soviet Union

By **HARRY WEISER**



THE average American finds it difficult to explain why the foreigner says "ze" or "de," rather than the perfectly natural (to him) "the" — until he tries to enunciate an elegant French "rue" or gets his tongue tangled in three or four Russian consonants in a row, unrelieved by any vowel whatever. After two or three trials, he is likely to begin wondering how any foreigner manages to say anything resembling English sounds at all.

Soviet phoneticians early recognized this peculiarity in the study of a foreign language. They pointed out that, while it is natural for the student's grammar and stock of words to become more perfect and increase as he goes on, his pronunciation must be made so perfect in the initial stage that no amount of abuse later will be able to mar it to any great extent. Consequently, the study of a foreign language in the Soviet Union begins with a grounding in pronunciation, a course that occupies anywhere from twenty hours of teaching, in non-specialized institutes, to one hundred hours, in special language institutions.

The student has a set of special lip and tongue drills — "grins," as they are popularly known here. Excellent muscles as the tongue and lips are, the beginner in languages seldom has any conscious awareness of their work, or any conscious control over their movements; and these must be built up if he is to attain proficiency in pronouncing a series of sounds rapidly in the foreign tongue.

The student must learn a special set of phonetic symbols representing sounds, since, in such a language as English, spelling can hardly be said to represent pronunciation with any degree of faithfulness or consistency. He studies and practices special drills for each sound, combinations of sounds, and movements of his organs of speech from one sound to another. It is an edifying sight to sit in at a lesson in phonetics and to hear a young man or woman reciting a lesson in English that sounds so perfect one can scarcely believe the student knows perhaps one hundred words altogether, and would not understand you if you spoke to him.

Beyond the study of pronunciation, the Russian student is puzzled by the delicate shades an Englishman expresses when he says "I have been living here for twenty years" instead of "I have lived here for twenty years." Again, explaining why the Englishman or American insists upon "The play came to an end" instead of "The play came to the end" — which might seem more logical, the play having but one end — is a formidable task for the teacher.

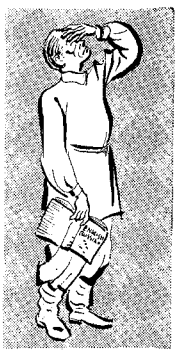
If the object is to learn to read, the process is comparatively simple. One may memorize the words in any way that comes easiest to him, as a means of avoiding looking them up in the dictionary. A good student can even pick up words by reading books and guessing at the meanings of the new words, without looking them up. After seeing them repeated a sufficient number of times, in varying contexts, he has a very fair conception of the words, and need never actually go to the trouble of looking them up.

The difficulty becomes more serious when the student learns new words and phrases in order to reproduce them in actual speech. Here, he must have much more than is required by reading technique. He must know the word so well that it springs into his mind the instant the need arises. He must learn literally thousands of good English phrases. He must be able to choose the proper word to fit the situation, so that he will not say "The two governments signed a peace agreement" or "I have concluded a treaty with my maid."

Foreign languages, in contrast to such subjects as mathematics or chemistry, present significant psychological problems, which must be solved if any significant success is to be hoped for. The Russian student is willing to admit, in a purely intellectual way, that the proper English phrasing is "to take revenge upon somebody for something." However, it goes against his psychological grain not to substitute for it the Russian "to revenge to somebody," when he is called upon to say it rapidly in the course of speaking.

He hears with surprise that in English the patient consults the doctor. In Russian, the doctor consults the patient. In Russian, the phrase "in case" is invariably followed by the word "if," and leaving out this "if" in English leaves the Russian with the feeling that something is missing, that his phrase is not properly rounded out. Insisting upon "I had my watch fixed" seems meticulous to the Russian. In his own language he says "I fixed my watch," whether he did it himself or had someone else do it.

In Russian the verb "to interest" is used to express the idea "to be interested in." Therefore the unwary Russian student of English is likely to say "I interested him," when he means "I was interested in him." "To admire," on the contrary, is passive in Russian and it takes some explaining to make it clear that if one says "I was admired by him" in English, it means that I am the object of the admiration, and not he. For example, a Russian phrase, translated literally,



HARRY WEISER and his wife are both teachers of English language and literature in Moscow.

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The Bob Grahams and Sam Ryders live on a farm and make it pay. They're Bess Flynn's chief characters in the radio serial *Bachelor's Children* which just passed its eleventh year on CBS.

Before Bess moved them to the farm she spent a couple of weeks down at Malabar Ranch, Lucas, Ohio talking to Louis Bromfield. As an energetic leader of the "back-to-the-farm" movement, Bromfield gave her some sound advice out of his own book on how to run a modern farm. Now whenever she gets stuck on crop rotation or cross-breeding she queries Bromfield and he comes right across.

★

As director of CBS' Joan Brooks and *Viva America* programs Wendell Adams is relaxing. Up to last June he was program manager of *Radio Luxembourg*, broadcasting 18 hours a day: propaganda broadcasts in 14 foreign languages, and 18 musical shows. He used a 12-piece musical string ensemble, a 14-piece continental dance orchestra, a 65-piece military band, the organist from the local cathedral, a 16-voice choir, 2 piano soloists, a baritone, a soprano, and 3 army dance bands.

On December 16, the German counter-offensive crashed through the Ardennes.

"On Tuesday the 19th (Adams recalls) the General in command of the area ordered our transmitter blown up. But our administrative officer... persuaded him that we could dismantle the transmitter sufficiently to make it unusable for the Germans for a long period of time...We went off the air at 9 that night...Everyone at the station was put on 10 minutes notice to leave town...

"The next morning the German radio...came up with a transmitter on our frequency...and announced themselves as *Radio Luxembourg*... BBC put out a report that '*Radio Luxembourg* seems to be back on the air under the auspices of the Germans.'...Those of us working at the station were practically given up for captured.

"...We sat tight in Luxembourg checking with the General every hour as to the position of the Germans. They were stopped 5 miles from us and never took the transmitter.

"...On December 23 at 11 p.m. we resumed operations and London and the world knew that we had not lost *Radio Luxembourg*, the most important allied radio operation on the continent."

★

Now let's hear Edward Weeks, the *Atlantic's* editor, speaking of CBS *American School of the Air* at 5 p.m. EST weekdays—and of books on the air:

"Children's Hour has certainly changed. Ever since the radio became a part of the American home, a third dimension has been added to the parent-child relationship. To my boy, Chiefie, that box on his bedside table, that box which he is forbidden to turn on after eight-thirty in the evening and before seven in the morning, is the equivalent of Keith's Vaudeville, which at his age I was allowed to see only once a fortnight. It is the equivalent of the church choir in which my mother used to sing, and to my surprise it seems to be a shortcut to that shelf of books which everybody should know.

"The Chief is adamant about his programs, just as adamant as I am that he shall fit in his homework between them. When he gets home, an alarm clock goes off in his imagination, and from then until he is sent to bed, his mind is running after his heroes, the Mayor of the Town whom Lionel Barrymore has made one of the most endearing characters in all the listening world; Henry Aldrich, blood brother of Penrod and Tom Sawyer; and the Lone Ranger, who is the Robin Hood of our time.

"The Chief had measles this spring, and when his fever was bad and he was a little jiggling lump under the covers, I tried to amuse him by reading *Tom Sawyer* aloud. He laughed at the wonderful scene of Tom in the church, and his eyes grew large as he heard Huck and Tom on the sandbar. Later he asked why there were not now stories about boys like those on the air. I don't know the answer. It isn't good enough to say that they have all been done. They ought to come every spring, like the circus, as something so irresistibly American that nothing can keep kids from listening. There is too much boy, too much for a single program in any of these books. But in four or five programs you could catch one of them alive.

"What is true of these books is equally true of many others. Have you ever heard *Treasure Island*, *Little Women*, or *Black Beauty*, done as only a great studio could do them on the air? Take the unforgettable scenes from the unforgettable books, from *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Pickwick Papers*, take them into your mind and your boy's mind and you will both have an incentive to read the book.

"The worst punishment we can inflict on the Chief is to forbid him all use of the radio for a week. But I can remember a still worse punishment than that: the compulsion to read books because the school said you had to. That unenlightened compulsion ruined *Ivanhoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress* for me. But radio has given the Chief an appetite for narrative, and now it is beckoning him into the books I wanted him to read—the books we have been meaning to re-read ourselves."

This is
CBS
the COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

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might go something like this: "Desdemona was admired by Othello's bravery and his military exploits."

English word order seems unnecessarily rigid to the Russian learner. In his own language, he has cases to indicate the doer and the receiver of the action, so that it makes no essential difference whether he says "The composer wrote a song" or "A song wrote the composer." Pointing out that in court the main question at issue may be whether John killed Jack, or Jack killed John, seems evading the whole problem to him. He cannot see, psychologically, why mere position in the sentence should create all this fuss.

Finally, the English prepositions seem simply unfair to the Russian learner. If a thing is clear, we say it is clear *to* me; if it is difficult, we say it is difficult *for* me. We work *at* a factory but *on* a farm, whereas the Russian works *on* a factory and *in* a farm.

Americans who have taken up the study of the Russian language, and who have found to their dismay that to say "on the table," "to the table," "at the table," "off the table" correctly, one must change not only the preposition but the form of the word "table" in every case, will understand why the Russian student feels resentful when he is called upon to memorize "to call on," "to call for," "to call to," "to call up," "to call after," and is told that none of them has any appreciable connection with the others.

The Russian student studying English comes up against thousands of language phenomena that are different from equivalent phenomena in his own language, and their explanation lies not in grammar or in lexicology but in the customs and thought-habits of the nation. He learns from the phrase "I raised the window," or "I threw up the window," that windows go up and down in America, and do not open outward as they have always done in Russia.

The Englishman or American learning Russian finds the word "Fortochka," which has no English equivalent, since it means a small part of the window that can open and close independently of the rest of the window, a reflection of Russia's cold winters, during which it would be courting severe illness to throw the whole window wide-open. "Uptown" and "downtown" in New York are puzzling to the Muscovite, whose city is built in circular fashion, and who naturally says "towards the center" or "away from the center." The Russian says "as stubborn as an ox," not "as a mule," an animal he hardly knows. In place of the American phrase "we went out last night," the Russian says "we went walking last night," probably a reflection of traditional Russian village life, when going out ordinarily meant going for a walk.

Students introduced to the English disjunctive question cannot explain to themselves why anyone should say "Cold, isn't it?" They invariably ask whether it is a question or a statement, and are never fully satisfied by the explanation that it is neither the

one nor the other; or rather, that it is both a statement and a question. The harassed teacher gets over it somehow, however, and begins to breathe easier, until he comes to the answer to such a question. For the answer, as likely as not, may be "Yes, isn't it?" thereby flooring the Russian completely; for, says he, there may be no end to it. Both parties may continue saying "Yes, isn't it?" *ad infinitum.*

With all the difficulties that beset the student learning the English language, one might expect to find numerous cases of people beginning and then giving it up as a bad job; or of people being deterred from undertaking such an arduous task altogether. However, the opposite seems to be true. Every year finds thousands of eager language learners coming on the scene. Indeed, the demand for language teachers, particularly English teachers, is so great that the Commissariat of Education has given up hope of satisfying it for some years to come. A good English teacher is worth his weight in sugar in Moscow today.

Apples Immortal

***By* GEORGE ABBE**

LET this tree live, thought the child;
Let the apples on this one tree never die.
And when winter came, and the cool mild
Dark of autumn paled out of heart and sky
And the fruit had fallen,
Lo, on that one tree the apples hung
Still red, still naked and wild,
Glowing against snow, like a sonata sung
By angels of a new angelic age,
Like the crimson script on a page
Torn from a lost book of miracles.
Dawn-flushed and young,
The apples gleamed in their ice, and swung
To the cold harp-thrum of the wind,
And the child walked through frozen orchard air
Where the fruit of all other trees had fallen
And all other trees were leafless and sullen,
And saw the boughs of that tree softly aflame
With a color immortal; saw that his tiny prayer
Had fixed against time one instant,
Had kept one thing the same, —
Beyond all touch, perhaps, past others' knowing,
But sure, within his arch of faith, —
An image fixed in memory's glowing
And heaven's grace.

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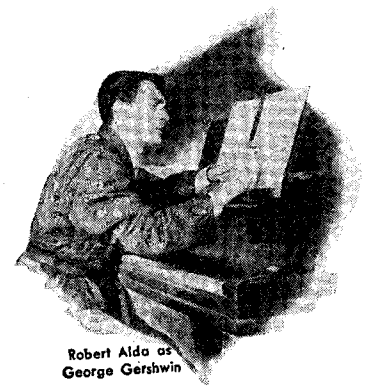
THE MAN WHO SET AMERICA TO MUSIC



Robert Alda as George Gershwin

As a boy, he lived over a bakery shop in Brooklyn.

While the other kids were playing one-o'-cat and Red Rover, his mother made him stay inside and take piano lessons. (Twenty-five cents a lesson — cash!)

And when he played Mozart in ragtime, his teacher turned purple with rage.

But Mozart wouldn't have minded. Because he'd have heard, in that "ragging", the nervous, impudent rhythm of a city . . . the violent, cocksure cadence of a nation . . . the first whisper of a genius that would someday speak in rich, exuberant accents, and make the music of George Gershwin world-famous.

* * *

Out of the exciting life of this man . . . out of the wealth of best-loved music he wrote . . . we at Warner Bros. have fashioned a magnificent motion picture.

We think you'll enjoy RHAPSODY IN BLUE as you've enjoyed few entertainments in your lifetime.

We think, too, that RHAPSODY IN BLUE says something important about the democracy which gave Gershwin a chance to prove his genius . . . and that RHAPSODY IN BLUE is in the Warner tradition of *"combining good picture-making with good citizenship."*

WARNER BROS.
JACK L. WARNER, EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

Rhapsody in Blue

THE JUBILANT STORY OF GEORGE GERSHWIN

starring
ROBERT ALDA • JOAN LESLIE • ALEXIS SMITH • CHARLES COBURN & AL JOLSON • OSCAR LEVANT • PAUL WHITEMAN • GEORGE WHITE • HAZEL SCOTT • ANNE BROWN

Directed by IRVING RAPPER • Produced by JESSE L. LASKY • MUSIC BY GEORGE GERSHWIN • Original Story by Sonya Levien • Screen Play by Howard Koch and Elliot Paul
Dances created and directed by LE ROY PRINZ • Orchestral arrangements by RAY HEINDORF

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Civilians: Our Next Problem

***By* R. W. GORDON**

THE movie at Camp Dehabilitation was packed, largely because the commanding officer had caused mess call to be sounded early and unit commanders had marched the resulting formations over in a body. The strays herded late into the front seats were those the MP's had rounded up at the slop chute and Post Exchange.

A captain, with enough ribbons on his chest to stifle incipient jeers, strode from the wings to the exact center of the stage, where he was handed a microphone by a corporal with a crew haircut. He said words into this microphone, to wit:—

"The movie tonight, men, will be *Hollywood Canteen*. I know most of you have seen this picture, and that all of you except the adolescent autograph hounds are going to gag on a second dose of it, which is why we brought you over here before chow. You will consider this picture a training film, and will pay strict attention. Company officers will hold school in this subject upon your return to barracks.

"We've got to learn to understand the civilian. We've got to help him adjust himself to peace. Remember that, while we've been cruising the Mediterranean and Atlantic, while we've been taking in the sights of France and Germany or wintering in sunny Italy, the civilian has stayed at home, or at least in this country. He has worked long hours in a stuffy old office or factory, with only time-and-a-half for overtime, and seldom time out for strikes. He has been heckled by the OPA, the WMC, the WLB, the OWI, and other alphabetical nuisances. As a result, 40 per cent of the civilians you meet at home or on the street are psychoneurotic cases. They need to be handled with a great deal of sympathy and understanding.

"To help ease the strain on civilians, and to assist them to readjust to a normal peacetime routine, the armed services are organizing the UCO — United Civilian Organizations. Your first sergeants have been instructed to blackjack all of you for voluntary contributions to this worthy cause. Those of you who do not contribute heavily will be considered unpatriotic, and will be investigated by the FBI for possible fifth-column activity. You understand, of course, that all contributions will be on a strictly voluntary basis. You will also be asked to give a bit of your time, say five or six evenings a week, to this noble and patriotic cause.

"The picture you will see tonight will give you a rough idea of what is expected of you. Canteens will be organized in all cities where large numbers of civilians congregate. We aim to keep them off the streets and to provide them with good, wholesome entertainment.

"As bait to lure them in, there will be free coffee, doughnuts, and writing paper. Only older, kindly-looking soldiers (and this automatically eliminates Marines), those able to cultivate the necessary patronizing air, will be given the privilege of distributing the handouts. Each person who accepts a cup of coffee will be asked if he has written to his mother lately.

"But you younger men and sailors, be patient; there is a place for you too. There will be dancing in the canteens every night except Sundays. Majors and above will be chaperons. Other ranks may register as hosts. Those who register must be on duty at least three evenings each week, and must not play favorites, but dance with each woman present.

"On Sundays all civilians will be urged to accompany you to church, after which you will take them to the nearest camp for a good meal.

"Now lots of girls who come in for a doughnut and a dance will want to date you, but we must keep this thing clean. After all, a girl is here today and gone tomorrow. The chaperons will have no time to check and see if she is socially acceptable for a man in uniform. She might even be married. So that none of you men will be led astray, we must forbid outside dating of hosts.

"A few of you men have won honors by distinguishing yourselves in battle. You are, in short, celebrities. You lucky chaps may now show your public how democratic you can be by doing the cooking, dishwashing, and other dirty work at these canteens. Photographers will be there to record your noble work. This publicity will be of great value to you when you write your book or try to get a job.

"Some of you heroes will find that the more naïve bobby-sockers will gaze at you with a romantic gleam in their eyes. If the chaperons, upon investigation, find that such girls are sincere and pure in their hero-worship, they may be permitted one chaste kiss from each of the men who have set them ga-ga. Newsreels will record this tender scene. This will show the civilians that we have the happiness of the girls at heart, and that no sacrifice is too great if it will help morale. No need to go into details here. Joan Leslie shows exactly how it should be done in the training film you are about to witness.

"Not all civilians can come to these canteens, but all civilians can travel, as a glance at any train or bus will show you. So that we may miss nobody, volunteers in uniform will be on each station platform

---

MAJOR ROBERT W. GORDON, a veteran of both World Wars, writes us that, "having acquired a glass eye," he was "recently retired by the United States Marine Corps after twenty-one years of broken service." He is now living in Loveland, Colorado.

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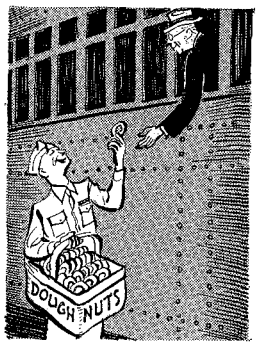

throughout the country, distributing doughnuts, coffee, and one stick of chewing gum to each civilian. If a person hesitates, say, 'Go ahead. It's free.' If he still appears bashful, encourage him by remarking: 'It's perfectly all right. I have a sister who's a civilian.'

"Company commanders will attach orders to each furlough paper, assigning men to suitable voluntary civilian welfare jobs in their home towns.

"Now, before we show this instructive film, are there any questions?"

A serious-faced sergeant stood up awkwardly. "Wouldn't it be a good idea, sir, to hold school on those buttons and things civilians wear in their lapels? Some of us don't know what they mean."

"Not at all necessary," the captain replied. "Just approach the civilian in a large crowd, point to the badge of honor, and say in a loud voice: 'I see you've been to lodge meeting.' This should produce bloodcurdling stories of initiations which will keep you entertained for an hour. At this point it is proper to buy him a beer.

"If he insists on standing treat in turn, say: 'No, you're only a civilian. You fellows don't have much money, what with taxes and War Bonds.'

"But you should all learn to spot the American Legion pin half a block away. Grasp the initiative and hold to it firmly, for once lost it can never be regained. Dash up to the wearer of that pin and slap him on the back. Say, 'Hi, dad! I've got a father in the First World War. Did I ever tell you about that time at Saint-Lô? You fellows don't know what war really is.'"

Warning

***By* ELNORA CHESTERMAN**

WHEN axe-struck through the core the trunk sways
down
shattering the upflung dignity of branches,
yank out the stump — even to the taproot's tip.
Burn.
Let grasses sprout.

Then say to the new love: *A clearing lies*
for you to path and plant. But if you would
be honest
add: *Take care!*
From one old deep-pierced spot a creeper rises,
resisting all, barbed with green leaves of hate.
It is a twisting thing that bears bright flowers in the
night;
it might trip you up.

What Sherlock Didn't Know

***By* STUART C. RAND**

BEING confined to my bed with influenza, I sought solace in an old file of the *Strand Magazine*. In the issue of March, 1900, a British physician named Arthur Conan Doyle — later a convinced spiritualist — tells the remarkable experiences of Harvey Deacon, an artist, Miss Delamere, a medium, and Paul LeDuc, a French authority on spiritualism. They materialized, believe it or not, a live unicorn — with considerable hazard to all concerned.

My curiosity was immediately aroused, particularly as I had very recently read the amazing experiences of Daniel Dunglas Home, the American wizard, in his day the friend and confidant of half the crowned heads and celebrities of Europe. If Home, Delamere, and LeDuc could do it, why couldn't I?

It has always puzzled me that our beloved Sherlock Holmes, although he occasionally referred to attendance at a trial, had never, so far as Watson's record shows, actually crossed swords with an experienced master of the art of cross-examination. Adopting Home's well-known technique of the recumbent position, which perforce I was occupying at the moment, I concentrated on the familiar room at 221 B Baker Street.

The gasogene, the tantalus, the slipper, the coal scuttle full of cigars — all these materialized readily. Watson was seated in a chair. Holmes was standing by the fireplace stuffing his briar. Opposite him stood a lean, long-nosed Britisher not unlike Holmes, whom I at once recognized as Sir Henry Hawkins, later Lord Brampton, a distinguished judge. One of the most prominent members of the British Bar, Hawkins took part in the famous Tichborne trial and had few, if any, equals at cross-examination.

"Holmes," said Hawkins, "you are overbrilliant."

"No," said Holmes. "That's only the way Watson tells it. It is really absurdly simple — sound reasoning from observed phenomena."

"Bosh," replied Hawkins. "It doesn't stand up. Take that Saltire kidnaping at the Priory School in Hallamshire."

"Certainly," said Holmes between puffs. "One of my brilliant successes and, incidentally, a profitable one. It fattened my account at the Capitol and Counties Bank by £6000."

"Success — yes," snapped Hawkins, "but you left little ten-year-old Saltire at that foul pub unguarded overnight, with that damned villain Wilder at large.

STUART C. RAND is a Boston trial lawyer and a member of the Massachusetts legislature.

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Bull luck, I call it. You should have gone to jail."

Watson sat up with a startled look. Holmes bridled but said nothing.

"And take that bicycle bosh," Hawkins continued. "You say that at ordinary speeds the rear tire of a bicycle, carrying the rider's weight, leaves a deeper impression than the front one?"

"Certainly," said Holmes.

"Yes — and when it crosses the impression of the front tire it shows its deeper impression?"

"Certainly."

"Let me suggest to you, sir, that, the bicycle being gone, only the track remained to be observed?"

"Certainly."

"And that this Dunlop tire contained no distinctive pattern that would indicate direction?"

"Ah," said Holmes, "but it had a patch."

"Very true," Hawkins went on. "But did you by any chance see the patch applied?"

"I did not."

"So you have no knowledge of any particularity in its shape that would indicate direction?"

"None."

"It would recur with every revolution of the wheel, be the direction north or south?"

"Certainly."

"Then how would the track alone indicate direction?"

My materialization of Holmes actually faded visibly at this point, and I could faintly observe directly through his body the startled face of his housekeeper, Mrs. Hudson, peering from the buttery door. Watson stirred slightly in his chair. "Why didn't I think of that? I was right all the time and never knew it," he whispered.

Hawkins was merciless. "And take that rubbish about the colored husband of Grant Munro's first wife in that tale of the Yellow Face.

"The Munros lived at Norbury, didn't they, Watson?"

Watson nodded.

"Holmes," said Hawkins, and his voice was sterner now, "did you ever see a death certificate issued by the State of Georgia or the City of Atlanta?"

"I never did."

"Would it surprise you to know that they were never issued until they were provided for by an Act of 1914?"

Holmes gasped.

"You recall," Hawkins continued, "that Mr. Grant Munro told you he had seen the death certificate of his wife's first husband?"

"Yes," replied Holmes. "Perhaps it was issued by the attending physician."

"Surely, Holmes, you are aware of the American prejudice against Negroes?"

"Yes, as Altamont in Chicago I became well aware of it in later years, and I did know of it before that."

"Can you conceive of even an informal death certificate issued in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1885 or thereabouts, that did not specify the race of the decedent as either colored or white, particularly the former?"

Holmes made no reply. The face of Mrs. Hudson became plainly visible through his midriff. Watson tugged at his mustache.

Hawkins tilted forward slightly and slanted an index finger toward the detective. His words grew clipped.

"Munro said the first husband and child died of yellow fever. Even Lestrade, and surely the young inspector, Hopkins, would have seen through that one and that fortune of £4500 which a colored lawyer in Atlanta left his wife within twenty years of the Civil War. Stuff and nonsense. Wait a minute."

Hawkins strode to the hallway door and opened it. A pleasant-appearing young man entered and bowed to us.

"Gentlemen," said Hawkins, "let me present W. Colquitt Carter, Esquire, of the Atlanta Bar, Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A."

Hawkins closed the door and again turned to face us. "Carter," he asked, "did Atlanta ever have any trouble with yellow fever around the 1880's or at any other time?"

"No," Carter replied, "I believe not. It has an elevation of 1100 feet and I believe yellow fever seldom if ever occurs at that altitude."

Hawkins went on. "Were marriages between colored men and white women permitted in Georgia in the last century?"

Carter smiled. "No, indeed. The Georgia Acts of 1865, page 241, section 678, specifically provide: —

> "*Intermarriage of white and colored people.* If any officer shall knowingly issue a marriage license to parties either of whom is of African descent and the other a white person or if any officer or minister of the gospel shall marry such persons together he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

"Further than that, I might say, Sir Henry," he went on, "marriages between white persons and

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His name is Al Schmid, and he lives in Philadelphia.

He's 26 years old—and since his discharge from the Marine Corps, he has married and had a baby boy.

He's a swell guy.

* * *

I met Al in his home town a few months ago. I'd been anxious to meet him, for two reasons:

One, I remembered the newspaper accounts of the heroism that won Al the Navy Cross.

Two, Warner Bros. had assigned me to play the part of Al Schmid in a picture. Naturally, I wanted to find out what the *real* Al Schmid was like.

Well, I found out. And then I knew why Warner Bros. was so concerned with making this picture one of the finest entertainments ever filmed.

Now the picture's finished and released. I hope you'll see it, if you haven't already. Because I think it's pretty important.

* * *

You see, Al got kind of knocked around that night on Guadalcanal. It did something to him. Inside and outside both.

And when you see PRIDE OF THE MARINES, I think it will help you to understand what the boys who go through that experience are up against when they come home—and how you can help them find the happiness they've earned.

I think you'll know, too, why Warner Bros. is known as the company that combines *"good picture-making with good citizenship"* . . . and why I'm glad to be part of that company.

John Garfield

I want you to meet a friend of mine

PRIDE OF THE MARINES

JOHN GARFIELD

ELEANOR PARKER · DANE CLARK

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Screen Play by Albert Maltz · Adaptation by Marvin Borowsky · From a Book by Roger Butterfield · Music by Franz Waxman

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colored persons were absolutely null and void under the laws of the State of Georgia."

"Carter," said Hawkins, "were there any colored lawyers, or at least any of sufficient standing to leave a white wife a fortune of $20,000, practicing in Atlanta in the 1880's?"

Carter smiled. "No, Sir Henry. At your request, I consulted the City Directory of Atlanta for 1885. There was no Negro lawyer listed. I also inquired among some of my older friends at the Bar and they had no recollection of any Negro lawyers practicing at that time. In the 1890's there were one or two Negro lawyers who engaged in the practice of law and who had a small law practice in Atlanta. It is hardly conceivable that any one of these could have had a practice sufficient to accumulate a capital of $20,000."

For the first time Hawkins smiled. He bowed a slight acknowledgment to the younger man.

"Carter," said he, "have you checked these conclusions with a more experienced man?"

"Yes, I have," Carter replied. "Holding Mr. Sherlock Holmes in great and affectionate esteem, as I always shall," — Holmes's face lighted a bit at this and Mrs. Hudson grew less visible, — "I should not have come here without taking that precaution. I have been over the whole matter with my good friend, Mr. Stephens Mitchell of the Atlanta Bar."

Carter turned and addressed Holmes: "Forgive me, Mr. Holmes, but I am sure that Dr. Watson must have been in error in mentioning Atlanta. It was undoubtedly New Orleans where Mr. and Mrs. Hebron lived. There was more intermixture of races there even in the early days, and yellow fever was common."

Hawkins snorted. "Even there, Carter, a death certificate would have specified the race?"

Carter nodded.

"Any questions, Holmes?" Hawkins snapped.

There was a long silence.

"Watson," said Holmes at length, "if it should ever strike you that I am getting a little overconfident of my powers, or giving less pains to a case than it deserves, kindly whisper 'Norbury' in my ear, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you."

"Humph!" said Hawkins. "Just ask him why he let John Oppenshaw and John Douglas each go to his death with no word of explanation as to the nature or the identity of their antagonists. Ask him why he never reasoned that Jonathan Small would unquestionably heave the Agra treasure into the Thames."

Watson flushed and half rose from his chair.

Holmes made no reply.

Rand vanished.

Yellow Cats

***By* JANE CAPEN DALE**

CATS will lie against a wall,
Purring, curling paws and tails.
Cats will lengthen out and sprawl,
Slow and accurate as snails.

When the blue-green feathered grass
Blade by blade reflects the breeze,
Cats will roll to feel it pass,
Then resume their slant-eyed ease.

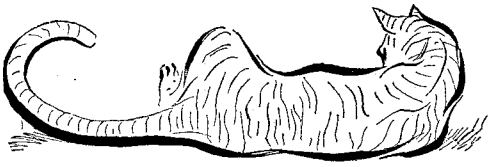
BELL-SHAPED, with haunches firmly squat,
The cat may for a minute rise
To stare at bird or butterfly,
With momentary rounded eyes.

But legs relax, the bird moves on,
The furry spine begins to wilt
And droop until at last his head
Lies with the rest, like honey spilt.

THE cat that enters from the night
With darkened eyes and chilly fur
Prowls and explores as if she could
Absorb the things that puzzle her.

The barred tail waves, the front paws knead,
She settles plumply in a chair;
And then, along a similar road,
The other golden cat is there.

As in a fugue, the second voice
Which enters echoing will find
At last its mate, so now the cats
Recline and wash with single mind.



THE fur fanned out at elbow joints,
Pale fringes in the ears,
The plastered spot his tongue anoints,
Are all that now appears
Contrasting with the sleek expanse
Of tiger-striped pelt
Which forms its owner's coat and pants
And shirt and hat and belt.

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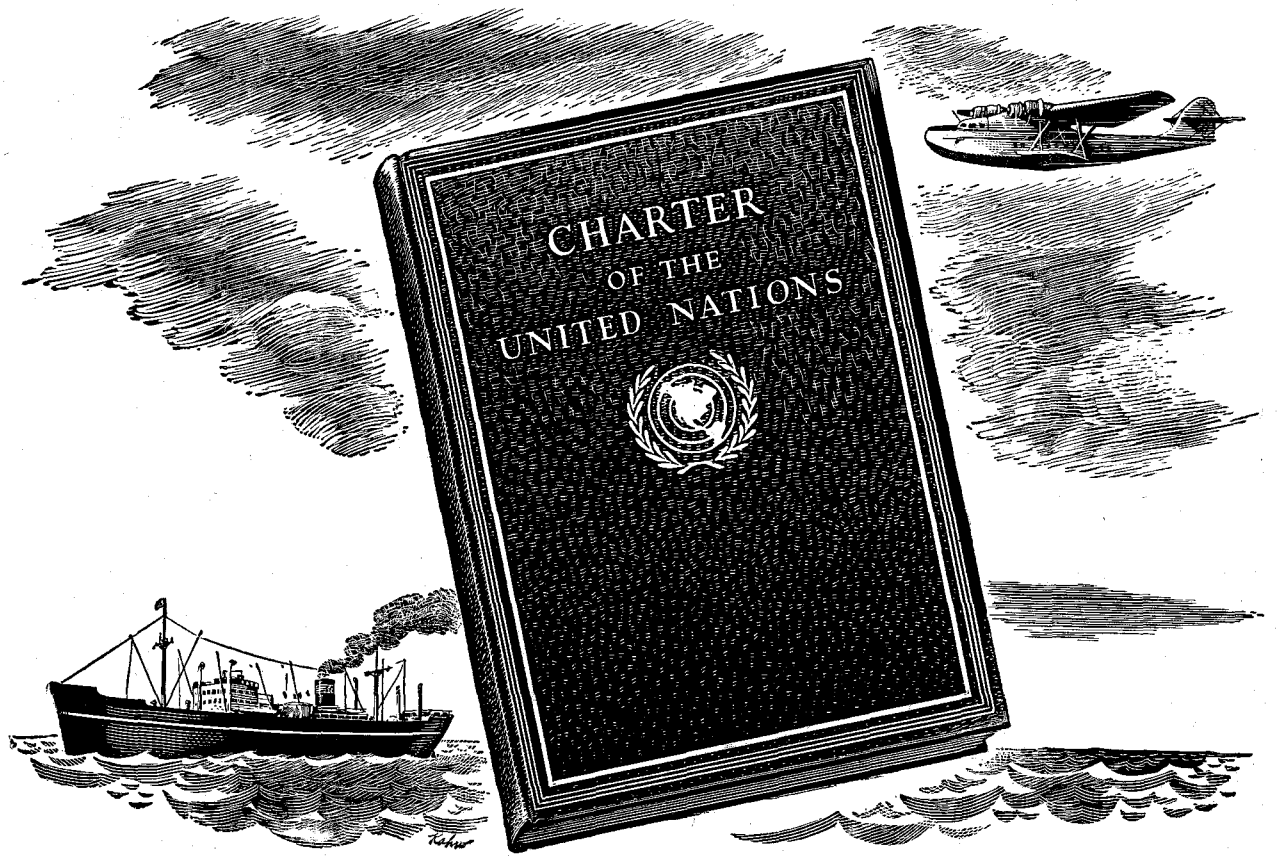

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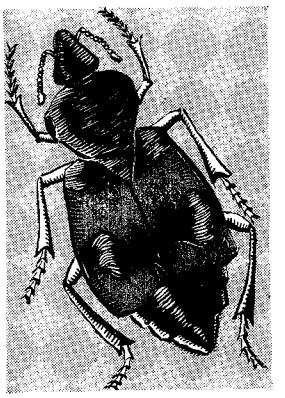
Sexton Beetles

***By* LORUS J. MILNE**



MANY of us can remember a happy song we sang in Sunday school, which ran: "God sees the little sparrow fall. It meets His tender view." No one seemed at all sorry for the sparrow or concerned about what happened to it when it reached the ground. Poetically, W. H. Hudson described the same pleasant death in his *Birds in Town and Village*. His basic theme was the bird's lack of apprehension — it "was never miserable."

But what then? And what the fate of the mouse that died the same night among the leaf litter under the trees, or the old snake that died in the pasture, or the fish which the storm waves threw high up on the beach?

To the scientist, the "natural" death of an animal or plant is interesting mainly as a first step in returning to the soil the raw materials of which the living body was composed. The bacteria and fungi, the insects and other animals which speed reconversion of the dead carcass into new life, are highly important in keeping these raw materials in circulation. One of the more spectacular ways in which this can be accomplished is through the activities of so-called "sexton beetles," insect gravediggers that inter small carcasses to provide food for their offspring.

Hudson's bird died in a winter night. Many do so in summer nights and, like Hudson's bird, fall to the dark ground to lie motionless. A fox or a skunk may find the little body, or it may lie unmolested awhile. A large wood ant is almost sure to locate it within an hour, as the night's jackpot in routine foraging. The ant is likely to bite out a fragment and hurry away on a long and tortuous course to its nest, where the morsel and the news will be shared amid great excitement.

Before the ant returns with hungry relatives, a stout beetle is flying toward the dead bird, directing its flight by sensitive feelers which have picked up the faint odor of decay in the night air. By rapid stages the beetle reaches the immediate vicinity of the bird, then drops to the ground, folds its wings beneath protective covers, and forces its way through the grass root tangle to the small carcass.

Arriving at the bird, the beetle stops, touching the feathers with only its antennal knobs, perhaps rearing up slightly to rest its forefeet against the body while studying the odors. Only for a moment does the beetle hesitate. It shuffles quickly an inch or so along the side of the bird, then dexterously rolls over on its back as it crawls under the carcass. Now the beetle's feet are against the bird's feathers, its hard back against the rough earth. The beetle lifts the bird over itself using its strong black legs, and with an amazing display of strength actually shifts the dead body a fraction of an inch.

The bird is several inches long, the beetle about one inch; the bird weighs many times as much as the beetle. Yet the lifting is repeated again and again in rapid succession, the carcass moving farther and farther while the smooth back of the beetle slips a little against the ground. In a few moments the beetle has slid under the carcass to its farther side; then quickly emerging, it rights itself as it comes free of the bird's dead weight.

Again the beetle examines the bird with its feelers. The initial inspection has satisfied the beetle of several facts. There is adequate meat to feed a brood of beetle young. The bird is small enough to handle, even if it must be carried some distance to a suitable burial site. It is much smaller and lighter than the dead groundhog the beetle found yesterday. Moreover the bird's body is free from surrounding bushes and is not likely to offer insuperable resistance to being transported. It will be hard work and require frequent rest periods, but the carcass can be moved. The beetle is the first of its kind on the scene, a head start of considerable importance.

Speed and efficiency are important to the beetle, to the life chances of its unlaid eggs. Is the earth under the bird soft or hard? Are there roots in profusion or is the soil sufficiently loose to make rapid digging possible? To find the answers, the beetle pulls away the earth under its forefeet, pushes head and shoulders into the hole so formed, and starts crawling. The feet separate the earth in front of and below the insect, so that it moves ahead slowly, the soil over its back buckling upwards and breaking into fragments.

The beetle encounters a mass of roots and turns aside. A quarter inch of progress and the beetle is stopped abruptly by a half-buried rock. Again it turns. More roots. Out comes the beetle, scurrying a few inches from the bird and trying again. Still no use. The ground is very hard. Farther and farther the beetle explores, searching for a suitable burial site.

Meanwhile the ants have arrived at the bird and are busy cutting off small pieces. In this they are very inefficient, two ants frequently tugging at a fragment of skin which one of them has nipped free. Others hurry homeward with a morsel, but they go via the same devious route by which they came.

The beetle has found a soft place in the earth. It investigates and furrows nearly three inches each way and encounters no significant obstacles. The area is forty inches from the bird. Abruptly the beetle stops its plowing and returns to the carcass, traveling in an almost straight line, often pushing through tangled spots which could be avoided by a small detour. The strength of the insect is surprising. Its stout body must be filled with muscles.

LORUS J. MILNE made extensive firsthand observations of burying beetles and later completed a motion picture record of them. He is a biologist and biophysicist who was engaged during the war in research on visual problems at the University of Pennsylvania.

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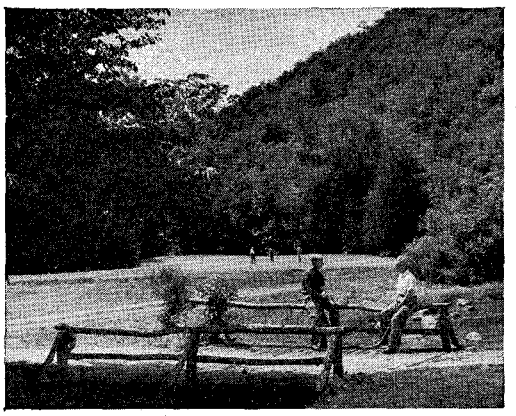
THE FALL SEASON AT THE HOMESTEAD



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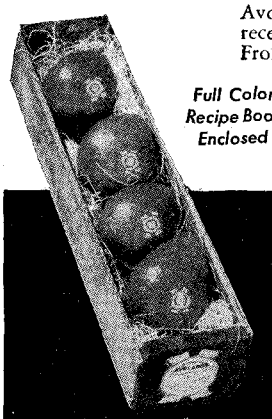

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Arriving at the bird once more, it stops, tests the air, and again slides under the carcass, lifting and shifting it, and emerging near the head.

Ants! The beetle pushes its way through them, scattering and throwing them into confusion, temporarily driving some of them away. The beetle hurries around the bird and sets out for the plowed area with remarkable accuracy. Part way there it stops, changes direction sharply, and going off a small distance, does a little more exploring for a burial site. None is suitable. Off the beetle goes again to its plowed area, traveling quickly and as though by compass. After a little more loosening of the soil, back it goes to the bird. There are more ants now, but they scatter as the stout beetle scrambles through them. The beetle ignores the ants and stops to examine the bird.

The beetle goes under the bird as before, entering on the side nearest the plowed area. Lifting, heaving, struggling, the beetle moves the carcass half an inch toward the burial site before sliding out on the far side of the body. Quickly the beetle turns over, back up against the bird, and scrambles under the body again to emerge where it first went in. The smooth back of the beetle does not shift the carcass at all. Again the beetle rolls over and the body is shifted by powerful legs another half inch before the insect slips out on the far side. Four times more the beetle shuttles back and forth, and the bird is two and a half inches nearer the burial site.

It is very strenuous effort. The ants are leaving; the beetle is too disturbing to them. The bird does not stay still; it moves along the ground, even rolling over occasionally. It jerks as though alive again. The beetle is very industrious, pausing to rest only at long intervals. Suddenly another beetle arrives. In a moment the two have met under the carcass. The new arrival is of the same sex as the "owner" of the carcass. Out come both beetles, the first arrival angrily pursuing the latecomer, both squeaking in high-pitched complaining tones. There is a rough-and-tumble fight at the side of the bird. The second beetle breaks away, runs a short distance, and takes to flight. The first beetle scrambles around the carcass and returns to work.

A few minutes later another beetle arrives. This time it is of a different sex and no objection is raised. At last a mate has arrived, but the lack of courtship is peculiar. Apparently it is the mate's assistance that is appreciated, rather than any inherent charm. Although the newcomer is much smaller in size, twelve legs are better than six, and the bird is moved along much faster. The first beetle leaves the body to run over to the plowed area. It is less than thirty inches away now. In three hours the beetles will have the bird at the chosen burial site.

Even with two sexton beetles coöperating, the movement of the carcass is not without difficulties. Grass clumps may be parted or by-passed, but once in a while some stem or stick bars the way. Sometimes a loop is formed by a long-stalked leaf such as clover, and the carcass becomes wedged into the loop. A beetle will investigate, put its head and shoulders under the loop, its feet in the feathers of the bird, and strain ahead. Usually such forceful treatment stretches the loop enough so that, when relaxed, it will clear the carcass. If it does not, the beetles may loosen the earth under the body to let it sink a little and come free, or one may settle down on the restraining strand to chew it to the breaking point. Meanwhile the mate struggles to move the carcass, or "rests" by running over to do a bit more plowing in the burial site.

By daylight the bird is being let into the ground. The beetles shuttle under it, pushing out the loosened earth on all sides, sinking the carcass into the hole. As they scramble around we can see that each is mostly black, with orange-red marks on the wing covers. One beetle is slightly more than an inch long, while its mate is about three quarters as large. Both are heavily built, with strong black legs. They hurry continually and coöperate with wonderful efficiency. In an hour only the bird's tail feathers show above ground, and the few early-rising flies which were attracted to the vicinity leave for more available carrion.

By noon all of the bird has vanished, and the beetles with it. The sun has dried out the earth they loosened so that it is only with difficulty that we can see where they let the carcass into the ground. They are still working on it, sinking it lower by shifting the earth from below it to above it. When the bird's body is two inches below the surface of the ground, they will have a rounded chamber hollowed out around it. There they will remove all feathers and work the body into a ball. The feathers will be pulled away into near-by earth where they are out of the chamber.

It is amazing to think of two small insects carrying a bird as large as a full-grown robin, taking it as much as ten feet from where it fell, and working it into the ground until two inches of earth separate the bird from the outside air. Yet twenty-four hours is sufficient for this burial and for the preparation of the denuded body in its earthen cell.

At this stage the male beetle may leave, or both may remain to attend to their progeny. The adults prepare a short tunnel away from the main chamber, and at intervals along its walls the female lays her fifteen eggs.

While these are incubating, the parents work on the ball of food they have buried. They keep it free

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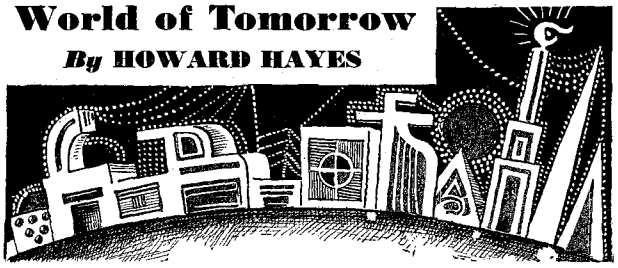
of excess moisture, yet do not allow it to dry out. Any fly maggots, other insects, or earthworms which appear must be disposed of by the parent beetles before they endanger the food supply. If some form of embalming is carried on, we do not know just what is done. We do know that bacterial action is restrained and that the mass of tissue turns quickly to a gray paste which lasts for a month or more in this condition if the adults continue in attendance.

The beetles now feed on this food and, when their eggs hatch, nourish the young by regurgitating partly digested material. The young are agile little grubs at first, but they grow rapidly on the constantly available food, becoming fat and relatively helpless. When the young reach full size, the parent beetles lead them away through the soil several inches from the shrunken remnant of the food mass, and there leave them to pupate. In a few weeks they will have transformed into adult sexton beetles, ready to search out their own dead bird, mouse, or beached fish.

World of Tomorrow

***By* HOWARD HAYES**



I FIND myself spending a great deal of thought on the "World of Tomorrow." In fact, I have visions about it, though I have not yet heard voices. Or at least no genuinely commanding voice.

A typical vision, for example, starts out like this. I find myself wandering in a perfectly wonderful department store. It is full of all the goods of this world, both foreign and domestic, plain and exotic. The store is well run, with plenty of information clerks, escalators, bubble fountains, and quick and courteous service behind the counters. I am conscious of an unlimited charge account.

As I pass through the aisles I notice diplomats in silk hats shopping side by side with peasants "in full skirts and bright blouses." Everybody understands something of every other person's language — at least enough to be polite. I wander about for a while and then this great store fades into a super-colossal World's Fair with fountains and flags and educational exhibits and amusement parks. Everything, of course, is unimaginably new, gay, and modernistic. Note, please, that I said modernistic, not fantastic. The architecture, the lighting, the landscaping — everything fits into a plan. Even the frankfurters and soft drinks are all of the same high, standardized quality. Constant inspection keeps them so, along with everything else on the grounds.

High in a central control tower sits the Master Mind, surrounded by a corps of energetic lieutenants. All about them are switches, telephones, control panels, and electronic devices of every sort. Nothing starts or stops in the whole fair without their knowledge and consent. Even the color of the water in the fountains is changed as they push the little buttons according to the plan. The whole fair is thus run with what the poet calls "a gentle, iron hand."

In my vision, I asked myself this: Why shouldn't the World of Tomorrow be a continuous super-colossal World's Fair? What's wrong with it? If you can make a comparatively small fair like that run for two years (summers only), why couldn't you make a really whopping fair run for ten years, or twenty, or indefinitely? Perhaps if you could cook up a fair so enormous that no one could ever see all of it, then you wouldn't have to worry about its ever stopping. Children could be brought to such a fair, brought back again and again as they grew up, and finally grow old and die without ever having seen all the exhibits or suffered a dull moment. And then there'd be their children and their children's children.

What's to prevent this thing from going on year after year? Isn't the humblest Chinese, the wildest Siberian, the blackest bushman, simply crazy about our stuff — when he can get it? Of course he may not be able to buy a television set right away, but at least he can afford a package of our gum, a comic book, and an aspirin tablet.

And when he's been to the Big Fair (I almost said *our* Big Fair, but of course I don't mean that) — after he's been to the Big Fair, then, and got himself a streamlined education, he can begin saving up for an automatic pen-and-pencil set, an electric razor, and a portable typewriter. Later on, if he can get together with his pals, he can take home a juke box. After that, the remainder of his progress as a citizen of the New World State should be rapid and easy.

And as long as the Big Fair continues — never lets him down, never fails to come through with something bright and new, never tires or grows cold or old — why should we worry? Does Hollywood worry? Do the radiomen and the ad men worry? Have they ever let us down? No, of course not. So, confidence, my friends. What we have done once, we can do again. What we have done at home, we can do abroad. Somehow, we are all some kind of brothers. If not under the skin, then at least in our earthly appetites. Man the world over loves chewing gum and cola drinks and cigarettes and gadgets. And who makes them better than we? As a matter of fact, *who makes them but us?*

Such is my vision of the "World of Tomorrow." It's all going to be pretty wonderful, and I expect to learn a lot and get a great kick out of it, as I did at the last World's Fair. But I also expect an awful headache — the same headache that I got at the last World's Fair.

A native of Michigan, HOWARD HAYES has worked on newspapers in Detroit and Paris and now lives in New York.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

"WHAT does he do?" we ask about the new neighbor or the young man who seems to be taking interest in our daughter, and the answer forms our opinion. This question is an American yardstick by which for generations we have measured any man about whom we have been deeply or passingly curious. For unlike the Europeans, we hold to the belief that "doing" and "being" are necessarily synonymous. A man who appears to be doing nothing, a man who is indulgent or contemplative, has always seemed something of a misfit in a country in which so much has had to be done, and done quickly.

"What is he going to do?" each neighborhood will ask of the homecoming veteran, but this kindly curiosity will sometimes overlook the troubled hesitation of the soldier as he puts the same question to himself. Yet the nation's immediate prosperity and our long hopes for peace hang on his finding the right answer.

War changes a man's aim. It arouses in him an impatience with civilian habits of action and thought; it stirs in him an aspiration, more often felt than expressed, for a better way to live. He asks himself how much of his career has been misapplied or wasted. He feels older than Rip Van Winkle and a lifetime more mature than the fellow who last wore his civilian clothes. This is why the promise of going back to his old job is not necessarily an incentive. A lot better than selling apples, but not infallibly what a man really wants. What to do instead? Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., three times wounded, home to recuperate, and sick of war, was just as perplexed by that question in 1864 as your boy today. Emerson, to whom he turned for advice, could not point the way, and his father's suggestions left him cold. Slowly and with misgivings he came to his own decision, to study law.

For the early twenties

There is no easy choice. Relatively it is the unmarried men in the early twenties, like young Holmes, who have the freest decision. In college or graduate school they can make up for their intellectual starvation and find out if what they have dreamed of doing is really what they want. I look for much more zeal than lethargy in this age. "Ignorance is to blame for this whole bloody mess," writes a young naval officer from the Pacific. "The only thing I can see to do is to go after it on the ground floor. Think I could qualify as a teacher in the Boston public schools?" We have never had a fraction of the good teachers we need in this country. But now, if encouragement is rightly applied and the veterans have the patience for the training, there is a chance we might get them.

Like Holmes, men coming out of uniform will first want time to rest, time to look around and think it over. But when they decide to make their bid, I am sure the nature of the work will matter as much as the money in it, if not more. Civil aeronautics and soil control; television, radio, and journalism; plastics and electronics; surgery and biochemistry; oil; the metallurgy still to be applied to our undeveloped low-grade ores; city planning and management; the mediation of race and labor disputes; publishing and psychiatry; electric power, whether privately run or on the TVA scale; motors and trucking; railroads, ships, and housing — these are some of the callings that need young brains.

In terms of literature, I look for a new freshet of books about America when the young writing men at last are home. No place they have seen can hold a candle to this country in their imagination. This time there will be no flight of expatriates to the Left Bank or the Riviera. This time the place is Pittsburgh, Detroit, Dallas, Chicago, or Seattle, and the theme is Now — or as it was before they left.

For thirty and older

Men in their thirties — family men most of them by this time, with youngsters under ten — will be

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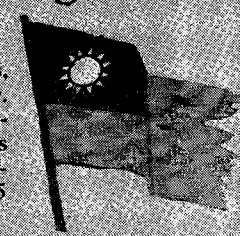

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lucky if they have a profession which calls them and one to which they are keen to return. There is bound to be a good deal of restlessness in their ranks. Men who want to change will wonder if they can risk changing in mid-career and still pay the insurance policy. These veterans will have less choice than those in their twenties: the G.I. Bill of Rights will allow them less pause; the necessity of paying bills will goad them.

But the hardest of all decisions, I suspect, will come to those men in the forty–fifty bracket. Here are many whose self-confidence was badly shaken by the Depression, men for whom the business of making a living had begun to pale before the war called them to action. It does not lessen their contribution by a thought to say that some of them welcomed the change into uniform. Now they come back with assurance and citations, with the habit of command, a finer physique, and a strong desire not to fall back into the old ruts. What to do instead? What looks big enough?

Men rising fifty are too old to break into teaching, too old to be accommodated in the lower levels of the State Department, even though they have the languages and the qualities diplomacy requires. Heretofore there has been very little to attract them into civil service, but today as the agencies and the bureaus are cut back or dissolved, one wonders if enough ability will be retained in Washington, one wonders if men stepping out of uniform will feel as never before in civilian life the urgency of serving one's town or state, or of serving in Congress.

Here again the answer will be determined as much by the nature of the work as by the money in it, and here again we encounter the age-old shortcoming of American democracy: the refusal to pay our political representatives enough to attract the best. A Congressman's salary is $10,000 a year, and yet a recent and careful survey showed that it was costing the average Congressman $13,000 a year to live in the Capital and represent his district. What do those figures mean to a veteran with a wife and family to support?

One wishes that the leadership in these three groups could be brought into focus. One wishes that it could exert its force upon the dissident home front. We are certainly more unified than in those days of faction before Pearl Harbor. But in all of us are prejudices deep-laid which no indoctrination has yet been able to uproot. The leadership coming out of the Army could be our shield against the Red-baiting and the race riots, the anti-Semitism and the anti-Catholicism: could be our safeguard against irresponsible Labor as against recalcitrant Management; it could hold up that steady, undeviating light by which we might come to see our true relationship towards other nations in a shrinking world. On the one hand, there is our national need of leadership. On the other, there is this huge reserve of potential leaders, men for whom leading a machine-gun platoon or a PT squadron or a formation of B-29's was an inevitable assignment, a risky preliminary which had to be lived through before they could be of use in peace. How will we use them?

The unaccepted

The love of migrating and the love of mixing with people are inseparable in the American character: they have made us at once the most gregarious and the most easily prejudiced people on earth, a fact made known to **Wallace Stegner** on his travels. Born on an Iowa farm in 1907, Stegner spent impressionable years following his family in search of the millennium, a quest which led from Oklahoma to North Dakota, thence to the State of Washington, Saskatchewan, back to Montana, and finally to Utah. He went to grammar school in Saskatchewan, high school in Great Falls, Montana, and by 1935 he had taken his A.B. at the University of Utah, his M.A. and Ph.D. at the University of Iowa. Since then he has established himself with his novels, *On a Darkling Plain* and *The Big Rock Candy Mountain;* he has taught at Harvard, and is teaching today at the University of California. As much as any writer I know, he has the open-handed, open-minded resourcefulness of the West.

It took Mr. Stegner well over a year to sift the evidence, draw up the conclusions in his prose, and secure, with the assistance of *Look* magazine, the photographs which in his new book, ***One Nation,*** tell the story of the racial strains in this country. These strains were implicit in our make-up from the start, and they were dangerously intensified by the forced immigration which was pushed with such diligence after the Civil War, when American industries were vying with each other for cheap foreign labor and when the Chicago stockyards boasted that their gates were besieged each morning by five to six hundred men clamoring for the few available jobs.

As Dr. Alice Hamilton demonstrates in her valiant book, *Exploring the Dangerous Trades*, we have come a long way from those days when men were cattle: from those days when an employer would write off his responsibility for accidents or sickness in the plants with words like these: "What can you do with a lot of ignorant Dagoes, Wops, Greasers? You couldn't make them wash if you took a shotgun to them." That Bourbon ruthlessness did not prevail, thanks to the labor unions and to investigators with the courage of Dr. Hamilton.

But the prejudice behind those words lingered on after the stream of immigration had been shut off; and thanks to Hitler's assistance and racial antipathies as old as time, it has seeped down to the very lowest level of American life. With us, racial prejudice is like kerosene, slowly soaking through the fabric of American democracy. There are two obvious dangers: the danger of sparks flying off from our economic anvil, and the danger that comes from complacence — the complacence which says in effect, "These people are foreign and poor. They don't

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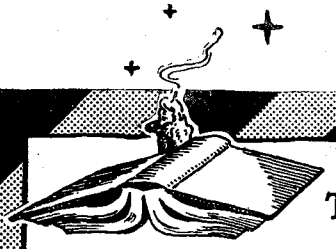

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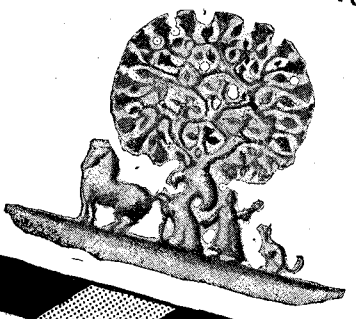
EMMA HAWKRIDGE



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belong and they won't assimilate. Keep 'em apart and let's hope for the best."

The purpose of Mr. Stegner's book is to remind you that hope in itself is not good enough. Here, say his vigorous prose and the telling pictures, is the dividing line between the exclusive and the excluded: on the one side the white, Protestant, Gentile majority; and on the other, those who because of color, religion, or cultural background are not yet American citizens in full acceptance. "In many ways," he writes, "a time of racial tension is a time of hope, for it means that instead of being submissively held down, [the submerged] Americans are exerting an irresistible pressure upward." This pictorial atlas of our Filipinos, our Nisei, and our Chinese, our Mexicans and Indians, our Catholics, our Negroes and Jews, is evidence that we have no easy or final solution; it is proof of how far the sublimation has led to a fair, firm warning that mob prejudice, which is so inflammable in the aftermath of war, must not be allowed to check the democratic process at this critical time.

Women in the smooth

The MGM studio has paid **Josephine Pinckney** $125,000 for the right to film her new novel, ***Three O'Clock Dinner;*** and in so doing, it has rewarded a Southern author who has heretofore been better known for her poetry than for her prose. Be it said at once for Miss Pinckney's originality that she does not touch those heartstrings which have throbbed over the works of so many Southern novelists. *Three O'Clock Dinner* has nothing to do with the Civil War, nothing to do with plantations or with Massa Tom. Rather it is the All-American theme of democracy by marriage enacted against the charming background of Charleston, S.C., a city every aspect of which the author loves as only a native can. I suspect that the studio made its choice because of the situation out of which the story develops; because Charleston, unlike Atlanta, has not yet had its day in Hollywood; and because of the realization that a good script writer could give Miss Pinckney's dialogue the pace and colloquialism which it lacks in print.

Three O'Clock Dinner tells the contemporary story of a Charleston family of faded vitality whose only surviving son, Tat Redcliff, a rebel against Southern Tradition, has had the luck to fall in love with a robust German-Irish redhead, granddaughter of immigrants. We watch the affair through the eyes of Judith, the widow of Tat's older brother, and we watch it with the protesting elderly resistance of his father.

This marriage across the tracks, this love affair of kids growing up in a changing neighborhood, is typical of any American town, and more typical than ever today when the war has swept away the fences which in the last century might have separated the Redcliffs from the Hessenwinkles. Such a situation is full of possibilities, full of as much humor, spark, and exasperation as the temperaments involved. And if the affair fizzles in this book, it is because Tat is not the man he thinks he is.

Tat considers himself a Liberal. He has no use for the Big Houses. He works in a filling station because gasoline, as he explains to his parents, is "an essential industry." And when he propositions Lorena, he does so in these words: "Why, you know how I feel about that, Rena. The trouble is marriage has been debased in our society by conventional morality; we've let it become commercial, barter and trade, a price set on love. The Russians are doing it better, they've put the relationship between men and women on a higher plane. What's really immoral is for people to go on living together after they've stopped loving each other. I love you terribly — there's nobody else for me, and if you could learn to love me, we'd live together with dignity, in a free relationship that would last because we'd want it to last."

These sentiments might have been expressed in Greenwich Village of 1922, though even then, I think, they would have been spoken with more character; but I simply cannot credit them to a young radical of 1939. The trouble is that the Redcliffs — Tat, his father, and his uncle — all talk in stilted, verbose accents that might be a family failing, and again might be Miss Pinckney's. Our inability to accept Tat on Miss Pinckney's terms means that we also disbelieve in Lorena, who for a short time thinks she loves him. You have to take the pair with a pinch of salt, and there is not enough salt in the writing to make their story either as violent or as subtle as the blurb promises. For me it tastes like agreeable fruitcake.

What redeems the book is its Old World flavor, which is conveyed by Miss Pinckney's poetic descriptions of Charleston and by her Old World character, Judith, the grief-centered widow. Judith lives more than half-time in the past, conning over and over the scenes of her marriage with Fen; her loneliness and her physical handicap are made poignant, and the solace which she finds in her gardening and in her appreciation of the seasons as they pass over Charleston and its harbor contain the most authentic writing in the book. Judith is believable; she has a vitality which none of the men possess. She wears the pants of the book.

Women in the rough

Women Homesteaders have been a specialty of the *Atlantic*. Early in his editorship, my predecessor, Ellery Sedgwick, brought into print *Letters of a Woman Homesteader*, by Elinore Stewart of Burnt Fork, Wyoming, and a great feature it was. A decade later he made a second strike with *The Stump Farm*, by Hilda Rose, those letters from the Peace River country which carried such an irresistible appeal to the more sheltered Americans. Eleanor Risley, who wrote from her apple orchard in the Ozarks, and Caroline Henderson, holding tenaciously to her Oklahoma farm in the Dust Bowl, are others I remember. And to my desk came *Old Jules*, by Mari

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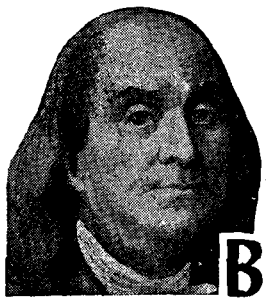

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THREE O'CLOCK DINNER

by Josephine Pinckney

THE VIKING PRESS

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Sandoz, that unbeatable biography of Nebraska in which the copper-wire strength of the author gleams so attractively. More recently, when humor of any kind has been as scarce as hens' teeth, I have had the fun of first placing in print *We Took to the Woods*, by Louise Dickinson Rich, and ***The Egg and I***, by **Betty MacDonald.**

What commends all of these personal chronicles is, first, the variety and the cussedness of the work which these women stand up to; secondly, their relations, effectual or otherwise, with the males in their neighborhood; and, in every case, the humor and spirit with which they contend against the unexpected. There is plenty of the unexpected in that delightfully autobiographical book, *The Egg and I*.

At the beginning, the author and her young husband embarked on what seemed to be a reasonably safe bet: they gambled their savings to set up a chicken farm — purchase price, $450 — in the Northwest. Betty herself, fresh out of college, had plenty of appetite and no experience whatever to draw on for the venture. Apart from the chickens, they lived like kings. The country was bountiful. They had pheasant, quail, duck, cracked crab, venison, butter, clams, oysters, brook trout, salmon, fried chicken, and mushrooms to make the juices run, and they had a delightful freedom which was only mildly interrupted by some odd neighbors and an occasional meandering bear.

The trouble was they could not keep apart from the chickens for long, and Betty, who had embarked with a kind of mild benevolence toward her feathered friends, began to find their care and feeding more than she had bargained for. For relief and for help with her own children, she turned to the neighbors — particularly the Kettles, that family which would have convulsed Mark Twain. As the smell and struggle with the chickens begin to wear her down, Betty's eye and tongue grow sharper. She misses no detail, and if criticism begins to give edge to her laughter, it is certainly for the most human of reasons. She writes with a breezy, Western unconventionality and with a wit as quick as a needle. Her figures of speech made me laugh aloud, as I did when reading Margaret Halsey's *With Malice Toward Some*. And this is the infallible test of good homesteaders: wherever Betty is, there things are happening — sometimes gayly, sometimes very personally, sometimes disastrously. But never without interest.

"Verboojuice"

Editor of the *London Observer*, novelist and lover of poetry, especially of the Elizabethan brew, **Ivor Brown** found a most pleasurable distraction with which to take his mind off the blitz. He began to collect words. "My method," he said, "has been simple, personal, and vagrant. I have noted and collected the words which caught my fancy during my wartime reading. . . . Strange, beautiful, amazing — I have made my pick for all sorts of reasons. I have not barred American or Scottish or dialect words — no rule but personal relish has guided me. In general I have chosen words which I should like to see employed more often or more accurately. . . ."

When a word pricked his fancy, he began to scout for it through English history and the pages of his favorite poets and dramatists. He marked its growth or decline as it passed from one generation to another. In the little notes of appreciation and defense which form a setting for each of his favorites, there are both verbal pleasure and a heady stimulant for those who like to write. In his double-barreled volume, ***A Word in Your Ear* and *Just Another Word***, he tells us why "annoy" is so much weaker than it once was; he tells us that "aloof" is a gift from the sea, being derived from the nautical "luffing"; he tells us that "booby" is a fruit of victory, having come in from Spain soon after the Armada, "and a fine, heavy dolt the booby is"; and he tells us why "honey" lingers on as an endearment in America though it is no longer such in England. He thinks "leathery" is a poor word for a substance that can be so handsome, and his little essay on "lewd" should be read by the Watch and Ward Society of Boston every Sabbath.

The mouse for me

Stuart Little is a dream book. Children will go off to sleep dreaming of its minute hero, and parents who have reread it aloud for the *n*th time will still chortle as they find new glints of **E. B. White's** matchless humor which they overlooked in keeping pace with the adventure. The magic of this story arises from its spontaneity. It begins with these words: "When Mrs. Frederick C. Little's second son was born, everybody noticed that he was not much bigger than a mouse. . . . He was only about two inches high; and he had a mouse's sharp nose, a mouse's tail, a mouse's whiskers, and the pleasant, shy manner of a mouse. Before he was many days old he was not only looking like a mouse but acting like one, too — wearing a gray hat and carrying a small cane."

That their second son, Stuart, should be a mouse occasions neither surprise nor much embarrassment to Mr. and Mrs. Little. Their newborn has the heart of a lion and is as debonair as Beau Brummel. His only inconvenience is that, being so tiny, he is easily mislaid, and this occasionally worries his mother. Stuart is an adventurer, and the reviewer should be shot who attempts to retell his escapades. Whether he is piloting a model yacht in Central Park or a souvenir birch-bark canoe or driving that dream car whose gas tank is filled with a medicine dropper, Stuart is doing what the mind's eye would like to have all little men do, and doing it with a gayety, an independence, that keep him traveling in the imagination long after you have finished the last page. This story is the quintessence of American humor, a lovely stretch of exaggeration told with a perfectly straight face from start to finish. Like Tenniel's drawings for *Alice*, the pictures by Garth Williams catch the spirit of the book and are beautifully placed.

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THE GERMAN TALKS BACK

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

A BOOK was handed to me the other day with the remark, "This will infuriate you. It will drive you crazy." I looked at the title: *The German Talks Back*, by Heinrich Hauser, with an introduction and footnotes by Hans J. Morgenthau (Holt, $2.50). Aware of the fact that retired Colonels — even retired Lieutenant Colonels — must keep an eye cocked on their blood pressure, I received the volume with certain misgivings. Although I do not enjoy that mauve-to-purple complexion popularly ascribed to those pukka sahibs, our retired cousins of the Anglo-Indian Army, — probably because I have not spent the last forty years before retirement eating nothing but curry and Worcestershire sauce, — nevertheless my physicians ruled that I had best read the book in a tepid bath with a cold towel bound about my brow.

It was quite unnecessary. The German Talked Back to a *status quo ante* pulse. I was not infuriated, but I was a trifle bored and, at times, puzzled.

Mr. Hauser is a refugee from the non-Aryan laws — on his wife's side he is careful to say — waiting until 1939 and then hopping, skipping, and jumping to the United States, which gave him protection and asylum until the war's end. Now he is returning to his native heath and he has written this book in order to make perfectly clear what he thinks about the United States and Germany.

In short, he loathes the former and is deeply distressed over the sorry plight of the latter. Among the features of American life which affect his adrenalin glands are Hollywood and its vicious influence which "has made anti-American propaganda all over the world on a prodigious scale," the American tourist, "that poor fish" with his "insufferable arrogance," American business, and, above all, American democracy.

This, he insists, is not democracy at all, but a perversion of the Jeffersonian ideal into a slavish acquiescence with the will of a majority composed almost entirely of the "canaille" (Mr. Dooley, in commenting on the Dreyfus trial, always referred to this element in the body politic as "the Canal"). He says: ". . . all Germans who are not flunkeys will loathe your particular brand of democracy — always have and always will — and . . . you can never make them citizens of a democracy." This is a typical generalization, not backed up by anything except the author's opinions and those of his friends, whom he describes as the "intelligentsia." "Democracy," Mr. Hauser thinks, "has actually lost the war because the spreading of Communism all over Europe proves once again the power of totalitarian ideology." Maybe so. Maybe it proves only that there's something wrong all over Europe.

Germany, he says, tried the centralized monarchy of the Hohenzollerns and ended up in Versailles. Then the Weimar Republic attempted the loathly thing called democracy, and see what happened to the Weimar Republic. Some strong, heady wine was needed, and that was supplied by the vigorous ideology of the National Socialist Party, with the net result that Germany is flat on its back with all four feet in the air.

What is the next move? In what direction will this strong, virile people move to pull themselves out of the pit which they have digged and then achieve their destiny? Alas, he fears that only Communism can offer a program sufficiently hopeful and dynamic to attract a people utterly disillusioned, discouraged, and in despair. Himself, he prefers a return to the discipline of Prussia, which, he believes, "is unalterably the decisive force in Germany's destiny; . . . the spirit of Prussia implies militant socialism; . . . and we Germans must, in the long run, return to that."

Prussians, in particular, and many other Germans, he says, are militant, they are socialistic, and — being descended from the Teutonic Knights — they have a deep religious background. The Teutonic Knights, one recalls, were very disagreeable men, who lived under strict discipline and were very religious even when engaged in cutting the throats of their neighbors. The Germans, one gathers, are religious in a strange way.

His weakest chapter deals with "Crime and Punishment." True, he says, the Germans have produced monsters of cruelty, and the public, through panic, has tacitly acquiesced in their horrible misdeeds. But that does not mean that all of them are monsters of cruelty. Besides, with the denial of the Christian religion, a mentality developed which he compares with that of the Satanism, the Black Masses, the other base heresies of the Middle Ages. If the Allied officials liquidate the monsters, they will tend to put themselves on the same level as the criminals, and moreover they will find themselves totally incapable of *punishing* the guilty. Their minds are not on the same plane. The Nazi admits no guilt for the things we esteem to be crimes — he sees no wrong in his actions — but he does admit guilt for things which to our thinking are relatively peccadilloes — lukewarmness in Party affairs, failure in discipline, and so on. "In other words, you can *strafe*. But *punish* you cannot. In the absence of a common base of moral values, whatever you do with the war criminals will fall short of punishment." There is something in that.

Mr. Hauser presents a clear picture of confusion. Some of his acid criticisms of the United States seem to me to be true and I agree with them. I lament the conditions he outlines, but it does not make me angry to read about them. Other criticisms I know to be untrue and therefore my "withers are unwrung." In some respects, I think Mr. Hauser's animadversions on the German character and the present plight of Germany are stimulating and instructive. But the vice of the book is that it is a book of opinion and not of fact. History is dismissed with a wave of the hand;

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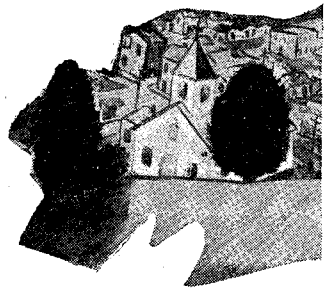

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easy and unsubstantial analogies are presented as indisputable. Mr. Morgenthau, in his admirable footnotes and introduction, quite often feels obliged to bring him up on a sharp curb. The unsubstantialities of geopolitics flavor Mr. Hauser's thinking in every chapter. It is far from being a scholarly book or even a sound one. It is the bitter thinking of an angry, unhappy man. Nowhere does he begin to understand that the rebuilding of Germany is not as important as preventing another war. The German soldier-prisoner who proudly boasts that Germany will win the Third World War is the true Enemy of Mankind. Mr. Hauser has little to say about him. Perhaps Americans would learn a good deal about Germans by studying Mr. Hauser himself.

LINCOLN THE PRESIDENT — *$7.50*

By J. G. Randall — DODD, MEAD

UNTIL twenty or twenty-five years ago, Lincoln biography was largely the concern of three kinds of writers: those who had known Lincoln in life, those who were impelled to produce a labor of love, and those who wrote history as an avocation. Then the "professional" historians, trained in the technique of research and insistent upon objectivity and thorough documentation, got to work, added new facts, and in dozens, perhaps hundreds, of monographic studies challenged old conclusions.

Now, in *Lincoln the President*, by James G. Randall of the University of Illinois, comes the first synthesis, the first comprehensive biography, by an academician. These two volumes, which carry the story only through Gettysburg, — there are two more to come, — treat Lincoln's pre-Presidential career in considerable detail, and present most of the conclusions reached by a generation of critical scholars.

Randall's Lincoln is essentially the same towering, compassionate democrat that the American people have made their great folk hero. But many episodes in his life, and many phases of the history of his times, appear here in versions materially different from the traditional. Randall considers, for example, that politics, rather than high principle, animated the Republicans in 1860, and that political maneuvering of the most practical kind brought about Lincoln's nomination. The Civil War itself, in Randall's view, was tragically unnecessary — the result of a "whipped-up crisis" produced by relatively few agitators, North and South. Nevertheless, Randall does not see how Lincoln, in the situation that faced him when he took office, could have avoided the resort to arms.

As commander-in-chief, however, his course left much to be desired. Into the War Department he first put Cameron, who certainly condoned outrageous plunder, and then the "arrogant and intriguing Stanton," who for three years "enjoyed more power than wisdom." McClellan, whom Randall considers the North's greatest commander, Lincoln sacrificed to the radicals of his own party. On the other hand, Lincoln influenced foreign affairs and handled domestic issues, particularly public opinion and the problem of slavery, with the wisdom which universal opinion has attributed to him.

These, of course, are only a few of the author's conclusions. In arriving at them he argues the evidence pro and con, and then, contrary to general academic practice, states clearly his own opinions.

Any comprehensive biography of Lincoln must face comparison with Carl Sandburg's *The War Years*. The Sandburg work is narrative and pictorial, a dark and gorgeous tapestry of a nation at war, with Lincoln its central figure; Randall's study emphasizes the political, and is coolly analytical rather than colorful. It is unlikely that it will reach Sandburg's huge audience, but for many years to come every serious student and many thoughtful readers will be grateful for it.

PAUL M. ANGLE

THE AGE OF JACKSON — *$5.00*

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. — LITTLE, BROWN

AMERICAN democracy, under the impact of industrialization, of western settlement, and of plantation economy, passed through a crisis in the three decades after 1820. Despite the enormous weight of historical research expended in uncovering these developments, the era has often been misunderstood. The tendency to view Jacksonianism as a peculiar product of the western frontier, and the ready temptation to slip all issues into the neat categories, East versus West and agrarian versus urban, have imparted a special bias to the common, and even to the scholarly, conception of the struggles of these years.

This volume brings a fresh and stimulating approach to the whole subject. Mr. Schlesinger finds the mainsprings of economic and political unrest in the cities of the Northeast.

The striving of working people, oppressed by new developments in trade and technology and imbued with egalitarianism, supplied the *élan* for radical democracy. Attempts to appropriate the instruments of the state to the service of the toiling masses furnished its practical program. Urban laborers, mobilized in successive reform movements and drawing strength from alliances with other groups hostile to the encroachments of privilege upon liberty, presented a continual reminder that America's heritage lay in equal opportunity.

Though there are differences of interpretation as to the relationship of the Democratic Party to the democracy of the age, the analysis of radical ideas and of their implications is brilliantly and convincingly presented. Nowhere, for instance, is the meaning of Jackson's fight on the Bank of the United States, or the general significance of the currency question, presented as lucidly as here. Mr. Schlesinger writes with polish and with verve. He draws upon a wealth of detail which interprets rather than obscures, and succeeds in unfolding his story against the broad social background, high-lighted by colorful portraits of personalities.

This thoughtful account throws light on its period, but it raises also the general question of the place of reform in American democracy. Its author focuses upon political radicalism, and views alternative modes of action with distrust. Yet the immediate outcome of Jacksonian Democracy was not reassuring: the results for labor were meager, and many schemes — for example, free banking and general incorporation — became instruments of further exploitation in the hands of those at whom they were directed. Were not the visions of human dignity raised by Channing and Emerson, the practical benevolence of Tuckerman and Howe, as weighty in the evolvement of

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the promise of American life as the political movements, wrapped up in compromise and coercion, in which these men would not participate?

OSCAR HANDLIN

THE HOUSE OF EUROPE $3.75

By Paul Scott Mowrer HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

IN THE making of peace, how much do nations learn from experience? Are they capable of correcting errors of commission and omission whose dire consequences have presented them with catastrophe twice in a single generation? Any who imagine such questions academic should first contemplate the shenanigans at the preliminary peace meetings of the Big Five at London. They should then refresh their memories of what followed World War I by a sober study of Mr. Mowrer's sanative pages.

Paul Scott Mowrer is one of the few American foreign correspondents whose experience of Europe began well in advance of the fateful August of 1914 and continued, almost without intermission, down through the late thirties. Thereafter, he occupied for several years the post of editor on the *Chicago Daily News*, whose foreign service he had helped to make famous, and whose galaxy of stars was long unmatched in the world of American journalism.

The House of Europe is an autobiography which takes the reader through Mr. Mowrer's boyhood in the Middle West and through the quarter of a century in newspaper work abroad which followed. It halts with the rise of Hitler when the disintegration of the Versailles treaties and the rising clamor and threats of fascism, in Europe and Asia, sounded the prelude to disaster.

Herein lies its unique value for current readers. For the parallels are close between the world's two greatest wars and the terrifying peace problems produced by both. In these pages the documentation of error and greed, of power politics and stupidity, of diplomatic guerrilla warfare and bad faith, is remorseless. Its impact upon the reader's mind is the more formidable because the author does not labor his case in the slightest. He does not mention World War II, except to indicate its swift approach in his final chapters. He writes as a shrewd, factual, well-informed observer, who moves among the policy-makers and the peoples of Europe with assurance, with keen analytical powers and a skill at synthesis unmatched in his profession.

If Daniel Defoe were to be translated to the modern scene to take up his pen as an American foreign correspondent, one imagines that he would write the kind of prose one finds in *The House of Europe*. Mr. Mowrer goes beyond Defoe, however, in an important respect. His is a narrative of scrupulous fact. He is not championing a cause. Rather he is correcting historical perspectives — on French policy, for instance, and on the delusions which have beset our own.

JAMES H. POWERS

DAYS AND NIGHTS $2.50

By Konstantine Simonov SIMON AND SCHUSTER

THIS story, ably translated by Joseph Barnes, concerns the siege of Stalingrad, but the action is confined largely to the heroic defense of three buildings by a handful of Red Army men. After more than four hundred pages, one has only a very hazy notion of the complicated operations of huge armies and of the tremendous significance of this great siege for the future course of the whole war. Such achievements may properly belong to history or to an historical novelist a generation hence. But an author contemporary with the event, and even a participant in it, has no right to leave his readers confused about these matters, however confusing they were themselves. Simonov's overall picture of the siege is sucked as dry of significant detail as the aggravating war communiqués of the Soviet Information Bureau.

On the credit side, however, this is a stirring account of the efforts of the depleted battalion assigned the task of recapturing and holding the three houses against everything the Germans could send. Realizing that war can be made as dull for the reader as for the soldier, whose daily existence is circumscribed by the same wearisome duties, Simonov endeavors to inject human interest in the form of a love story and a spy story. But the spy element is absent-mindedly interwoven into the narrative, and its crudities never allow us to suspend our disbelief long enough to accept it as real.

The love story is a more integral part of the novel and is handled with delicacy and restraint, if not with much psychological insight. There is something appropriately elemental in this love in the midst of death between Saburov, the hero and commander of the battalion, and the frightened but brave Anya, a hospital assistant. It has nothing of the customary "eat, drink, and be merry" quality of the usual war romance in fiction. Passion does not try to race or cheat death. Their love is subordinated to the stern duty of war, and more specifically, to the passionate determination of all the defenders of Stalingrad that their city must not fall.

In truth, this is the motif that pervades the whole novel, that dominates all the action, and in a sense becomes the author's chief character. Matveyev, the commanding general; Protsenko, head of the division; Saburov; Petya the orderly; Konyukov the old soldier; Anya — all are simply two-dimensional symbols of this will to victory. We learn from their deeds and terse, sparse conversation why it has become the most glorious title in Russia today to be known as one of the "men of Stalingrad." The artistic renascence of the human spirit that brought about the miracle of Stalingrad is the novel's finest achievement.

But the means employed to accomplish this purpose weary the reader because of their sameness. Action is piled on action with hardly any variation, and emotional experiences become more than a twice-told tale. Despite Simonov's unusual literary versatility, he seems unable to sustain an effort of this length with complete success. His peculiarly poetic talents do not appear to be divinely ordered for the novelist's task. We gain a profounder understanding of the individual Russian's reaction to the war from Simonov's lyric, "Wait for Me," than from his whole novel; and we feel more deeply the spiritual unity in the face of national catastrophe and the will to victory of the whole nation in his brief poem, "To Surkov."

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THE "peacock" of this novel of modern Mexico, by the author of *Oil for the Lamps of China*, is a symbol of the few who once held in their hands the wealth and power of the

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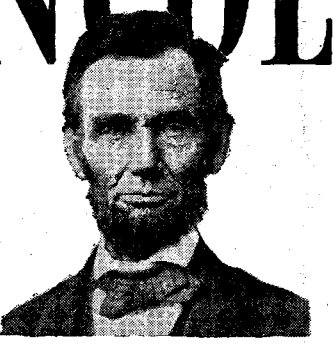

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nation. But today Mexicans can sing in a version of one of the songs of the Revolution: —

> In our democracy,
> Now that the peacock has shed his tail,
> Every little animal has his say on Election Day.

The proud Spanish caste that ruled old Mexico is personified in these pages by the Navarro family, headed by the patriarchal Don Julián and his wife Doña María. Through the decades of the twenties and thirties they wage a losing war to hold their grandchildren to their own credo of the triumph and continuance of the Old World within the New under the banners of Spain, the mother country, and the mother Catholic Church. Concha Navarro defies her grandparents to marry a "gringo" and a Protestant; the adventure of her marriage is the central motive of the book. Ignacio Navarro emerges painfully from the dilettantism to which he was reared to ally himself with the patriots of his country in their fight against the return to dominance of the *hacendados* and against a more recent enemy, the nationalist party of the Sinarquistas, whose wires are pulled from afar by Fascist Spain and Nazi Germany.

Mrs. Hobart applies her local color in strokes as broad as those of a Mexican mural. The men and women of her book, from Concha and Ignacio to Soledad, a daughter of the Revolution, are types to whom Hollywood alone can give individuality. But as the portrait of an individual nation her story lives, for she displays with an absorbing clarity the hundred crossing elements, racial, religious, economic, and political, that form the special character of the new Mexico: a land where the revolutionary soldiers' song can be heard rising above the streets simultaneously with the "Ave Maria," and whose citizens, true Mexicans sprung from the mingling of Spanish and Indian blood, are evolving a government of the people.

ELEANOR RUGGLES

BEACHHEAD ON THE WIND — *$2.00*

By Carl Jonas — LITTLE, BROWN

CARL JONAS, a sailor returned from sea and shore duty in the Aleutians and Central Pacific, has written a book which many an inarticulate veteran will wish to have his family read. Perhaps more clearly, and certainly more frankly, than anyone else to date, Mr. Jonas explains the troubled emotions of returning servicemen. He does it, with only touches of self-conscious lecturing, in a stirring story of seven men struggling to survive on a wind-swept arctic beachhead.

Mr. Jonas's war is the serviceman's war, recorded from the perspective of those who found that boredom, discomfort, and the elements were the real enemy. He writes not of heroic death in battle, but of the men who die a little each day from homelessness, exile, lovelessness, fear, and, perhaps most of all, from being subjected to arbitrary and unquestioned whim. His seven sailors fight against the cold and wind to salvage some small degree of comfort and security; they might just as easily be seven soldiers fighting the heat and sandstorms in some other theater. On the enlisted man's level, war is the same everywhere.

Now that servicemen are free to express themselves without censorship, Mr. Jonas and the many others who have been waiting for the opportunity to make their people at home understand what the war was like for them should have a wide audience. Mr. Jonas has set an admirable standard for those who follow him. His *Beachhead on the Wind* is an enthralling study of a young veteran who discovers that his past is too much with him. He feels guilty about the comrades left behind — comrades who become more familiar to the readers than their own sons, whom they represent.

EDGAR L. JONES

PLOUGHMAN OF THE MOON — *$3.50*

By Robert Service — DODD, MEAD

THIS is Mr. Service's sixteenth published volume; another, *Prevailing Wind*, is "in preparation." The latter may well be a sequel to the present reminiscence, for Mr. Service admits to seventy years, and *Ploughman of the Moon* records only forty of them. There is obviously an enormous gap between the man we leave as he says his farewell to Dawson and the man who writes a postscript saying he must go back to rebuild the home and life of thirty years' residence in France.

The man we find in this book is young. He is self-absorbed, daydreaming, romantic. So far as one can tell from this record, he was able to form no deep or lasting attachment for any woman. Somewhere he tucks in "there were girls," but it is obvious that they were gone tomorrow. His male friends too were always shifting.

The man who wrote the balladry of a lusty country is the quintessence of the adolescent who calls himself artist — and who is called by others Bohemian. At twenty-three this bank clerk making fifty pounds a year emigrated to Canada to pursue his fortune. For many years he was an itinerant laborer. Then a Canadian bank sent him to White Horse — and to the country which was to make him fame and fortune.

This record of his first forty years provides two paradoxes: the devotee of Burns and Kipling who turned his versifying passion to such tough subjects as the Malamute saloon is not far removed in spirit from the romantic French decadents. The bank clerk and hobo who hit the pay dirt of publishing for a modest fortune still cannot participate in life successfully. These paradoxes make his memoir absorbing reading in spite of his preoccupation with the moon and with his soul, and the inevitable clichés. His account of the Alaska of his youth is first-class armchair adventure into the snug — and dangerous — world of snow. Readers should not be put off this book by an instinct to shy away from that bunch of the boys who whoop it up in rhyme.

DOROTHY HILLYER

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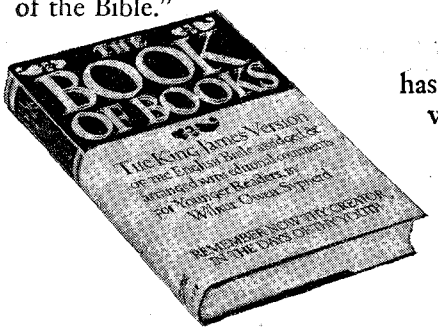

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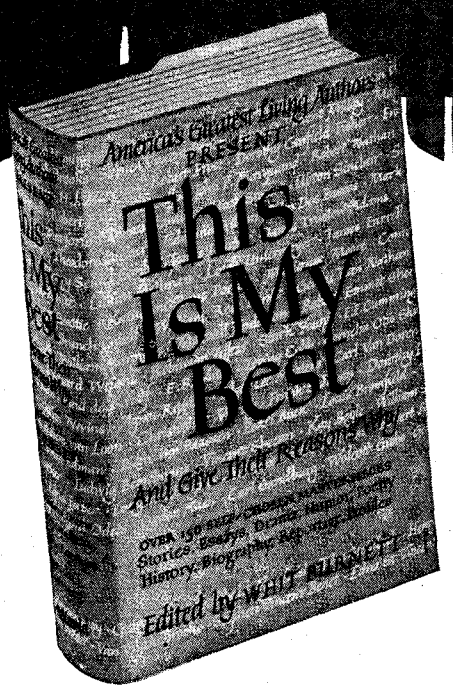

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ducing some milk, buying some, pasteurizing, bottling, making butter and cheese and ice cream, delivering and conniving and striving — a taut, tight world within a world. Forty or fifty people live on the farm. Most of them don't like it. The people — from the barn boys through the gossiping wives up to the office managers — are so many pieces of colored glass in a kaleidoscope, forever moving and jockeying to form new patterns, forever enclosed in the pasteboard circle.

The author has built all these personalities, and their physical background, in infinite detail. He is prodigal of plot and of people. There is enough of both in this one book to serve a more cautious novelist for six volumes. But, curiously, no one character emerges entirely in the round, though the book is a very long one. Perhaps it is too long. Perhaps some cutting would have revealed the bones more sharply. And I wish that Mr. Greene had it in him to smile now and again.

But the world he has made is real, with the sure reality of complete familiarity. It is inescapably living and believable. The reader is absorbed into a community built around a specialized industry, and it is an experience he does not forget. Mr. Greene knows what he is up to. This is not a "promising" novel by a young soldier. It is a skillful book by an acute observer of a part of American life which no one has explored before.

FRANCES WOODWARD

* * *

MURDER BOOK — $2.00

Selected by Joseph Henry Jackson — VIKING

HERE is an agreeable collection of murders from various parts of the world, mostly of spouses. The necrology includes Americans, British, French, a Cuban, sundry Hungarians, and even a New Zealander. Mr. Jackson gives us no statistical summary, but as a rough guess one might say that a hundred or so perished to provide, in this 700-page volume of the Viking Portable Library, what the publishers call "crimes of distinction."

The Cuban story hardly seems to belong in such fast company as the other seventeen. The murderer was a ship's cook who did away with his frivoling wife on the high seas, a deed so eminently moderate under the circumstances that the authorities accorded him only a scant ten-year stretch on his return. This crime and its punishment seem artless fare amid the reeking trunks, guillotines, smotherings, and retching of the context. Furthermore, is a single *crime passionnel* sufficient to document the term "murder ship" when the captain, mate, and indeed all hands return from the voyage alive and in fairly good health? We must charge the Cuban episode against the anthologist, therefore, as too slight to pay off in this otherwise robust company.

No such complaint need be made in the matter of the widow Sorenson of La Porte, Indiana, a wholesaler in mail-order matrimony, a widow by her own strong right arm on twenty or thirty occasions. Here was a woman who must have incurred a noticeable expense simply in keeping supplied with spades for her prodigious digging operations. Had she continued, her effect would have been felt in insurance rates, like heart disease, apoplexy, or fire disasters caused by defective wiring. Never brought to justice, she mysteriously disappeared, was "seen" in Mississippi as recently as 1931. She would be eighty-six if alive today, but well worth avoiding.

Mr. Jackson has searched widely for his selections. He presents one of Christopher Morley's best, two by William Bolitho, a minor Woollcott, and two first-rank reports by William Roughead, to mention some of the better ones. The result is a fine assortment almost wholly free from the

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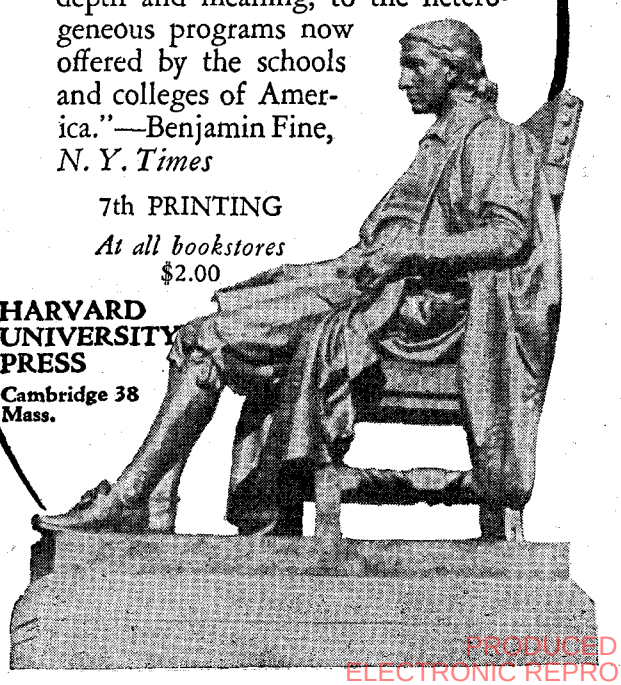

taint of familiarity which makes so many anthologies unreadable. To few readers will these seem twice-told tales.

CHARLES W. MORTON

VILLAGE IN THE SUN — *$2.75*

By Dane Chandos — PUTNAM

TRAVEL books and parochial histories are rarely literature. On January 1, 1788, Gilbert White suggested in the advertisement to his classic, *The Natural History of Selborne*, that parochial history "ought to consist of natural productions and occurrences as well as antiquities," and then in a series of elegant letters he expounded his suggestion. Through the years there have been many books which relate the unfolding of time and seasons, the building of a home and friendships, the acquisition of local lore and color — books written out of the impact of remote places or of some well-known place seen freshly by eyes opened wide with the excitement of creating a way of life. In recent years the most exquisitely written and observed parochial history has been Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*. And now a book has been published which ranks with *The Natural History of Selborne* and *Out of Africa*. The author of *Village in the Sun* is one Dane Chandos — obviously a pseudonym, for the book is too expert to be by an inexperienced writer.

Village in the Sun is the month by month record of Dane Chandos's first year in Ajijic, a microscopic Mexican hamlet on Lake Chapala in the mountains south of Guadalajara. It begins: "There were mountains all round the lake, but they were distant, they seemed low-lying, flattened like crouched animals. There was an immensity of sky, unfingered by any building. But it was the great lake itself, from the mirrored ash and sulphur of the sunset to the lilac hazes in the east, that dominated everything, as it dominates the lives of those who live around it." Then Mr. Chandos bountifully unfolds the "natural productions and occurrences as well as antiquities" of his magical realm.

Books about Mexico are written most frequently in extreme postcard colors. Mr. Chandos's prose has a slight tendency to go pastel, but it is well disciplined and his Mexico is as real as an eye which sees realistically can make it. He loves Ajijic, but he does not confuse love with facts. *Village in the Sun* is, however, most of all a book about life — about the strange dignity and humors of Indos, about American tourists who come to Mexico not to see and enjoy but to tell Mexico how to do it, about racial clashes and bigotry, and inevitably about Dane Chandos and how he found beauty, leisure, fun, and a high-cost way of living on an extremely limited budget. *Village in the Sun* is a unique portrait of provincial Mexico in transition. It is also perfect escape written naturally and beautifully in the best tradition.

LEO LERMAN

HORN OF PLENTY — *$2.50*

By Valma Clark — DUELL, SLOAN & PEARCE

SHADRACH RATHBONE was a patriarchal bearded giant who ran his upstate New York farm and his children with a bullheadedness and noisiness that Miss Clark likes to call "jovelike"; two of his daughters were "little intense brunettes," a third had "black, pixy's eyes" and moved with "savage grace"; one son had a sensuously beautiful head, another had a look of brutality. As a clan, the Rathbones are described in pretty intense terms; the kind of people that almost never just talk to each other, they thunder, they snap, they roar, they exult, they cry; temperamentally individual and unchecked, they approach

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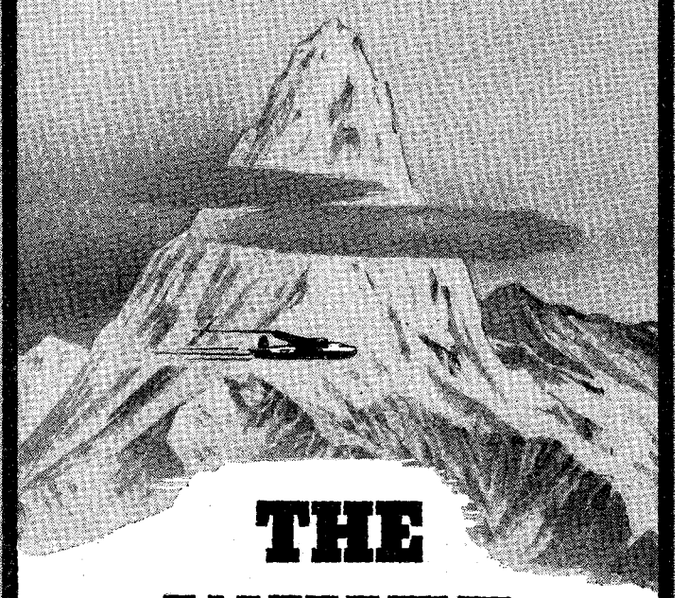

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life with violent selfishness. *Horn of Plenty* is the story of how this fiery lot is manipulated by a mild, blonde servant girl named Effie, whose woman's instincts and ability to cook good solid food seem invariably to solve all the family problems.

The reader sees the Rathbones through the eyes of Effie, who is strong on feeling but neither very analytical nor very sharp in her observation of detail. Her own somewhat unmotivated fascination with the Rathbones does not always get across. And though one is told often enough that there's a grandeur in the wildness of these people, their public brawling and dish-throwing and romping in the snow are something less than Olympian.

Through Effie, too, we get the regional background, the flash-backs into Rathbone history, the layout of house and land. But we get this information in snatches, never as a pattern of reference. When a clump of trees is necessary, a clump of trees appears where we had not known a clump of trees to exist before; when an incident needs explaining, a whole set of previously unmentioned facts comes suddenly to mind; when a parlor is required for the entertainment of a guest, an extra room seems to grow onto the house. This is all rather arbitrary.

Miss Clark is at her best in presenting earthy little scenes that are warm and human — Effie relaxing to discuss food and babies with a Rathbone wife, Effie preparing for Christmas and looking at a Christmas moon with her favorite Rathbone son. And now and then she comes out with a bit of human behavior that is real and pleasant — the old man Rathbone sneaking out at night to carry on with his shrewish ex-wife. The accumulation of these scenes creates in the reader an interest in the Rathbones, different, to be sure, from that of Effie and Miss Clark, but sufficient to make the final breakup of the household genuinely moving.

RICHARD SCOWCROFT

* * *

A HOUSE DIVIDING — *$4.00*
By William E. Baringer — THE LINCOLN ASSN.

AN UNCRITICAL, straightforward, well-documented account of Lincoln's actions and thinking during the four months which intervened between his election and inauguration as President, *A House Dividing: Lincoln as President Elect* (published by the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield, Illinois) does nothing to enhance Lincoln's reputation. During the crucial months prior to his inauguration, he made no clear, authoritative statement concerning the plans and policies of his administration. In answer to all pleas that he should do so, he replied that his position had been clearly stated in his earlier speeches and published papers. He stood on his record in a time when conditions were changing day by day.

Moreover — as far as the secession movement was concerned — the situation was deteriorating so rapidly that only the most confirmed optimist could have hoped for a peaceful conclusion. Yet Lincoln did nothing to clarify the issue or to unite his followers in a common ideology. Compromise with the South was in the air. Compromise had bitter opponents — the "now or never" Republicans. What constituted "coercion" by the Federal government? What were the rights and wrongs of the secession doctrine? To these and similar questions the President-elect returned evasive answers or none at all.

During this period he was Lincoln the politician, not Lincoln the statesman. His nomination at Chicago had been secured by the usual methods of political bribery. His agents, whose pledges he disavowed in public utterance, nevertheless promised a Cabinet post to Pennsylvania, patronage to New York, another Cabinet position to New

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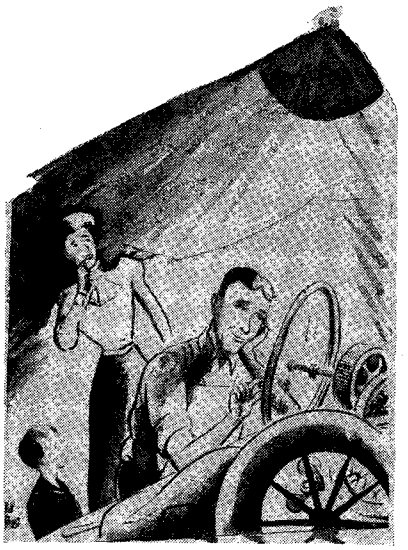

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England, and so on. As President-elect these pledges returned to plague him. He offered Seward, his previous opponent, the post of Secretary of State in the belief that the offer would be refused. Seward accepted. The promises to Pennsylvania forced him, under pressure, to appoint the unsavory Cameron to the vital post of Secretary of War. Some of his pledges he ignored entirely.

The net result, once Cameron had been retired, was better than could have been expected, given so wretched a system for building an administration. The author describes the final phase of this period, Lincoln's humiliating entry into Washington, almost in disguise after a shift in trains because the egregious Pinkerton had discovered a plot to attack the President-elect as he passed through Baltimore. It is not hard to understand why, in a period of passionate tension, he should have been attacked and vilified by his contemporaries, as vacillating, weak, unable to make up his mind or to face the issues. He was, perhaps, undecided as to the course to follow. But there was wisdom in his preoccupation to build up a solid party which would back the Administration once it had taken form and would uphold him when the vital test came.

All this Mr. Baringer tells with admirable clarity. He quotes largely from contemporary newspapers, paying particular attention to Villard's Springfield dispatches to the *New York Herald*. The book is factual, and criticism of Lincoln's actions is implied rather than stated bluntly. It is a genuine contribution to the immense library of Lincoln volumes, and should be read by all students of Lincoln as President-elect. The book includes a useful bibliography.

R. E. DANIELSON

* * *

THE HAPPY TIME — *$2.50*

By Robert Fontaine — SIMON AND SCHUSTER

IN RECENT years many writers have morbidly pointed to our growing pains as proof of the psychological pitfalls which supposedly lie all about us in our infancy. It is both refreshing and reassuring to have Robert Fontaine present more than a score of bright, warm stories in unpretentious support of the notion that childhood, despite its embarrassing moments, is a happy time of life. Mr. Fontaine's teller of tales is the young son of an unwealthy but wise violinist in Ottawa, and the tales, somewhat autobiographical and laughingly jammed with French-Canadian idioms, include not only humorous accounts of early experience with love, God, broken promises, and falling breeches, but also a boy's-eye view of the most charmingly crazy pack of relatives that ever shared a two-family house.

Papa, who plays duets with stray canaries and is the only member of the large household to work regularly, understands The Boy better than anyone else, even when The Boy steals his best dress suit to go dancing with the geometry teacher. Money, according to Papa, is something to get rid of quickly and with as much pleasure as possible. Banks fail, but happiness does not — at least, not the sweet, tasty, musical memory of it.

Next door to The Boy live several unusual uncles, a widow-chasing grandfather, and Princess Yvonne, all of whom are considered by the neighbors to be slightly mad, but it is Uncle Louis who gets special mention. Uncle Louis drinks white wine throughout his waking hours from a large water cooler, is perpetually dying from the bite of a butterfly, and amazes the Ottawa clergy with his glowing description of a blue angel who came to him in a vision, bearing a lame canary and a bunch of violets.

Mr. Fontaine shares with his audience the memories of a childhood spent among fabulous relatives, and the gayety of his recollections makes delightful reading.

EDGAR L. JONES

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